

ISSUE 115

495

DRUMMER

WRESTLING AND BOXING
FETISH FEATURE

PLAYING WITH LIGHT AND LEATHER
AN EROTIC PHOTO ESSAY

DUNGEON PARTY
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THE MARCH BEGINS



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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

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4 OFF THE TOP by Fledermaus

5 MALECALL

8 SM WRESTLING AND SEX—THE MAN'S WAY by Brooklyn Joe
"You beat the hell out of the guy until he's unresisting meat, then you get to work him over any way you want."

14 ROUGH STUFF by Eric E. Rofes
The Los Angeles bar raids.

15 THE 15 ASSOCIATION a photo opportunity
Drummer photographs a Night in The 15's Dungeon.

19 REPORT
Is it any wonder bashing is back?

20 THE MOUTHPIECE fiction by W. D. Stone
"When someone walks up to you in a dark corridor and slams his fist into your stomach, you might just miss his name."

26 FETISH FEATURE: WRESTLING & BOXING

27 Wrestling Clubs

30 Fetish Media: Video

38 Fetish Media: Art & Books

40 Boxing: the fist is a power symbol!

43 DAD'S A FIGHTER fiction by Hank Trout
"If he wants his son to try to whip his old man's ass, then I'm gonna do everything I can to whip it for him!"

48 TIES THAT BIND by Guy A. Baldwin, MS

50 PLAYING WITH LEATHER & LIGHT photos by Adam & Company

56 DRUMMEDIA: MOVIES by Kevin Wolff
Do do that voodoo that you do so well!

58 LEATHER NOTEBOOK by Larry Townsend

59 DRUM by Bill Ward
Quintuple your pleasure, quintuple your fun!

62 DEAR SIR:
He's still looking for YOU!

90 LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

90 Mr. Drummer 1988 Contests The March Begins!

91 News & Events

92 Overseas Club Lists

95 Leather Calendar

96 TOUGH CUSTOMERS

98 IN PASSING clips from a British newspaper
It's a foul when the hands are used on the balls!

Covers: MR. DRUMMER 1987, MARK ALEXANDER (the tit tugger), and his partner, PETER MORRISON (with tugged tit).
Photos courtesy Buckshot Productions from an upcoming video.
For more information write PO Box 1009, Studio City, CA 91604.
Tell them Drummer sent you!



SAFE-SANE-CONSENSUAL ADULTS IN DALLAS

OFF THE TOP *Fledermaus*

BEYOND VANILLA

Bar raids in Los Angeles . . . Bookstore shootouts in North Carolina . . . Video wholesaler raids in Chicago . . . Bookstores closed in New Jersey . . . SM books banned from adult bookstores in Manhattan . . . Small-time video makers busted in Michigan . . . SM parties raided in Pennsylvania . . . and the beat goes on. You would think that we would be able to band together and organize for our own protection. But we "Kinky Types" are diverse and when we come together our differences seem to take precedence over our similarities.

To some extent this was true of the 125 S/m-Leather men and women who met in Dallas February 12-14, 1988. There was more than enough discord and wounded feelings. But in the end there was firm agreement for the need of a national organization, and the following draft statement of purpose was unanimously approved:

"The purposes of this organization are as follows: To help build, strengthen and defend the S/M, leather, and other fetish communities. To promote the rights of adults to engage in all safe, sane, consensual erotic activities. To promote increased communication and cooperation among our organizations (individuals, businesses) around the country. To promote education about safe, sane and consensual behavior within our communities. To

convey a more accurate, positive image of our communities. To oppose threats to our freedom of expression, our rights to free association, and our rights to equal protection under the law. To preserve a record of our history, traditions and culture. We encourage the participation of all who support this statement of purpose, without regard to gender, sexual orientation, race, religion, ethnic background, health status, or physical ability. We recognize the need to do outreach to people of color. We are committed to ensuring that women occupy visible positions of leadership in this organization.

"The functions of this organization will include the following activities: (1) Communication: newsletter, directory, calendar, national media watch; (2) Networking (national conferences, helping to establish new local organizations, facilitate interaction of established organizations); (3) Education (hotline, speakers' bureau, exchange of program ideas and materials); (4) Political activity (legal defense fund; decriminalization of all safe, sane, consensual sexual behavior among adults, anti-defamation, liaison with other groups supporting sexual civil rights, alert membership regarding potentially repressive legislation); (5) Archive/Library; (6) AIDS action, education and fundraising."

It is now the task of the 9 person interim steering committee elected in

Dallas to begin to shape the organization. We all acknowledge that while the committee is well balanced in many ways, there are some major representational holes that we hope to fill. Our first task will be to organize additional representation and to begin drafting Bylaws and other organizational documents to meet the needs of a national organization that can function efficiently to fulfill the Purpose.

Comments from all are solicited. Until the SSCA (Safe-Sane-Consensual Adults) steering committee gets its own post office box you can contact them through Desmodus, Inc. Address communications to: SSCA, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

MR DRUMMER 1988—THE MARCH BEGINS

Things are lining up nicely for the 1988 Mr. Drummer contests. This year we expect regional contests to be held in at least 12 cities around North America and Europe, and there could be as many as 15. The Mr. Drummer Finals have been scheduled this year for Saturday, September 24. With the Folsom Street Fair and other events on tap, this will be a major Leather Weekend in San Francisco. Plan now to be in attendance to root for your regional Mr. Drummer! And if you've got the balls for it—**Enter a Contest**, come to San Francisco as a Regional Mr. Drummer yourself. □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recog-

nized safe-sex—as well as safe-and-sane—play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from any other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

MALE CALL



TO PIERCE OR NOT TO PIERCE

I do not read your magazine on a monthly basis. However, I saw *Drummer* 112 and had to get it. Enclosed are pictures of my tattoos. I am thinking of getting one more on my ass cheek.

I am definitely NOT into S/M or B/D. I enjoy my body and get a lot of pleasure out of it almost as it is. I do enjoy the cockring I made to fit just right. I have enjoyed the tattoos. I am sorry more men have not gotten into pubic area tattoos—they are exciting. I have seen some pictures of Tony with a bear on his right groin. I also saw another magazine with a handsome, clean-shaven stud with a set of wings coming up from his cock towards his navel, as if they were attached to his cock. Beautifully done and very sexy. I am sorry they did not show his face.

I was very impressed and pleased with Brad Mason. I do like the eagle on his pectoral. Very nice. The reason I am writing is, like Brad, I would like to have my left tit pierced. I will not be using it for weights or any stretching—just a bit of tugging and for jewelry. Can it be done through the tit itself? I received a catalog from Gauntlet which was helpful.

However, I see all the piercing back through the aureole almost an inch. I don't know where to go for information on the pros and cons of tit piercing, nor who is a professional in the Bay Area who can do it. Could you please help me?
W.G./Concord, CA

Thanks for the pictures. Your rampant Griffins on a field of pubic hair are certainly unusual and add a distinct bit of, umm . . . local color.

Regarding the questions on piercing, it's certainly possible to pierce just the nipple itself, rather than involving the larger aureole. However, the deciding factor is the size of your nipple and the diameter of the hole you desire. That is a decision which should be made by you

in conjunction with the experienced professional who will be doing the piercing.

While you can't turn to the "Piercing" heading in the Yellow Pages, you might begin by contacting leather shops in the area. Get their suggestions about who is capable of doing the job and arrange a meeting to assuage your doubts. Gauntlet routinely holds piercing clinics at various locations around the country, including frequent trips to the Bay Area. I recommend contacting them for information about their next visit.

—JR

ELEPHANT HUNTER

I find your magazine most satisfying! Please inform me of any upcoming and past issues where the content concerns "chubbies," fats and so forth that are passive bottoms. Please run some stories about chubbies.

D.R./Columbus, OH

Nothing planned on chubbies per se, but issue #119 will feature Bears and Mountain Men. While not necessarily chubby, there will be plenty of BIG men in this issue, hopefully in both Top and bottom roles. And I suspect some of them will be chubby as well as BIG.

—AFD

LOOKING FOR ACTION

Could you please tell me how to get invited to attend a leather party such as the ones in leather magazines? You can tell from magazines that most of these parties are photographed at bars, clubs, etc. I would love to join a group of hot, hairy men such as myself for such a party or event, but can't seem to locate the right connections. How can a hot hairy stud as myself get into the action?

E.L./Wilmington, NC

The club lists, club events, and leather calendar in each issue are there to serve just this purpose. Find the organizations that are closest to you and write to them. The "action" they engage in might not be the kind you are seeking (there is a LOT of variety in what people consider HOT and ACTION), but they will be a good starting point. If you want S/M, I know that there are a lot of individuals in North Carolina, but I know of no clubs. Try contacting SigMa in DC or the newly organized clubs in Atlanta. They may have more information that can help you.

—AFD

LITERARY PRAISE

I am a slave and I do not know if I will be punished for writing this letter without my Master's permission. However, I believe it is important for me to write to you now, since I often criticize what I don't like in writing but seldom, if ever,

give praise where I should: a compliment for professional journalism.

Your article "Boots and Whip" in *Drummer* 113 was excellent. It was very flawless writing and included a good illustration. Congratulations! As a slave, I know nothing. I did have a minor in English for my B.A. degree and had some graduate work in English, along with workshops and a fellowship in Journalism so I feel, Sir, that I know good taste in English and especially writing.

Master and I are not into the boot fetish, but I have been trained with the whip. I know it well, experience it frequently and respect it! As a matter of fact, if my Master is displeased with this slave writing you without permission, my punishment will be to strip off my jeans and hand Master the whip to lay stripes across my bare ass. If you feel I have been disrespectful in this letter, you need only to say so, and Master, I assure you, will lay his whip effectively across my bare ass.

Sir, again I offer my congratulations. I have tried to be a respectful and worthy slave offering my praise to you as an editor, journalist and writer. I know my place and have good training from Master—the kind in the article you wrote. I happened to write this letter without permission because my Master is presently in Kansas City. He is a strict and demanding Master, but he has made me over from the bum that I once was. The whip has kept me in training as a good slave, administered with his acute and masterly hand.

Best wishes in future issues of *Drummer*, and especially in your writing, Sir.
j./Los Angeles, CA

Thanks for the compliments, as you can see from another letter here not everyone agreed with you about my story. In one issue about a year ago we had three pieces of fiction and received three letters each stating that there was only ONE good story in that issue. However, each letter cited a different story as the ONE good one. It's incidents like that that make me think we're doing something right! As for my own fiction, I'm happy to say that the editor has yet to reject anything I have submitted—now I wonder why that is??

—Fledermaus

EVER DEEPER ABASEMENT

I have been active in both the leather and religious communities for over twenty years. Since I am very open about this involvement, I have often encountered shock and outrage from my religious contemporaries who consider the dominant/submissive aspects of the leather lifestyle at odds with their "Christian" ideals of equality. My usual response is to refer them to the Rules of the Christian monastic communities.

One such rule that I particularly like to point out is Rule 7 (Humility) from the Rule of St. Benedict. For your readers' benefit, I have enclosed a copy of a "secularized" version of this Rule. (The secularization consists of reducing paragraphs to key sentences and changing monastic titles to more general terms.)

Humility

The ladder of humility shall be your way of life. Twelve steps mark this progression to ever deeper abasement.

1. You shall live in respect and deference of your superior(s), being humbly submissive and constantly vigilant in all things.

2. You shall abandon your own will and avoid taking pleasure in the satisfaction of your own desires.

3. You shall submit to your superior(s) in all obedience without hesitation.

4. In this obedience, under difficult, unfavorable, or even unjust conditions, you shall quietly embrace suffering and endure without weakening or seeking escape.

5. You shall conceal nothing from your superior(s), neither wrongful thoughts nor any wrong deeds committed in secret.

6. You shall be content with the lowest and most menial treatment.

7. You shall not only admit with your tongue but also be convinced in your

heart that you are inferior to all.

8. You shall seek to do only that which would be approved of by your superior(s).

9. You shall control your tongue and remain silent unless given permission to speak.

10. You shall not be given to ready laughter.

11. When allowed to speak you shall speak gently, seriously, briefly, wisely and quietly.

12. Then will your whole being be invaded and as it were impregnated by humility.

Although the focus and degree of the submission is different in each case (total submission to God v. temporal submission to a man), is the act itself really that different?

D.S./Oxnard, CA

BOOTED BEAR HUNTER

Those are great photos of Mike Kloubec in *Drummer* 113. Can you tell me how to reach Brahma Studios or provide another lead on obtaining prints?

C.B./Manhattan Beach, CA

Brahma Studios can be reached c/o COA, 2215 R Market St. #148, San Francisco, CA 94114. There are photo sets available (6 5x7 B&W prints for \$15 + \$1 S&H). Mike is also included in Palm Drive Video's *Man's Man* (\$49.95 + \$3 S&H from Palm Drive Video, PO Box 3653, San Francisco, CA 94119).

—AFD

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH BOOTS?

Thank you for *Drummer* 113. I think your fetish features are a great idea, especially boots! Boots are a great turn-on to me. I always get into guys in boots. After reading the ad from Philadelphia on page 49, I had to write to you to ask your help. As you can see from my postmark, I am from Lancaster. I live about 70 miles west of Philadelphia, and would love to get in touch with that man and find out what he likes to do with his boots. If at all possible, please help me hook up with this leather-loving man. Keep up the good work!

G.G./Lancaster, PA

All of those letters were reprinted from the Boots Club newsletter. You will have to contact them for further information. (PO Box 48577, Bental 3, 595 Burrard St., Vancouver, BC V7X 1A3, CANADA.)

—AFD

BOOTED OUT

I am a serious boot lover and have been for fifteen years, with a good collection of high-leg and black rubber hip boots. With much anticipation I waited for *Drummer* Boots issue #113. The day

came and with excitement I purchased a copy, thumbed through the pages for the boot stories, the boot color and b&w photographs . . . Now wait a minute, something odd here. Did I buy the wrong magazine? No, it said "Boots Fetish Feature" on the cover with a color illustration by Tom of Finland. But, sadly, nothing worth reading or even looking at about boots on the inside. SO WHAT HAPPENED? Did someone at *Drummer* not do their research? The other fetish features have been great, so why did issue #113 get the proverbial boot?

Page 26—"Bear in Boots" photo spread: Same boots in each picture, not very exciting. Page 43—"Boots and Whip": Fictional story, just okay. Page 46 started the boots feature with lots of dark (obviously reproduced many times) photographs. It was impossible to see what was in some of them. Ongoing pages contained more photographs; some good, some okay, many so dark it was impossible to see what was shown, let alone a pair of boots. On these pages and in between the photographs were reproductions of adverts that have appeared in the past in "Boots" newsletter. Not exactly new, inspired and exciting.

The final page of the feature did (at last) have some better photographs along with editorial about a N.Y. boot store of the late 70s/early 80s, now closed. There must be more. What about a color back cover—no—what a disappointment. This letter is an observation. I enjoy your magazine enormously, and as said, the other fetish features have been good. What went wrong with Boots?

J.F./Los Angeles, CA

To answer your last question first: two things. First, our printer AGAIN came through with an over-inked mess! The photos you refer to as "obviously reproduced many times" were, in fact, original photos that have never been published before. I agree that they were used too small, but the details were there before the printer got his hands on them. We are changing printers, hopefully with this issue, and have been screaming loudly at the previous printer.

The second major problem with this fetish feature was lack of input from the people who know and enjoy the fetish. In tattoos, wrestling, shaving, etc. we have had lots of good input from people who really get off on the subject—that is what makes the features interesting. I expected enthusiastic reaction from BOOTS men, but got virtually nothing! The Boots club and Safeco Boots helped out, but other than these not a single boot-lover contributed photos, letters, or anything else. Without the input from those of you who love a subject the Fetish Features become Fetish Flops.

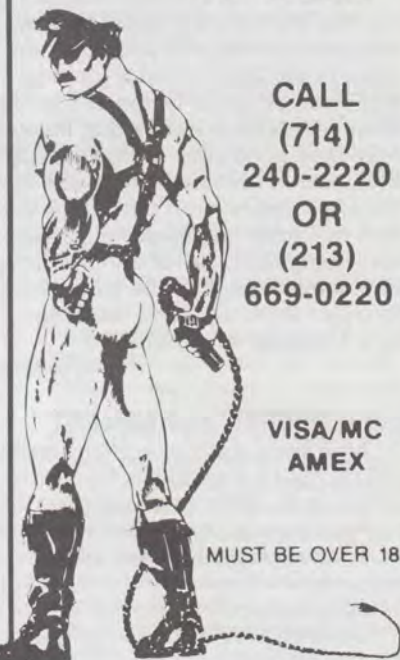
—AFD

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CELTIC COCK SEARCH

In your Tattoo issue 112, you show a tattooed cock on page 52 with an ancient Celtic design. I am tattooed in the same ancient design and have never seen it used before and would appreciate your forwarding the enclosed to the person. The issue was fantastic.

M.W./Clovis, CA

Thanks for the interest in *Drummer*. I have forwarded your letter to Charles Gatewood, the photographer, and hope he can make contact for you.

—AFD

GIVE US MORE

Once again I find myself saying thank you. *Drummer* has progressed quite nicely, in my opinion. *Drummer* is about the only publication I read from cover to cover, including the advertisements. (*Mach* and *DungeonMaster* are the others that receive this distinction.)

The addition of "Ties That Bind" by Guy Baldwin in recent editions has been a pleasant and quite timely surprise. The information and observations provided in this column have helped me considerably in blending leather and life. Though I must admit it sometimes has caused some confusion, I merely chalk that up to the process of change.

I was very pleased with your photo

spread on Mike & Mark (*Drummer* 111). It's agonizing to think that I will have to wait to see the flip side of that coin. I would like to hear more, however, about these people in the future. Some basic history, their likes and dislikes would be helpful. Something to connect with the image would give me a better idea of who these people are and what they are about.

While I'm thinking critically (constructively I hope), "Rough Stuff" by Scott Tucker has struck me as rather bold for *Drummer*. The tone is always extremely serious, legitimately so considering the topics. A better way to describe them would be that they are more realistic than the rest of *Drummer*. A balance between reality and fantasy is needed in the pages of *Drummer*. We take our lifestyles seriously, but we don't seem to take as seriously as we should how our lifestyles relate to the rest of the world. Scott's insights and viewpoints provide us with a valid look at that connection. Unfortunately, his intensity is discordant in *Drummer*.

Despite my discomfort, I do appreciate his comments and look forward to hearing more from him. My point? GIVE US MORE! Another column of the same intensity would help to balance things and aid us in defining our larger role in the world.

I would also appreciate more photos of

Tops in action. I thoroughly enjoy the photos of restrained bottoms, but the sight of a skilled technician, decked in the garments of his trade, doing what he does best, is erotic as hell for me. Your photo spread, "Taking Care of Daddy" in *Drummer* 107 is a terrific example, and was very much appreciated.

Overall, I like what you folks have done. Even if none of my comments are taken to heart, it won't make any difference: You've got a fantastic magazine. You will be receiving my renewal shortly and I'll be looking forward to another great year of *Drummer*. Thanks again.

K.S.L./Wilmington, NC

Thanks for the encouragement. I have been trying to make *Drummer* a publication to serve the total Leatherman, blending news and information, commentary and criticism, how-to and humor, with erotically stimulating fiction, photos and art. Our objective is to keep both your head and your cock working!

—AFD

RELATIONSHIPS SERVICED HERE

Thanks for the good service, and especially for your new column by Guy Baldwin! L.M./Las Vegas, NV

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S&M WRESTLING AND SEX— THE MAN'S WAY

Written and Illustrated
by BROOKLYN JOE

Don't get me wrong. I get into conventional S&M scenes all the time. I dig it, it's fun—great. But it can get, you know, predictable. I mean, you both know who the bottom is gonna be, who's gonna get tied up, who's gonna lie on his belly for it, who's gonna get smacked around—and that's OK, like I said. But sometimes I like a little fight back from the bottom, or maybe a lot. When that happens and I force the little fucker to do what I want, then I feel like I earned Top, like I took it. People who don't understand S&M to begin with wouldn't understand that, but I think guys into most S&M scenes could understand without too much trouble.

Now, wrestling for Top doesn't mean every encounter is up for grabs necessarily—sometimes it's an all-out fight for Top, but more often you're up against a bottom who still wants to put up at least a token resistance, and either way it's hot. So, when that happens it's like two for the price of one: you beat hell out of the guy until he's unresisting meat and *then* you get to work him over any way you want. What could possibly be better?

I guess it started in my imagination when I was a kid and my folks watched professional wrestling on TV. One hunky brute kicks shit out of another until one is either pinned to the mat or is *forced to submit*. Suggestive to begin with, but then add tight brief trunks and the occasional obvious hard-on, and my teen-age mind supplied the rest of the story: wrestling is one step short of male rape. It was twenty years ago that I came to that conclusion; now, pro wrestling includes the leather gear you used to see only in bars, the eroticism is barely concealed, and the humiliation/S&M is right up front. Crotches are ground into struggling faces with regularity and the fans seem to love it, even if they don't really know or understand what it is they like about what they are watching. I once met a number through my wrestling club who told me he and his wife went to the wrestling matches twice a week like clockwork for years before something dawned on him. Wrestling nights were also the two nights of the week he got hot enough to have sex with her—he was getting turned on by the wrestling, not his wife.

My first practical wrestling experience happened with a rough-house session with my cousin when I was about 17 and he was 20 or so, a big, hairy Italian jock I'd wanted to get my hands on for a long time. After struggling around, he suggested we strip and go at it like the guys on TV. We tried our clumsy approximations of the holds we'd seen the pros use, and little by little it got rougher and dirtier. An arm pressed across a throat, a little hair yanking. We both got red-faced and hot under the collar, and I figured what the

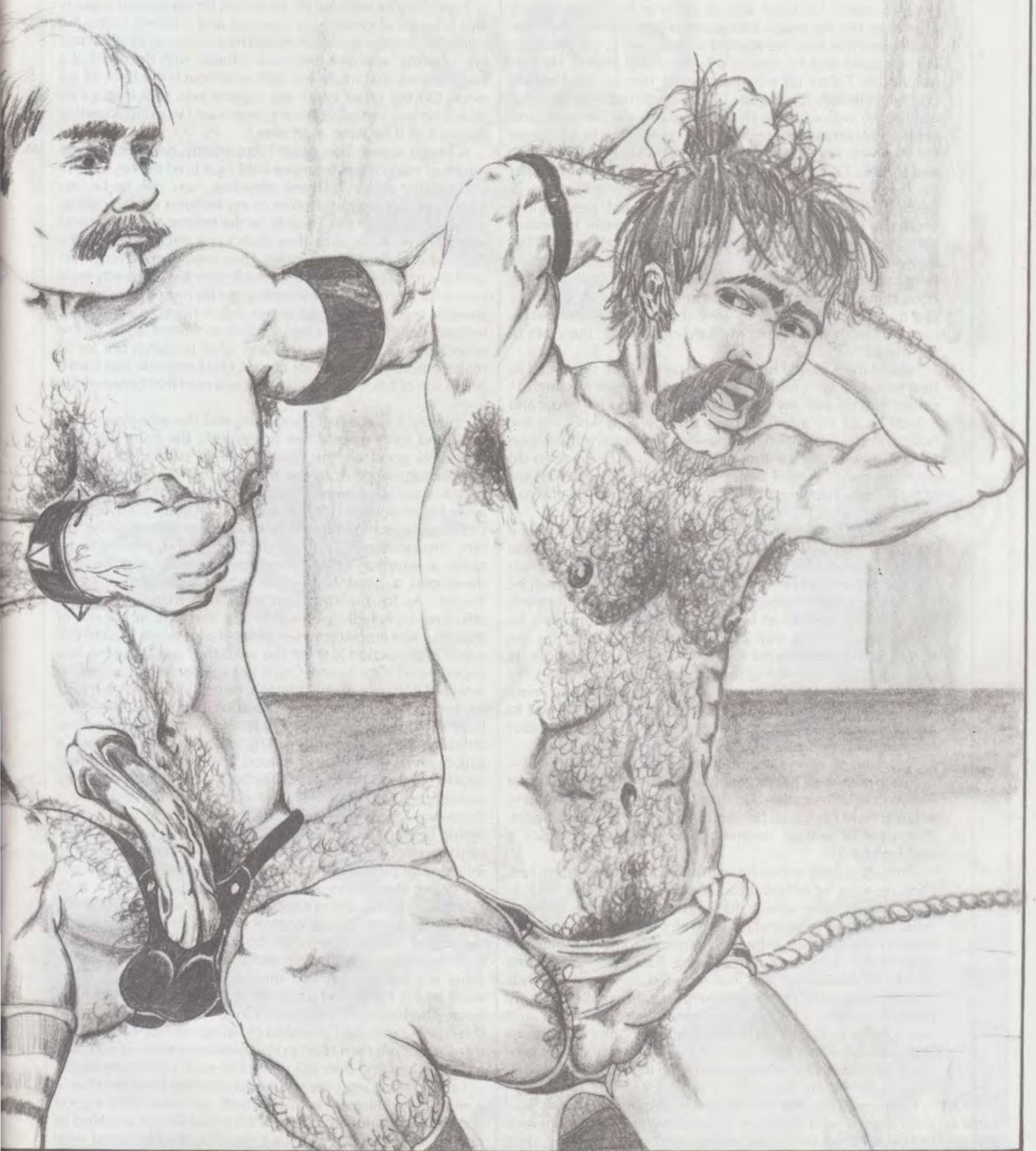
hell, why not go all the way, so when I got him into a convenient position, I dug a couple of quick fists into his wide open belly. He doubled up and rolled off me gasping and in a minute I was on his back, lying flat with my dick pressing against his ass through our brief, and slipped my arms under his armpits, locking my hands together behind his head for a very professional full-nelson. When I yanked, putting maximum pressure on his shoulder and neck muscles, he yelled and I thought how easy it might be to fuck the stud in this position. He was tired and hurting—but then, he was my cousin, too. So I just had to be satisfied with his submission—but in my mind's eye I knew I'd make it go further someday, with some other stud.

Wrestling is hands-on bondage. No ropes, no thongs, no chains; just my hands, arms and legs holding the man, punishing him. Not to say all that stuff can't be brought into the scene, it's just not my style. I like it as simple and natural as possible—two men, their strength and power and their will to impose their lust onto each other regardless of the other's determination to do the same.

And I like it rough. None of that collegiate stuff. I like to body punch, choke and knee besides the "legal" holds. After all, it's S&M, not a high school tournament! Fuck rules. I do what I have to do to keep my ass on Top and yours on the bottom. Know what it's like making a 200-lb. muscleboy beg when you've got a handful of vulnerable balls in your hand and you start squeezing? It's fucking great—total power and control. It's like any other S&M scene—you use common sense, keep a cool head and inflict the punishment sensibly to inflict as much pain as required without causing injury. Just as you wouldn't string a guy up in bondage by his wrists and let all his weight hang on 'em, you don't punch an opponent in the balls as hard as you might dig one into his gut. And, of course, safe sex is the by-word for everybody. So there's the same basic necessity for trust that is present in any form of S&M.

The best part is that the scenes are never exactly the same, even when the same opponent comes back again and again; and with new encounters, it's a whole different ballgame every time because everybody's approaches, styles and turn-ons are different. Once you've grappled with the same guy a few times there's a very deep intimacy that develops, you get to know his moves and try to anticipate them, and counter them before he can get an offense going.

I gotta admit, though, I like the first-timers best. They're suckers for the dirty moves, cold meat on a plate. I try to size 'em up quick before we get started: how much will he be able to take, what are his weaknesses, should I wear him down slow,



or crush him right away and get into the scene? It helps to talk about things beforehand, just like with anything else. No point going home with a gray hanky if you're strictly into yellow, right?

I talked with this kid on the phone several times before getting together, after we had exchanged pix through a club. I got into where his head was at. He was first-timer, always turned by the big rough bad guys on TV who worked over pretty boys like him. He wanted to get taken to the cleaners. He was solid and no creampuff—he could take it. He was pulling his T-shirt off when I slugged him in the hard-on pressing through his trunks. I belly-punched him back up against the wall with the shirt twisted around his head, and pushed him down onto his knees and pinned his head against the wall with my crotch grinding into his face, rubbing back and forth as I finally yanked the shirt away so my trunks met his face and he could feel my dick massaging his mug. A handful of his thick dirty-blond hair and a thumb pressing into his Adam's apple when necessary made certain he wasn't going anywhere. I was heavier, stronger and had all the experience. Once in a while, a sharp poke from the toe of my boot into his abdominals, or crushing his prick/balls with the boot, reminded him of the predicament he was in, so after a few minutes his flailing arms were stroking my thighs and his pinned mouth was licking my hard-on through the cloth of my trunks.

I asked the fucker if he'd had enough and he submitted as best he could with his face smothered between my thighs. I pulled him up with my hand clenched around his throat and cut off his air for a few seconds to show him who was the boss, and I laid it right on the line—what was going to happen to him now and if he thought he was man enough to do anything about it, he'd better make his move now. He just hung his head down and said, "No, Sir, you're the only man here, Sir."

Essentially, for the next couple of hours, this punk was a punching bag for my exercise and amusement. He was ordered to clasp his hands behind his back and keep them there as if they had been tied. No matter what happened, he was to keep them in that position while I worked him over; any time he unclasped his hands without permission he would be punished with crotch torture. Of course, as the scene wore on and he got batted around the room enduring blows and holds, as well as fondling and sexual advances, his arms and hands got tired and unclasped, leading to more frequent punishments to his crotch. I made sure as well to handle him so rough that this hands got pulled apart regardless of his desire to obey.

This kind of scene requires a special bottom as well—unlike a man with hands really tied behind him, who must endure regardless, this kid had to have the fortitude to willfully hold his hands behind him despite the punishment. That kind of bottom deserves a Top's respect for guts if nothing else.

Throughout the scene he withstood many body punches, choking, yanking of both head and pubic hair, holds such as the stomach claw, where the fingers dig into the stomach muscles and squeeze and probe, with punches being applied to keep the muscles softened, vulnerable and hurting, and other holds including arm-twisting hammerlocks (during which, of course, he was not required to keep his hands clasped), leg holds, etc. Punishment was also applied to body pressure points, muscles like biceps were punched and pounded almost without mercy until the arms themselves were like tremendous weights hanging from their sockets, eventually making it impossible to keep the hands voluntarily clasped behind his back.

Punishment to his crotch for unclasping his hands was most often a solid punch to his hard-on, and after numerous blows, resulted in a spontaneous orgasm all over his own belly. He also endured ball-squeezing, sometimes one,

sometimes both, and judicious blows to the balls, being brought to his knees once by a ball shot delivered as an open-handed slap. My fist screwed slowly into his bush was also very effective, bringing a plea that his hands be tied behind him so he wouldn't have to suffer it again. This was denied.

Eventually he was brutally jacked off for his second orgasm, and his load of cream was smeared and crushed under the sole of my boot as he watched and he was forced to admit that his "offering" was unworthy and inferior, with the assist of a hammerlock that made his right wrist touch the back of his neck. On the other hand, my orgasm was shot into a cup which he was forced to admire, praise and worship, kneeling before it as if he were at an altar.

A rough scene. Too rough? Apparently not, because he returned many times for more until I got tired of him. One of his returns, at his insistent pleading, was not to be my opponent, but to fight another of my bottoms for the right to spend a night with me. I was to be the referee, which meant I had only to make sure they didn't put each other in the hospital and declare a winner. They would not even meet until the night of the fight, but I made sure it was a pretty even match for them, and an interesting one for myself to watch—a smooth, green-eyed blond versus a dark-haired, hairy Italian. Independently, I took careful pains to inform each of the other's particular weaknesses and what to watch out for to make it more interesting for myself. Did I mention that I am a mean son of bitch? Maybe you already read that between the lines.

Anyway, it was a real good fight, and the advantage went back and forth quite a few times. Rob, the hairy guy, was especially good on the rough stuff, in particular a short, stabbing thumbdrive to the throat that took blond Grant's breath away time and again, breaking his holds and taking away his advantages. He was also a brutal body-puncher, and I enjoyed watching him work Grant over whenever he got him into position. Grant, on the other hand, proved to be quite a wrestler in his own weight class, and he had developed a good half-nelson which gave Rob a lot of trouble. As for the rough tactics, Grant made his elbows effective, repeatedly jabbing the gut and side to get out of trouble. I was enjoying myself a hell of a lot when I had to call a halt as the action just got too wild. Rob was tiring the less experienced Grant, and Grant got desperate, so when he wrestled Rob over on his stomach, he let him have a couple of wicked kidney punches, and I couldn't let that continue or I'd have damaged property on my hands. So I declared a draw, although Rob was clearly willing to shove Grant through a sink drain by that time as he stood there, rubbing the injured spot in his lower right back. They both wanted more and they wanted me too, so I devised a compromise. We'd have a three-way scene: they would be the bottoms as usual, and I would be the Top, but I would tell them what to do to each, step by step. Everybody got what he wanted—they could inflict more punishment on each other, I could get my rocks off giving the orders and watching, and they were both submissive to me, and of course I got in a few shots personally during the scene. In total control of every move, I made sure the action remained sensible, but painful. They carried out their instructions with great enthusiasm, trying to make the other guy say "uncle" and show who was the wimp. They were much harder on each other than I ever would have been. The result of all this was a lot of cum on my floor and three very exhausted grapplers crawling into my bed around three a.m. Even then I had to stay between them—it was only a double bed and they still didn't like each other very much.

I also have a long-time regular who comes by at least twice a week for a different kind of wrestling scene. He's a good deal smaller than I am. There is no possibility of any kind of contest between us. Wiry, taut muscles, thickly furred with black hair, and defiantly butch, Frank wants to be physically





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dominated, abused, humiliated and raped, but raped up to the point where he is forced to enjoy it and eventually submit, exhausted, and have his male pride, his cum, forcibly stripped from him. We usually indulge a fantasy encounter first. These fantasies are so widely varied that our sessions together are never boring or repetitive. I have long since come to know his limits and his trust in me allows for a particular intimacy that I think only deep S&M relationships allow.

One such encounter began as strangers in a deserted locker room after hours. Long term co-workers, I suddenly make an overt pass and he replies with the expected macho revulsion. In this case, however, alone and without other civilized beings present, he is just too small to back up his threats. Backing him into a corner, I reach out suddenly into his half-open shirt and grip a handful of chest hair and jerk him towards me, where my fist meets his belly and sinks in deep enough to knock the wind out of him. Suddenly limp-armed, he's pulled into a side headlock which I apply with crushing force, adding the booster of a knuckle screwed into his forehead. The headlock is used to roll him over my hip to the floor, and my weight is laid across his chest, pinning him down. When he tries to bridge his lower body up, I dig the fist into his belly a few more times to prove the pointlessness of this maneuver, and the sound of fist meeting belly muscle punctuates the room's silence over our mutual heavy breathing.

He relaxes slightly—there's no use fighting a losing battle. He offers feeble resistance as his clothes are pulled and torn from his body. I twist his arm back under him and spread-eagle myself over him. Pinned under me again he's helpless as I sink my lips into the deep, rich fur on his chest; my lips begin to suck, my teeth begin to chew his tits, I grind the nipples between my teeth as he groans and squirms with pleasure. Before long his chest hair is slick and matted with my spit, as my mouth has traveled back and forth between his tits, and my mouth opens wide to wrap around his hard pecs and chew hard on the hairy muscled flesh. My mouth now begins to travel all over his body, biting hard, sucking on the hairy parts. The slightest attempt to resist is met with a painful jerk upon the twisted arm, a harder bite on the nearest mound of soft flesh, and maybe a punch to the underside of his raging hard cock. I grip his balls firmly with my right hand, releasing his twisted arm—the arm is white now, circulation cut off for so long that it's numb now and he can't even pull it out from under himself. My left forearm presses across his throat, just hard enough to let him know if he tries anything, his air will be cut off. Pressure on his balls slowly increases as I bury my face in his pubic jungle, sucking as much of his pubic flesh into my mouth as I can and beginning to chew on the sex muscles under the skin. My mouth is full of the dry, fluffy bush and flesh, and I know what it feels like to be a jungle cat tearing into a smaller caught animal. He groans and curses, but his prick is standing straight against the side of my head, oozing pre-cum.

When I finally release the bush-bite, I punctuate it with a head butt in the underbelly with sufficient force that I fell the wind rush out of his lungs past my sweat-slicked face. As I get up off him, I pull him up with me by the hair on his chest—and nothing else. A large tuft of hair comes off in my hand and I slap him hard across the face with it.

I bend him over a table face down, and his melon buns become a punching bag. A long, hard pounding leaves them red and hot, and I leave a set of angry teeth marks all over them like an artist would sign a new creation. I know from experience that Frank is both near exhaustion and at the peak of his sexual heat. Behind him, I slip on a rubber and wrap my arms around his chest from behind. In a flash, his mostly limp body is pulled up into a punishing full-nelson. Shorter than I, he is easily lifted off his feet, and maximum pressure comes to bear across his shoulder and neck muscles. More pressure shoves his chin down into his chest so hard that a red mark

will remain later where his chin dug in. I begin to shake and and swing him back and forth, pulling the muscles and nerves in directions they were not meant to go. The hold becomes hard to maintain, with rivers of sweat running off us both.

I trip him up and we are suddenly on the floor, still locked in the nelson. I ram my swollen sheathed dick up his ass and bum-fuck him with full force. I'm close to cumming, so I release the nelson and twist the arm behind his back again. I keep fucking and reach under him to grab his engorged dick. My touch at this point is all that's necessary and his dick begins to shoot between his belly and the floor, the thick paste flowing into the carpet pile and his body hair. His orgasm tightens his asshole and makes me shoot into the condom up his ass while he bucks under me.

I stay inside him a while before I roll off. I like on my back, breathing heavily, and I soon realize that he is snuggling up next to me, burying his face in my armpit, grumbling softly and wrapping an arm across my chest. His other hand plays through the sweaty tangle on my head. After some time he pulls his face out of my pit and shifts around to look at my crotch. He looks at the cum-filled bag on my softening cock, then looks into my face and I know what he's thinking about, longing for, and what he can't have just now. Maybe someday, but not just yet. Frank slides over me and buries his face in my other pit and I squeeze him close to me. He gives me a pleased grunt and we doze off like that.

If you are intrigued by the idea of wrestling or wrestling S&M, it isn't difficult to get into, what with the wide range of media for personal ads, and the various wrestling clubs for gay men across the country. The outreach is there to find suitable opponents, victims or masters as you prefer. It's best to keep a few guidelines in mind, however, for the best results.

For bottoms especially, the choice of a wrestling partner should be based first and foremost on trust, as with any S&M scene. First encounters should be preceded by a frank discussion of your capabilities and limits, turn-ons and things you'd like to try. You can wrestle *anywhere*. However, the wilder the action, the more room you will need and the more padding around the area. You could have a satisfying grappling scene on a space as small as a bed but you have to expect limbs to be swinging around beyond the limits of the mattress. It's possible, for instance, to break a toe on a night table. So some preliminary prep will be required. Check the perimeter of the area to be used for sharp edges, corners, and hard surfaces. Accidents will happen in *any* scene and most injuries in wrestling come not from inflicting punishment, but from the odd knee banged against a wall. The most frequent problem for apartment fighters is rug or carpet burns. If nothing else is done, lay a spread of bedclothes on the floor; the softest carpet scrapes skin like sandpaper.

The stuff you see on TV looks like great fun, and it is, but remember that what those guys do, they do on a padded, highly flexible plywood ring mat, and they go through several years of intensive training before they are let loose on each other for public exhibitions. And the pros *do* sustain injuries through accidents in the ring. And they *know* what they are doing. Mat veteran and president of the New York Wrestling Club exhorts all his members to have health insurance, just in case the unexpected happens. Naturally, in the more predictable wrestling scenes where actual competition is not involved, a classic Top/ bottom scene, the action is more controlled and safer when simple common sense is used.

The intimate S&M of wrestling, without the instrumentality of toys and bondage, is especially satisfying for both the Top and bottom, and will provide a refreshing experience for any man with the least interest in it. Wrestling is the first S&M experience—as old as animal life on earth. The ability to grapple playfully, aggressively or for sexual command is inborn in the human male where he has only his muscle and ingenuity to use in bringing another male to submission. Try it!

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ROUGH STUFF

Eric E. Rofes

At 1:15 a.m. on Sunday morning, November 22, I was a part of the crowd at the One Way—a popular leather bar in Los Angeles' Silverlake neighborhood—when a voice came over the sound system and announced that the bar was being cited for occupancy violations. We were told to leave through the front doors and that we would be allowed to return into the bar in a few minutes.

We were never allowed back in the bar that evening. On leaving the One Way, we were assaulted with flashing red lights and observed over a dozen police and fire vehicles blocking off the street. Over two dozen officers stood sternly in front of the bar, a silent show of force should the patrons even consider a rebellion.

The information passed quickly through the crowd that we were not being permitted reentry. Some guys left immediately; others lingered, until officers threatened arrest and harassment if we didn't choose to disperse and leave the area. I got home at 2 a.m., mad as hell.

Leather bar life in Los Angeles has changed dramatically in the two years I've lived in the city. Bars frequented by leatherman—including the Gauntlet, One Way, Griff's and Cuffs—have been subject to routine "dumping," usually after alleged phone complaints. The occupancy levels on these bars on occasion have been reduced to unbelievably low numbers (57 at the Gauntlet!), and no degree of community organizing has brought about an effective response. Our bars are becoming less frequented by our brothers—primarily because one never knows whether or not the bar will be "safe" on a particular evening. The joke's going around that the best leather bar in Los Angeles these days is the San Francisco Eagle. This was not always the case.

To long-time residents of the city, the harassment from police officers and the feckless response from elected officials harkens back to the gay community's relationship with the force ten years ago, during the Ed Davis days and the Slave Auction bust. Certainly, direct connections aren't difficult to make when one considers the parallels: inappropriate mass deployment of officers and vehicles (although we've yet to see helicopters and tanks in 1988!), lack of access to the Police Chief, the consistent statements from public officials that their hands are tied.



Eric E. Rofes is a well-known author and community organizer now based in Los Angeles.

This isn't 1978, however. It's 1988 and the issues that these bar raids raise for our specific community are many:

1. *Safety:* In an age when acts of intimacy can easily translate to HIV infection for men like us, each of us carries with him a powerful struggle for safety. With increasing violence against gay men—and, in particular, with a pattern of street violence and verbal harassment outside these leather bars which I have experienced first hand—is it any wonder that we are especially protective of our community spaces? Our personal safety has been seriously threatened these days: by harassment and violence, by AIDS, by loss and grief, and now by the police. Where can we carve out our safe spaces?

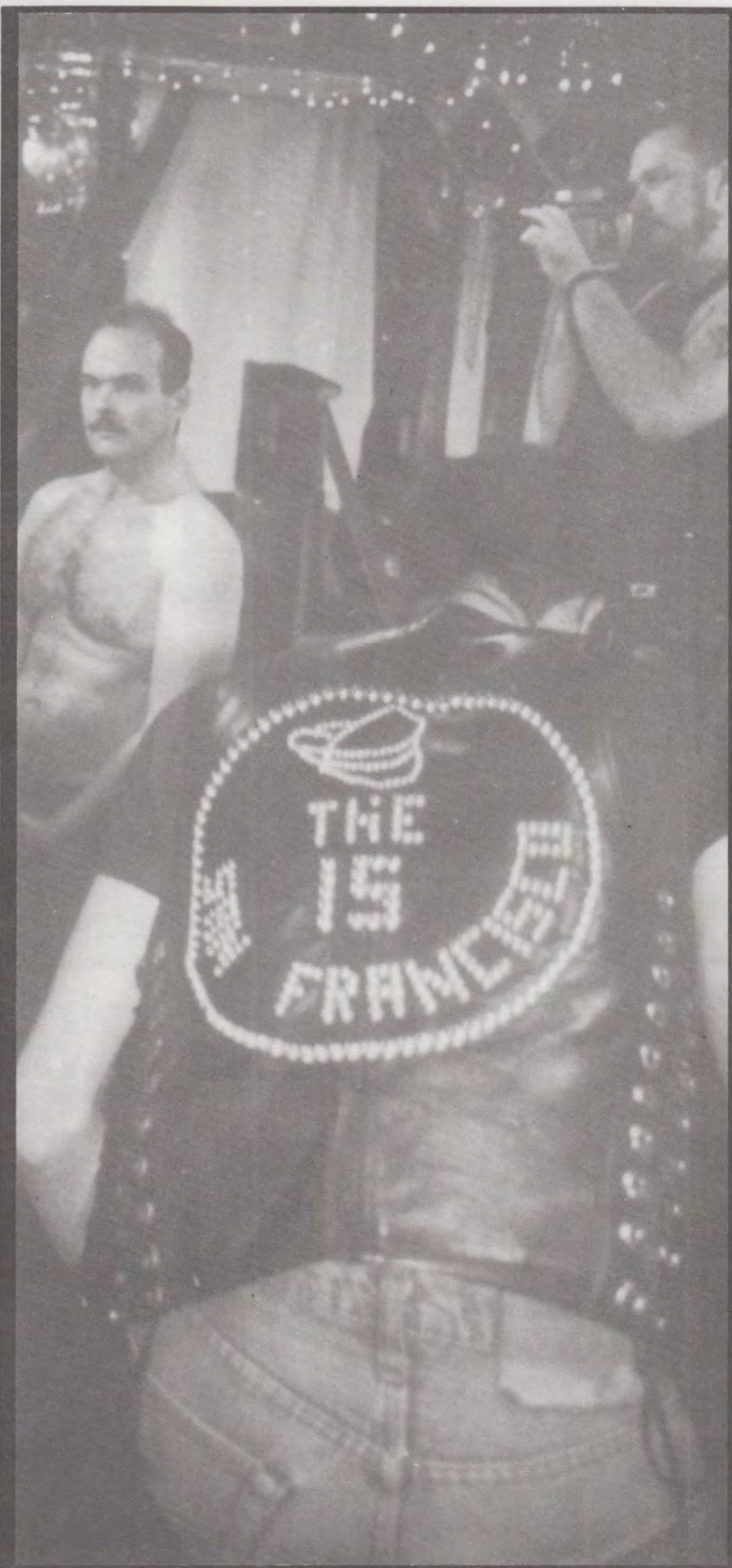
2. *Anti-sex Attitudes:* Let's face it—the raids on leather bars in Los Angeles are not happening in isolation. Even though we initially felt targeted for this harassment, on investigation similar dumping has taken place at non-leather gay male bars, including the bars frequented by Asians and Latinos. However, this is happening as the baths are being closed, the public cruising areas in Griffith Park are being patrolled by undercover cops, and even our dirty bookstores are being swept and harassed. There's a vice squad alive and well in Los Angeles, and there is little organized voice in the gay community demanding the authorities to de-prioritize victimless "crimes" and do away with the vice squad. The community itself has started to fragment and turn on each other; leathermen might find ourselves alone and without allies very soon.

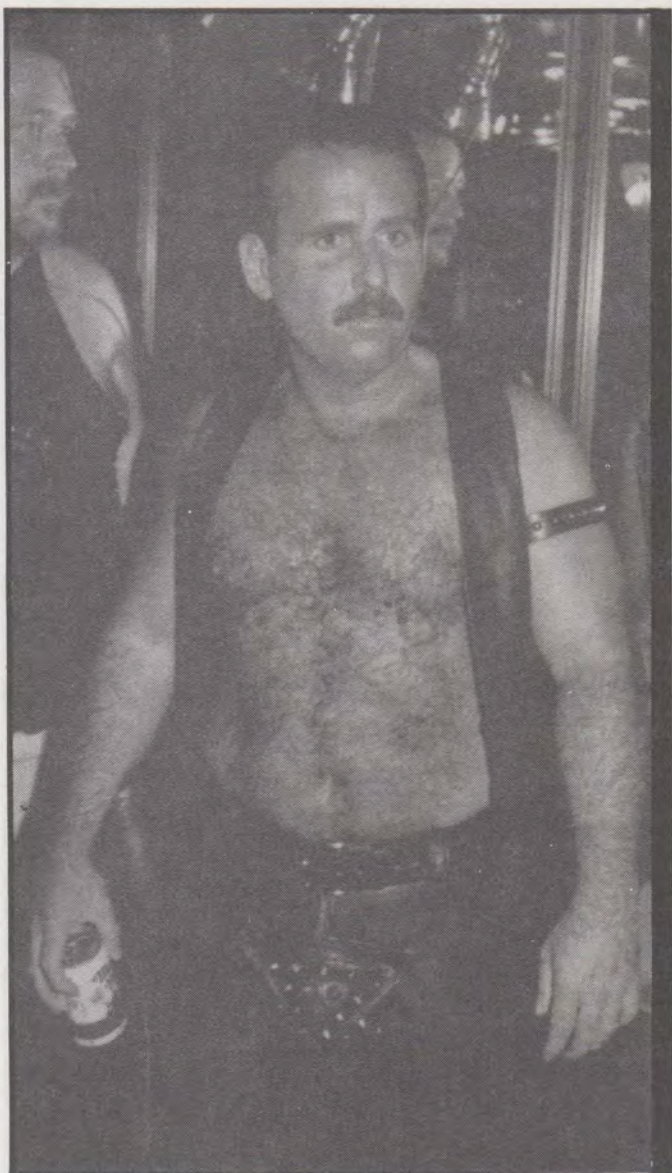
3. *Occupancy Violations:* If we don't want the cops to have reason to close down our bars, we've got to

ensure that they have appropriate occupancy limits and that the bars respect these limits because they are concerned for our safety. The lack of concern exhibited by our community towards providing for our own safety in bars needs to be addressed, and loudly. While it might be a turn-on to be packed man-to-man in a bar with triple its capacity, it's not safe; too many bar fires have resulted in too many deaths. It's not popular to talk out on this issue, but it should be a priority for those of us committed to safety in bars.

Bars are being raided in other cities in the US—leather bars and non-leather gay bars. What seems important is that the community rise to the occasion and make a commitment to organizing to protect our spaces. Ad hoc committees or existing political organizations must be mobilized to lobby, write letters, organize demonstrations, and participate in acts of civil disobedience. The leather clubs in Los Angeles have been responsive and involved in the effort; mainstream groups have also attempted to respond. Thus far—three months later—the results are insignificant.

Leather bars are important to me—for myself and for others in our community. I don't drink and I don't like smoky rooms, but I like guys with whom I can talk dirty, act wild, and play terrible games. If we have to go back 25 years to when the action took place in dangerous territory, or at a party in someone's private home, we'd have lost a resource valuable to our political, social and sexual lives. We've said goodbye to the Cauldron and the Mineshaft, the Brig and the Gold Coast. Let's make a commitment to preserving the spaces we've got left. □





THE 15

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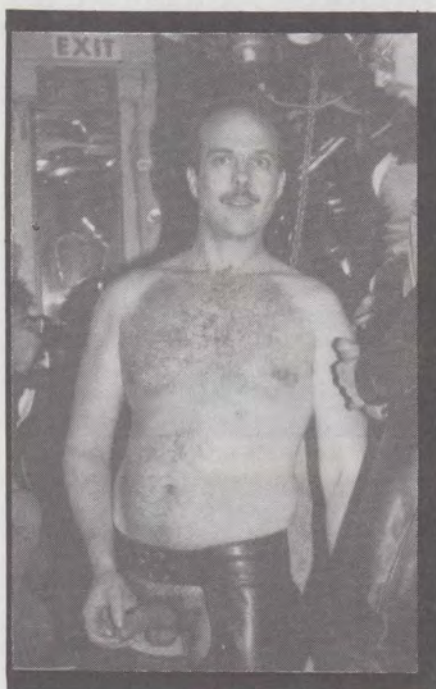
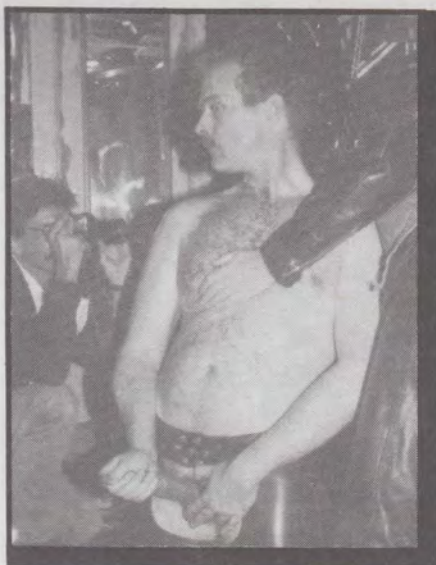
The 15 Association, one of the oldest gay male S/M organizations in the country, recently celebrated its 8th anniversary. I became an Associate Member of the club shortly after its founding and have been an Honorary Member for several years.

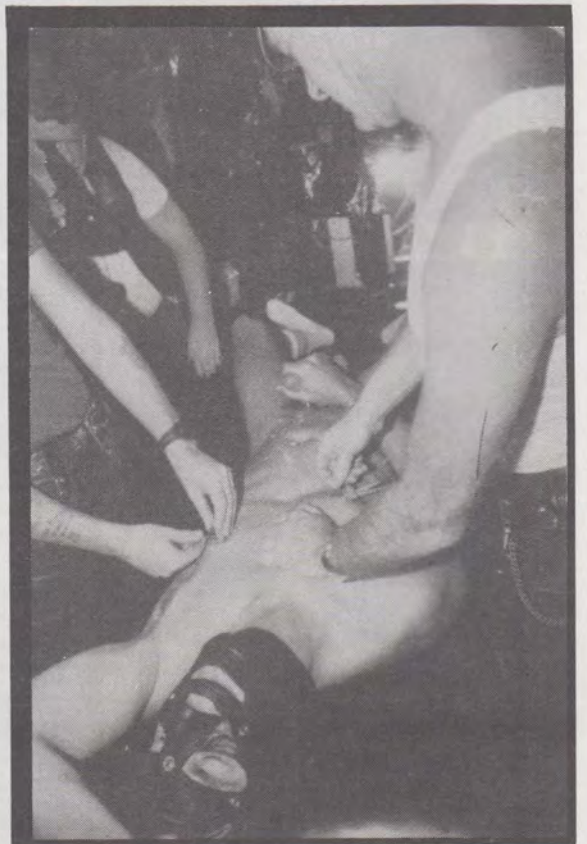
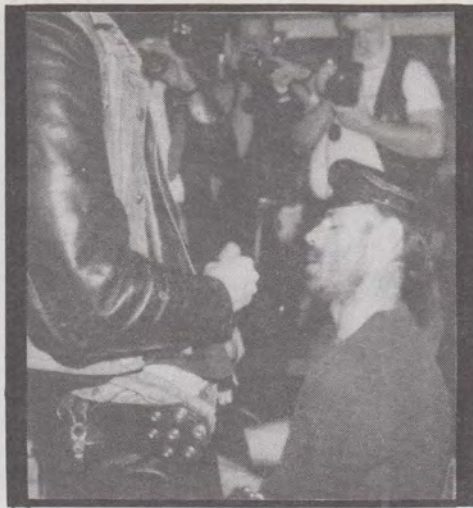
The 15 has its own clubhouse in San Francisco and sponsors parties there at least monthly. Last Fall one party was open to photography and *Drummer* was present with a camera. For once at this kind of event, I didn't get distracted and forget to take pictures!

Here is a sampling of the night's activities.

The 15's regularly scheduled parties are on the third Saturday of each month. See the Leather Bulletin Board Calendar for the party themes. The doors open at 10 PM and no one is admitted after midnight. You must be known to the club to attend. If you are interested and don't know a member, try dropping the club a line at PO Box 421302, San Francisco, CA 94142-1302.

—Fledermaus





REPORT

THE JERKS FROM JERSEY

According to the AP, a poll in New Jersey turned up the following disquieting facts: 27 percent of the NJ residents polled feel that those with AIDS should be quarantined, and 26 percent believe employers should be able to fire someone with AIDS.

GETTING THE WORD OUT

The Year of the Dragon has begun with a bang, as the Harvey Milk AIDS Education Fund announced that their popular AIDS/safe sex pamphlet, "Can We Talk," is now available in a Chinese edition, as well as in English, Spanish and French. Also, the Fund is dealing with the Aquino government to produce a Tagalog version during 1988.

THE REPORT IS IN

After being laughed at for incompetence during its first incarnation, the President's Commission on AIDS seems to have finally managed to get its act together. After an exhaustive (and exhausting) round of visits, hearings, statements and study, the opening salvo has been fired in what is certain to be one of the most closely-watched health care battles of this century.

At stake are the lives of literally millions of Americans—many poor, drug-addicted or gay—who haven't fared too well in getting the American mainstream to support their right to live. In an unflinching and compassionate report, commission chairman Navy Admiral James Watkins seems to have ignored the Republican party line and comes out strongly in favor of a variety of controversial (and costly) programs designed to help contain the disease as well as to improve the quality of life for those suffering from AIDS and ARC.

The program, which could cost as much as \$20 billion during the next ten years, would focus much of its energy on IV drug users, for that is where the Chairman believes the main danger to hetero Americans lies. (**Ironically, the fear of AIDS has led to an upsurge in fag-bashing; see article elsewhere on this page—Ed.**) In addition, the Admiral claims the health care system is not up to the task of providing care for the victims expected in the future. The full report, which was delivered to the White House in March, detailed suggestions for improving the shortcomings.

In all, Watkins's report painted a bleak picture of the country's inability to cope with the ravages of the dis-

ease, in terms of compassion as well as treatment, technology and prevention. There was cautious support from the White House—the report took the current administration to task for failing to act quickly and decisively and demands billions of dollars during a period of ever-tighter government budgets.

BASHING'S BACK

After a few years of progress, violence against gays is again on the increase—and rapidly. In a recent article in *Time*, unspecified gay-rights groups claim that assaults motivated by hatred have increased by nearly 300% in the recent past.

New York City's reported attacks on gays rose from 176 in 1984 to 517 during 1987, and experts agree that the reported incidents are just the tip of the iceberg. Professionals also feel that the underlying component of the rise in popularity of fag-bashing is AIDS. The disease is inextricably linked to homosexuals and that seems to give these fascists the excuse they may need.

And we're not talking an occasional mugging or baseball-bat-in-the-park-at-night syndrome: the unprovoked attacks have ranged from razor slicings to beatings with chains. In Ft. Lauderdale, the article reports that a pickup truck swerved on to the sidewalk outside a gay bar, killing a patron. One tough guy leaned out of a speeding car in Greenwich Village and hit a gay man in the head with a golf club. The victim survived, but is permanently brain damaged.

All too often, the victims receive little or no help—let alone compassion—from the police. The attitude frequently runs from disinterested to insensitive to hostile. Indeed, the National Institute of Justice released a report in late 1987 that concludes gays are the most frequent victims of crimes of hatred, and chastised the criminal justice system for not recognizing the seriousness of the problem.

Some large cities have organized programs to help combat the growing wave of violence, from offering classes in self defense to providing counseling for victims. But the bottom line on this disturbing trend is that only political pressure, combined with personal vigilance, can minimize anyone's chances of becoming a statistic.

RIGHTS IN RALEIGH

The City Council of Raleigh, North Carolina, recently enacted an anti-discrimination ordinance which had been amended to include discrimination based on an individual's "sexual orientation." The action followed

months of study after public hearings in which gay men and lesbians reported consistent harassment, intimidation and even beatings.

According to a report in *The Front Page* community newspaper, after those hearings, the Raleigh Human Resources and Human Relations Council followed up with an extensive report which concluded, among other things, that Raleigh was a "hostile environment" for gays. The only council member to vote against the ordinance was Raleigh's mayor, Avery C. Upchurch, who claimed the report didn't substantiate its claims.

QUARTER-LY REPORTS

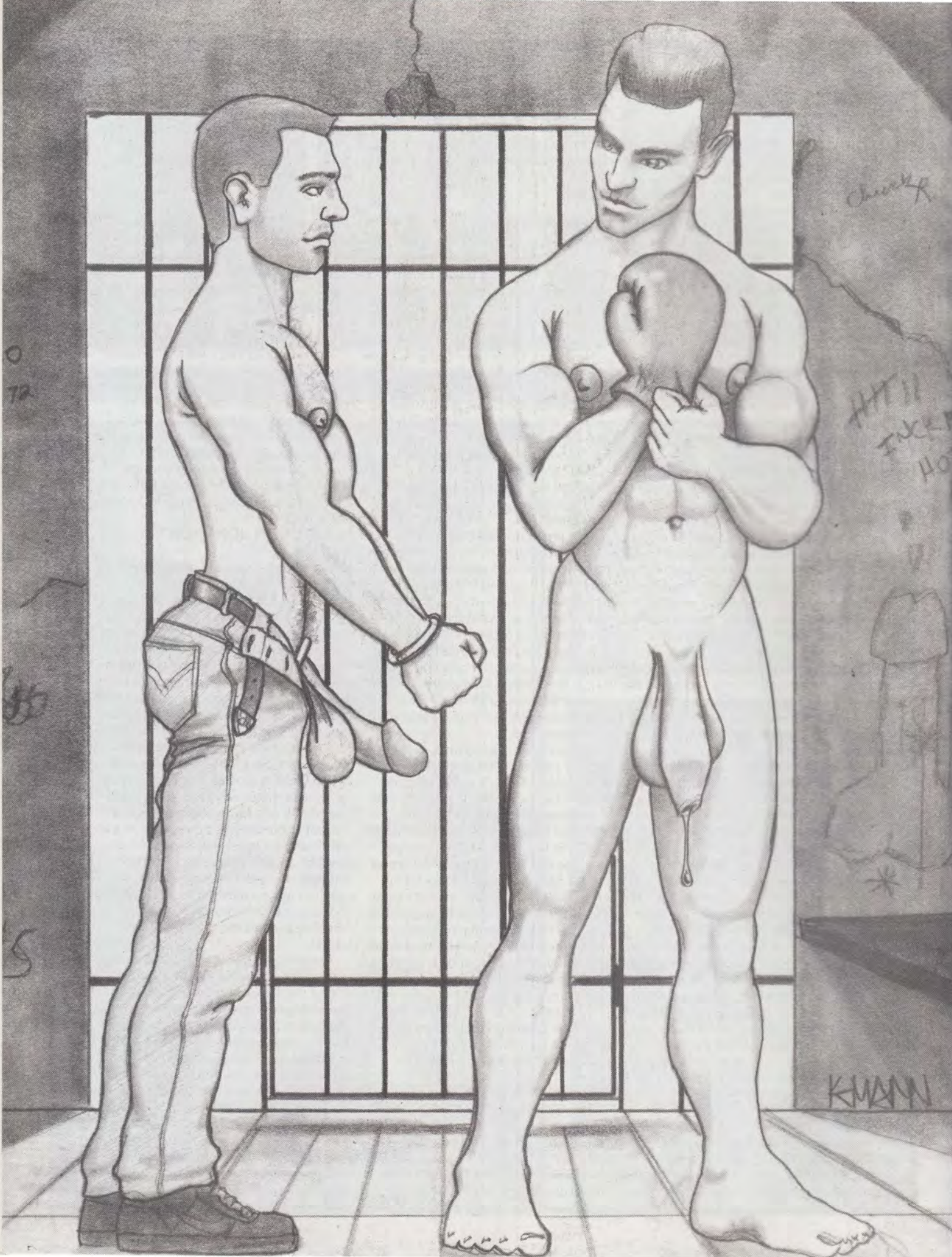
According to *The Oldest Profession Times*, the California State Assembly has passed a bill outlawing pornography sold through coin boxes. In yet another swipe at peep shows and bookstores, the provision was surreptitiously piggybacked onto another law and bypassed committee hearings. The bill will go to the Senate Judiciary Committee for further consideration.

MASTERS & JOHNSON'S FUROR

Just when it seemed as if calmer heads were beginning to prevail in managing public concern regarding AIDS, noted sex researchers Masters and Johnson, in collaboration with a colleague, have brought the stew of hysteria back to the boil again. The claims they make in their most recent book, announced in a media event on March 7, drew instant reaction from the health care community.

Among their more startling (and unsubstantiated) statements are that the disease is already running rampant in the heterosexual community and that AIDS can be transmitted by casual contact—even by an act as trivial as using a toilet seat "contaminated" by an AIDS patient. To further inflame matters, the team claims the health care establishment has been consciously minimizing the danger of the disease and thus have put millions at risk.

Those closest to AIDS research and treatment programs hit back quickly, citing the lack of credible data and the unwillingness of M&J to expose their findings to peer review before publication, and professing concern that in addition to reviving an atmosphere of fear and panic, the M&J report could lead to a new series of social initiatives by conservatives in the real of testing and quarantining. The corollary of a possible increase in violence directed toward those with AIDS and those suspected of carrying the virus is also self-evident.



THE MOUTHPIECE

by W.D. STONE

The guy's name *was* Pete, wasn't it? Geoff was pretty sure he knew the guy's name, but when someone walks up to you in a dark corridor and slams his fist into your stomach, you might just miss his name.

Geoff walked down the familiar flight of stairs and up to the counter where a new kid in his twenties checked membership cards and collected the entrance fee, two dollars for members, five for non-members. Geoff tried to joke around a little at the entrance, but the shake in his voice suggested apprehension.

Not that there was really much to fear. The last time he'd seen Pete—which was also the first time they'd met—Geoff had ended up with nothing worse than a sore stomach from getting slugged unexpectedly in the gut. Not too bad for a night in the rough clubs down among Manhattan's wholesale meat warehouses.

And Geoff certainly wasn't afraid of Pete, for Pete had proven that first time around that he was level-headed and in control of himself, even gentle for all his outwardly rough appearance, and Geoff knew Pete wouldn't intentionally hurt him—not permanently, anyhow. And Geoff had basic protection in his pocket; he checked to be sure the piece of soft rubber was there. It was.

"You a member?" the kid asked.

"Member of the clan, but not of the club."

"Five bucks." The kid tried to smile at the labored humor, but only because he thought it good business. Geoff gave him a ten and got back five flattened-out ones that had obviously spent a hard night all wet and crumpled up: like some of the customers. The kid gave Geoff a red chit: "This'll get you two drinks inside. You need any rubbers?"

"No, thanks . . . we're into safe sex." If he hadn't been so nervous, Geoff would have chuckled silently at the irony. The scene would be safe insofar as he probably wouldn't be taking in body fluids. But safe was not the word to describe a broken rib. Or a broken nose. Or a concussion.

Geoff turned right and entered the corridor that led into the bar, while the kid made a mental note to try and figure out which of the guys already in the bar was the partner Geoff had in mind when he said "we." "Maybe his buddy hasn't even arrived yet," the kid thought, as he mentally catalogued the regulars who had already come through this evening.

Walking down the corridors, Geoff entertained himself with the memory of another night four years earlier, a Wednesday, when he had walked down the same corridor with the same

nervous anticipation, and even less idea of what there was to anticipate.

For the first brief moments as he entered, Geoff half-panicked. In the murky darkness he couldn't see a thing. He walked through the door and entered the main area, a large basement room dimly lit with mostly red and a few yellow lights, with a four-sided bar in the center. The atmosphere was late Greenwich Village Reign of Terror, that simple decorating style that required little more than a can of black paint, some recessed lighting, and a year or two of neglect. A few life-size toys and a collection of posters, some with torn corners, from leather bars as far away as Houston and Australia completed the look.

Along the right-hand wall was a door that led to the equally dimly lit side rooms, one of which was lined along one wall with private glory hole booths. The other contained a make-believe jail cell, where Pete liked to play.

Geoff strode straight to the bar and surrendered his drink chit. "Scotch and water, not too much ice." Might as well get scotch for the free drinks, and save beer for later. The bartender punched the chit, handed it back, and fixed the drink, all without speaking.

Geoff took a swig of the whiskey and moved to the right-hand wall, along which was a long bench that was wide enough to attract you to sit down but too narrow for you to remain perched there for long. Geoff looked around as his eyes adjusted to the relative dark and spotted the familiar furnishings.

In the center of the back of the main room were some of the toys—a wooden stocks, which was seldom used, a sling, a padded platform on which Geoff had seen guys tied face-down and beaten to a color not unlike that of the walls, and a bathtub. This, for some reason, was never used, although the three tubs at the Shaft a block away often had would-be bathers waiting impatiently in line for an occupant to climb out, piss-soaked, cold, and happy.

Propped up against the left-hand wall was a wooden cross with metal hooks to secure ropes to the four strategic tips, and a video projection machine that showed porno flicks with incredibly handsome young actors half-heartedly performing acts that were seldom as interesting, and never as real, as the live action

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that went on right in the club. In the corner was a metal locker—the kind they used to have in high-school gyms, with five tall, narrow doors painted military green.

A wide but short corridor along the left-hand back wall to the two separate johns, better lit than the other rooms, with a single urinal and two toilets in one and three toilets in the other, all enclosed in stalls from which the doors had been removed. Graffiti above the urinal directed potential pissers to the willing mouth that often waited at the lip, so to speak, of the urinal, ready to slurp down a warm yellow stream that otherwise would be wasted in the sewers of the City.

Geoff propped himself uncomfortably on the bench and sipped his scotch as he waited for Pete. Even though he had been waiting only a couple of minutes, he got impatient, and looked around the side rooms, finally going in to sit on one of the johns, which was more comfortable and sometimes led to a little action.

Sitting on the toilet, with his scotch still in his hand, Geoff wondered if Pete would even show up. They had met only briefly at the Shaft three nights earlier. Pete had figured out right away what Geoff got off on. Geoff had been standing against a wall in the corridor downstairs that connected the play area with the downstairs bar. Pete had walked up and twisted Geoff's tits just hard enough to test Geoff's basic orientation. He didn't say much. Just, "You like surprises?"

"I dunno." Silence. Then *wham!* a fist slammed into Geoff's stomach. More silence as Geoff tried to catch his breath. Finally, "I... don't."

"Don't what?"

"Like surprises."

"Okay."

The guy's name was Pete, wasn't it? Geoff was pretty sure he knew the guy's name, but when someone walks up to you in a dark corridor and slams his fist into your stomach, you might just miss his name. That first scene had ended almost as quickly as it had begun. There were too many people in the Shaft for either of them to have fun, so Pete gave his phone number to Geoff and told him to call him. Geoff had done so two days later—yesterday. Now, as Geoff sat on the toilet, the blood rushed into his dick as he remembered that surprise.

Geoff pulled out a thinly rolled joint and lit up. It was only ten past two, so Pete was only ten minutes late. As usual, Geoff had been unfashionably early, but he'd wanted to arrive before Pete and wait for him. He gasped to draw the smoke into his lungs. Wonderful feeling. He'd never gotten used to not smoking tobacco, even after five years. And smoking a joint satisfied some need that cigarettes used to fulfill.

The high seemed to come immediately. Geoff reached into the pocket of his jacket to check the pliant piece of rubber that he had washed and dried earlier in the evening, as he always did before going out, hoping that the right guy would come along and that he'd need it washed and ready for action.

A couple of guys had come into the toilet stall and started playing around with Geoff. He responded, but half-heartedly. Finally, he got up and went out to the bar to get his other scotch. He looked around. Still not here. Back to the john.

Pete walked down the flight of steps, set down his black canvas satchel in front of the kid at the entrance, took out his wallet, and put two one-dollar bills down on the counter. "Are you member?" the kid asked.

"Yeah," Pete answered, producing his membership card from the wallet.

"Need any rubbers?"

"No, thanks."

"Okay, have a nice night."

"Thanks." Pete reached down and picked up the satchel, which was extremely light in spite of being stuffed so full that the zipper was about ready to burst. The kid wondered what was in the full bag that was so obviously tight. "Maybe they're into pillow fights," he thought out loud, as Pete walked away.

"What's that?" Pete asked, turning back. "Oh, nothing," the kid replied, embarrassed.

Pete walked down the corridor and into the darkly lit bar. He walked over to the far corner and deposited the canvas satchel on the floor. Not seeing Geoff anywhere, he went up to the bar, presented his chit, and got a can of beer. He took a couple of swigs as he waited for his eyes to get accustomed to the dark, took the punched chit from the bartender and put it in his pocket, and went to the john to take a piss.

G Geoff had started playing around with another guy in one of the toilets when he sensed someone watching from behind and to the side. It was Pete.

Geoff stood up and acknowledged Pete with his eyes as he passed him and headed for the bar. He felt a bit embarrassed—caught with his pants down, so to speak. But it didn't seem to matter to Pete. He'd been around long enough to know dates don't always show up—especially dates you'd barely met. And Pete had gone through too many preparations to spoil the evening just because his guy was playing around a little in the john. He followed Geoff to the bar.

"How're ya doin', Pete?"

"How do you know my name?"

"You told me the first time."

"No I didn't. How'd you know my name?"

"You told me the first time."

"I did?"

"Yeah."

Somehow both of them sensed that it was best not to talk too much. Sometimes too much chit-chat can spoil the serious atmosphere. Pete pulled out a joint. "You smoke?"

"Yeah."

They smoked. "You been waiting long?"

"Not too long."

"You like this place?"

"Yeah, I used to come here when I lived in New York."

"It's better than the Shaft."

"Yeah."

"You wanna go home with me?"

"I like it here."

"Okay." No problem. Pete didn't mind. He'd like to take the guy home, rough him up a little—or a lot—and then sleep next to him. But that could wait for later. If you knew the scene in New York, you knew that the smart guys were careful about who they went home with. Anyhow, Pete had come prepared. He glanced over to the corner of the left wall to see if his black satchel was still there. It was.

They traded the joint a couple of times again. "I don't remember you name. Is it Joey?"

"No, Geoff, with a G."

"Sorry. I wasn't expecting your call, and I didn't really catch your name when we made the date."

"That's okay."

"Do you trust me, Geoff?"

"Yes," Geoff lied. He didn't trust anyone, especially someone he barely knew. Geoff remembered the surprise punch in the stomach, and his dick hardened again as it did every time he thought about it. But they were in a semi-public place, after all, so nothing too serious could happen. And anyhow, Pete seemed sensible . . . and sensitive. "Yeah, I trust you." This time it wasn't a lie.

Pete put out the joint. They stood silently for a few moments and stared at each other. Then Pete nodded towards the metal locker in the corner.

Geoff walked towards the locker. Tentatively. Somehow, he knew he was going to get exactly what he needed, but he didn't want to look too eager. He sensed, correctly, that part of the fun for Pete was being in charge, and he wasn't going to spoil that part of it. He knew Pete was walking right behind him. Geoff started to turn around just short of the locker, expecting to find Pete standing there.

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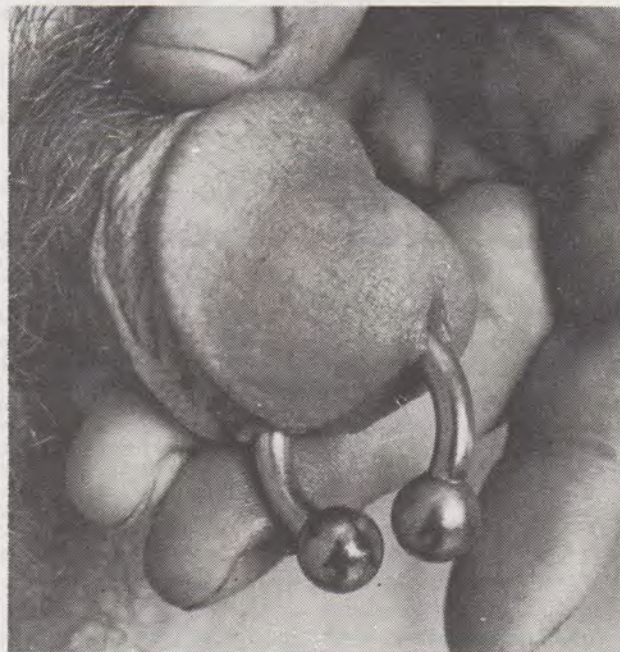
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Before Geoff had turned completely around, Pete grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket and slammed him backwards against the locker doors. Geoff's body stiffened with fear. A couple of guys at the bar, hearing the sound of a body hitting the metal doors, looked up from their drinks.

Pete jerked Geoff forward and slammed him against the lockers again. This time Geoff's body went a little limp. His head fell slightly forward in an involuntary gesture of his acquiescence.

Pete slapped Geoff in the face a couple of times and then slugged him in the chest. Not hard. Just hard enough to define very clearly what the roles were and who was playing them. As if anyone wondered.

He grabbed Geoff by the jacket again and swung him around away from the locker and down onto the grimy floor. Geoff's

by W.D. STONE **THE MOUTHPIECE**



heart raced as he fell. All of a sudden, the outside of his left thigh hurt like hell. *Thud!* Pete kicked him again and again in the same spot. "Ow," Geoff groaned, with just enough of a whimper to signal Pete to slow down.

Pete nudged Geoff over with the tip of his boot. Geoff was wincing from a cramp in his thigh muscle. He looked straight into Pete's eyes. Pete let him lie there for a few seconds, and then reached down and gave him his hand. He easily pulled Geoff up, and put his arms around him. They hugged for a minute, and the cramp in Geoff's leg turned into a bearable pain.

Pete's next suggestion, that they smoke another joint, sounded to Geoff like a good chance to let his mind catch up with what was going on. Ever careful. Ever fearful. But ever horny.

They smoked without exchanging more than a few words. Mostly Pete checking that Geoff was okay and making sure that his own gentle side was getting catalogued along with the bursts of violence.

Pete put his hand on Geoff's ass and pushed his third finger against Geoff's hole as he whispered directly into Geoff's ear, "I'm gonna kick your ass all over this place." Somehow it was clear to Geoff that this was as much a question as a statement.

PAGE 24 He went limp again with acquiescence. His silence was all the **DRUMMER** answer Pete needed.

ISSUE 115 Pete ordered a couple of beers, and they drank for a minute

or two. Then Pete put his beer down, and Geoff followed suit. Geoff looked Pete straight in the eye for a minute, and then lowered his eyes towards the floor. Pete took him forcefully by his upper arm and led him to the back of the large room. Still holding Geoff's arm, Pete hooked his left foot around one of Geoff's boots and pulled it to the side. Geoff fell roughly to the floor. Now, sprawled face down on the floor, Geoff with a mixture of fear and anticipation. Ahead of him was the room with the glory holes along one side and the jail cell at the end. The next few seconds seemed like an eternity as Geoff waited for Pete to move.

He just about passed out as Pete's boot swung in between his legs from the back and caught him right in the nuts. The pain was so bad that he didn't even move as his body tensed up. Then, slowly relaxing, he took a deep breath in anticipation of the next kick. *Bam!* Pinwheels of color radiating up from his aching testicles. Another kick. Now Geoff lurched forward on elbows and knees.

It was only fifty feet or so to the jail cell, but it took a couple of minutes to get there. Geoff was vaguely aware of a couple of guys against the walls along the side of his path as he crawled towards the cell, but they made no attempt to join in or hinder the action. When he got to the cell door, he hesitated and got three swift kicks for the trouble. He crawled on in as Pete stayed by the door.

The cell was about twelve feet by ten, with a broad black wooden bench along the left-hand wall. Geoff lay waiting for the next move, but Pete was doing something with the cell door that caused it to jangle. Finally, Pete came over and helped Geoff up and led him to the bench to sit.

Pete left the cell for a minute, and Geoff knew he was to wait. He thought of the scene in *Midnight Express* where the hero accidentally but fortunately kills the prison official by hitting his head against a hook protruding from the wall. He looked around slowly to make sure there were no nails or hooks along the walls.

Pete came back with two bottles of beer in one hand and his black canvas satchel in the other. He put the satchel on the bench to Geoff's right. Geoff looked at the satchel, which was now unzipped, and tried to figure out what was in it. But all he could see was something like naugahyde pillows in it.

Pete returned to the door, which had a big padlock on it. He removed a heavy key from the set of keys on his belt loop and unlocked the padlock. Then he put it through the heavy metal loops and locked them in.

This made Geoff even more nervous. What if there was a fire? Would they be overcome with smoke before Pete got the door open? "Stop it," Geoff thought to himself. "Hottest scene you've been in a long time and you're wondering about the municipal fire code."

Now Pete was standing in front of Geoff, but neither of them said anything. Pete just wanted to give Geoff a little breather and a chance to say "Uncle" if he'd had enough. Pete drank quickly. After a couple of swigs of the beer, Geoff put his bottle on the bench at arm's length to the left of him. Pete understood the signal, and put his already empty bottle next to Geoff's.

Pete took a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket, and Geoff stiffened briefly. He never allowed anyone to bind him. Yet he willingly allowed Pete to cuff his hands together in front of his body. Pete took out his poppers and offered them to Geoff. "Need this?"

"No."

Pete then reached down and started working Geoff's nipples, easy at first but quickly turning rough. Geoff's body stiffened, and then loosened up. Pete would bear down on the nipples with savage intensity, digging in with his fingernails, then lighten up to a barely perceptible caress that left Geoff aching for more.

Geoff's confidence grew. Pete was wisely combining hard and soft in a way that he knew would give Geoff the desire and the confidence to deal with the heavier stuff still to come.

"Want another beer?"

"No, thanks," Geoff answered. "I've still got some."

"I'm gonna get me another. I'll be right back." Pete fiddled at the cell door for a minute before getting the lock off. He started to lock it after him, and then decided not to. He had sensed that it made Geoff uncomfortable. Geoff felt more relaxed with the door unlocked. While Pete was gone, Geoff looked again at the satchel, but still couldn't figure out what was inside.

Pete came back with his beer and pulled the door to behind him. He turned around, started to close the lock, but finally just put it through the metal loops without actually locking it. He came over and stood again in front of Geoff, silently communicating that something heavier, as they say in the scene, was about to be visited upon him.

Geoff looked up for a few seconds, and his stare said yes. Pete hesitated just a moment more, and then reached for the bag at Geoff's right side. He pulled out a dark maroon boxing glove. He waited a moment to gauge Geoff's reaction.

Geoff could hardly believe his eyes, and his first reaction was to smile—no, to laugh. Although he was generally only a reluctant bottom, his whole body nonetheless ached when he fantasized about getting slapped. He'd never liked the sharp, cracking, stinging pain you get when a guy takes a whip or a belt to your ass. But he could jack himself off in seconds by thinking of the dull thud of a fist hitting his pectoral muscle, or slamming into his face, or of a booted foot kicking him in the bicep or in his leg. After he'd come to a climax, he'd carefully assess the practicality of his desires. For he didn't really want to end up with serious damage, and he doubted he could find a guy who would rough him up like he needed but leave everything intact afterwards.

Pete was clearly a little embarrassed as Geoff started to laugh. Pete stood there not sure what to do, suddenly feeling helpless for the first time that evening. It wasn't an unusual feeling for him. In fact, this whole game of dominance and abuse was Pete's way of compensating for the natural feelings of helplessness

and inadequacy that we all feel at times. Now Pete sensed that the feeling of power that had been building up all evening was to be shattered by Geoff's ridicule.

Not that Pete had misjudged Geoff's scene. He'd understood Geoff's taste for rough stuff right from the beginning, that first brief meeting at the Shaft. Geoff's initial reaction to the different movements that Pete had tried indicated what kind of scene he wanted.

For his part, Pete was only too glad to oblige. He really wanted to kick some guy's ass, literally and figuratively. Most of all, he wanted to pound someone in the face. He wanted to bruise some guy real bad, maybe see blood gushing out of the guy's nose. But he was level-headed enough to know that he didn't want to send a guy to the hospital with a broken jaw, and he certainly didn't want to send himself to jail for assault—or worse.

"I guess it's pretty silly, huh?" Pete offered, trying to mask his embarrassment with the honest implication that he'd realized all along that it was a bad idea.

Geoff answered by reaching into his pocket for the soft piece of white rubber. He handed it silently to Pete, who rolled it over and over in the dim light, trying to figure out what it was. Finally, he recognized a boxer's mouthpiece, and burst out in a big smile as his embarrassment turned to recognition and understanding. He continued smiling as he rolled the mouthpiece around and around in his fingers. Finally his smile slowly ebbed as he gave the mouthpiece back to Geoff. They each took another swig of beer, and then Pete reached in and pulled out the second boxing glove.

Pete put the first glove on his right hand. He then wedged the second between his right arm and his body so he could slip his left hand into the glove. He held both gloved hands out, palms up, for Geoff to pull the laces tight and wrap them around each wrist. That done, he took one more brief look into Geoff's willing face, and said, "Put the mouthpiece in." □

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Is there any wonder that so many gay men, and straight men too, for that matter, find wrestling erotic?

I can remember years ago going to the Friday Night Fights at the Armory with my father to watch the likes of Gorgeous George battle other wrestlers. I knew of my own special interests then, even if my father didn't, and I loved watching the muscle hunks pound and pull at each other. And, like almost everyone else in the crowd, I loved watching the villains make mincemeat out of the clean-cut all-American guys. I loved the dirty fighting, the cries and grimaces of pain, the occasional blood.

Today pro wrestling is big business again. The likes of Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant are drawing capacity crowds and pro wrestling is again hitting prime-time television. The new pro wrestling is different from what it was 35 years ago. It is a lot dirtier. The referees used to at least appear to make an effort to keep things clean and the sneakiness of the dirty tactics was a part of their appeal. Now the dirty moves are all right out in the open and the ref hardly ever does anything at all. Also there now seems to be less actual wrestling. The big hunks bounce each other off the ropes, the floor, and each other; they hit and kick and punch—but straining holds, flesh on flesh grappling, seems rare.

But it is still fun to watch the likes of Lex Luger, the Von Erlich brothers, Curt Hennig, Randy Savage, Rick Martel, Brad Armstrong, and so many other beautiful muscle men sweat

Fetish Feature is a special section that will be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for these upcoming fetishes:

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#116	Underwear	Too Late
#117	Daddies	April 1
#118	Rubber	May 1
#119	Bears & Mountain Men	June 1
#120	Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge	July 1
#121	Tits	August 1

Have you missed getting into the Fetish Feature that is your particular turn-on? You don't have to wait until the subject rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, club news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drummer* that carry these every month and we'll be happy to include yours for tattoos, boots, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed! □

and strain in the ring. We had intended to include a large section in this issue on the pro wrestlers and their magazines, but there is never enough room for everything we want to include. Instead I urge you to check your TV schedules for broadcasts and to check your magazine store for the wrestling fanzines.

In this issue well-known wrestling artist and author, Brooklyn Joe, explains why he uses wrestling as his medium of domination and control, his version of S/M. And noted wrestling author, Hank Trout, gives us a story about love and wrestling. BG Enterprises and Old Reliable share their views of wrestling men, as do many of the active men's wrestling clubs around the country, and a few individual wrestling enthusiasts as well. And Matt, one of the best erotic male artists and a specialist in wrestling, is represented by a portion of a cartoon set he did for BG Enterprises and two drawings from the BR/NO Wrestling Club Newsletter.

BOXING is a step removed from wrestling. The absence of skin-on-skin contact and the emphasis on blows rather than pressure and strain, make it a related, but quite different, combative scene that is only beginning to become popular with gay men. Old Reliable gives us some of his first photos of this activity. "The Mouthpiece" by W.D. Stone, and Gino Deddino in Palm Drive Video's *Cut Punchers!* explain the intrinsic pleasures in a man's fist plummeting their bodies.

—Fledermaus

CLUBS

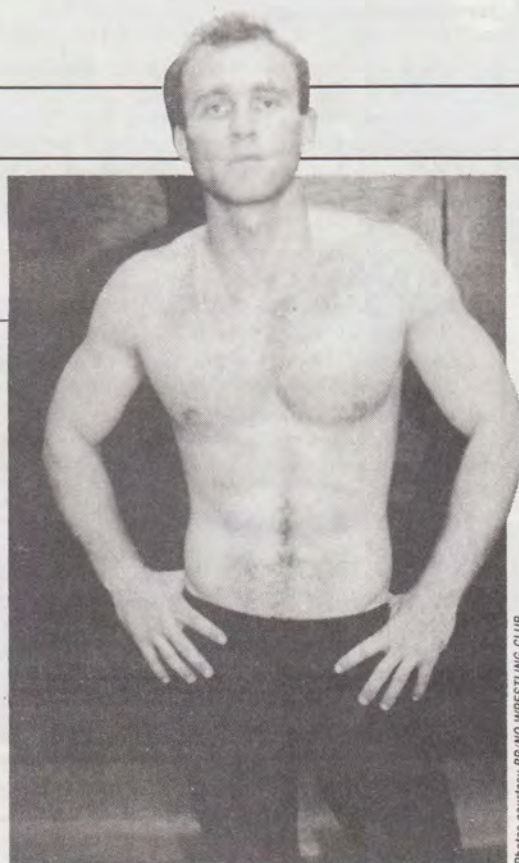
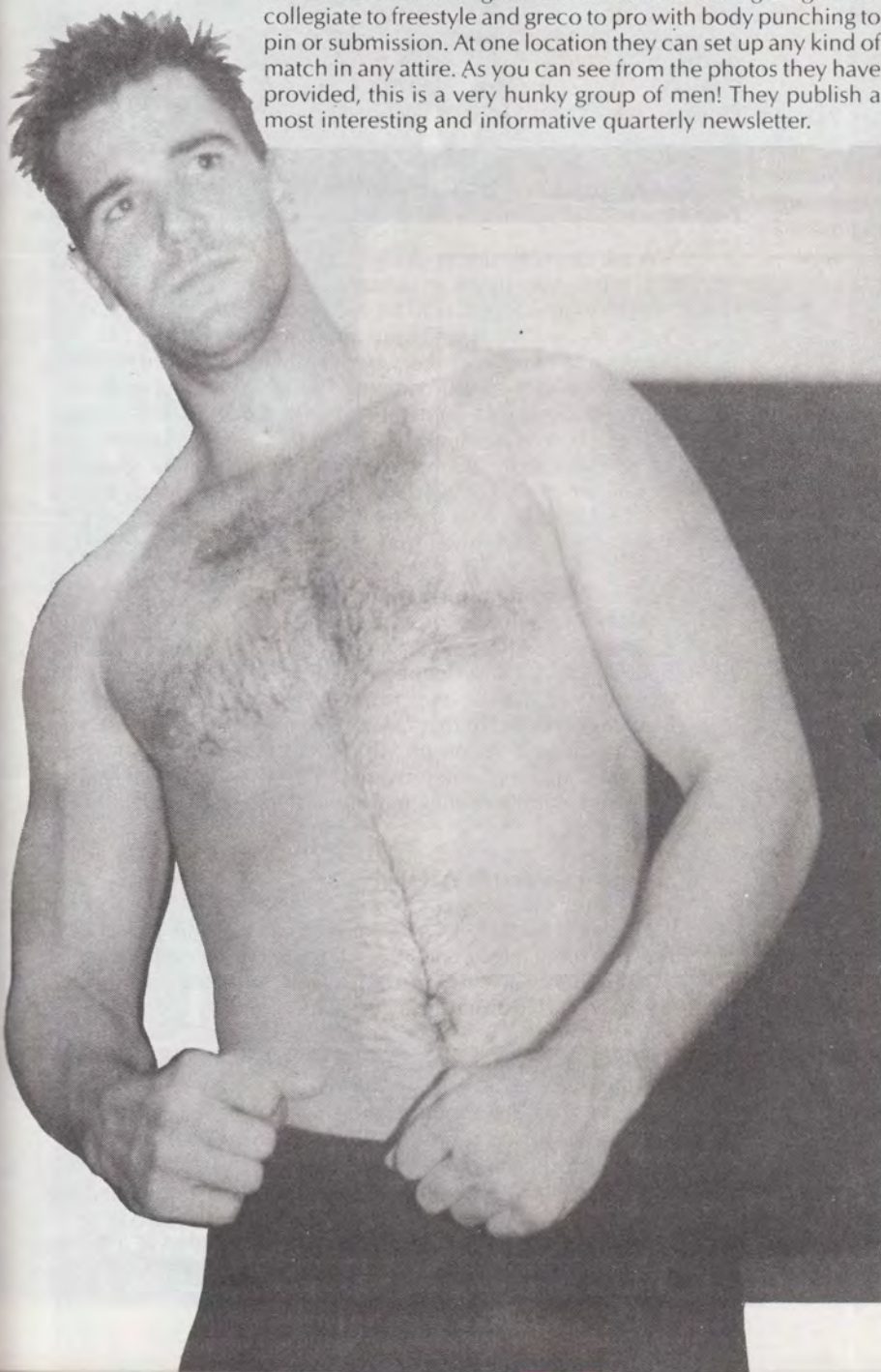
The following information is from the newsletter of the Baton Rouge/New Orleans Wrestling Club and/or from correspondence with the clubs. For further information on any of the clubs send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the address given.

Baton Rouge/New Orleans Wrestling Club

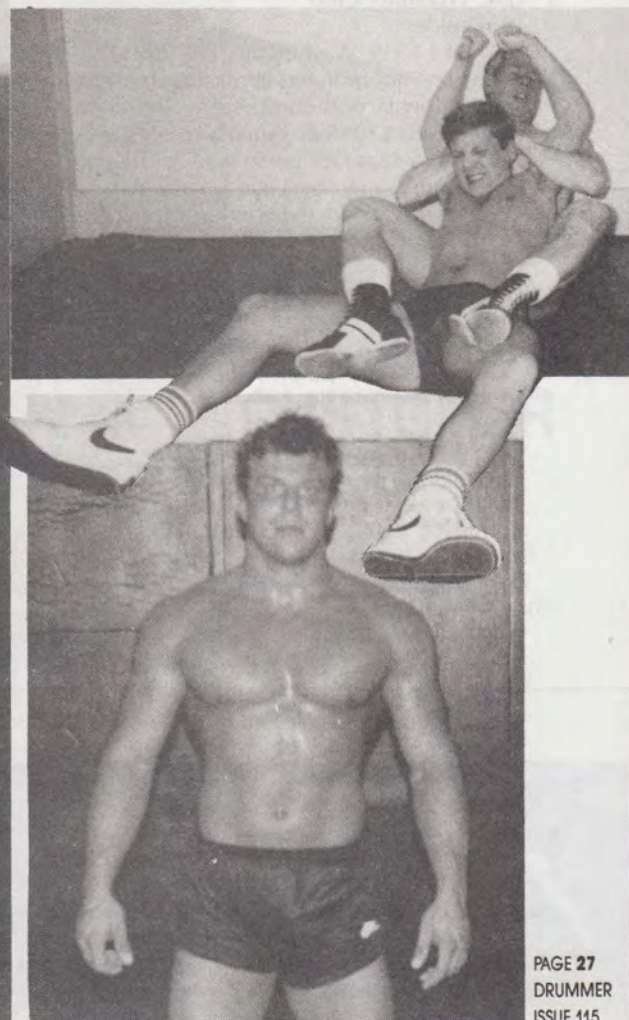
c/o John T. Martin

840 Hearthstone Dr., Baton Rouge, LA 70806

This very active club has over 150 members from 23 states and 7 countries. Included are all sizes and statures of wrestlers; the ones in their immediate area consist mainly of muscular wrestlers in the early-twenty-to-thirty range and in the 170 to 210 lb. range. Preferences in wrestling range from collegiate to freestyle and greco to pro with body punching to pin or submission. At one location they can set up any kind of match in any attire. As you can see from the photos they have provided, this is a very hunky group of men! They publish a most interesting and informative quarterly newsletter.



Photos courtesy BR/NO WRESTLING CLUB



New York Wrestling Club

59 West 10th St., New York, NY 10011

New York Wrestling Club is a commercial operation. To the best of my knowledge they never hold meetings or workouts. However, they have 500 members from all over the world, publish contact lists and a quarterly newsletter with news and information, photos of members and lots of photos of club President, John Handley, making various hunks writhe in pain.

Knights Wrestling Club

c/o Bob Hofman

PO Box 161, Jackson Heights, NY 11372

"Big Daddy" heads up the most active and hottest club in the Big Apple. The club is sports oriented and non-sexual. It operates out of two facilities and has a stable of muscular wrestlers of all sizes and degrees of experience. Besides regular workouts the club hosts many special events.

London Boxing and Wrestling Club

Attn: Martin Sokel

60 Claybury Bushey, Herts. WD2 3ET ENGLAND

LBWC has over 175 members, mainly in England and Scotland. The club is for guys who really want to wrestle or box—no wimps or watchers here—it's where MEN are MEN and others don't belong. The club caters to all kinds of bouts. Meetings are currently held at the LLGC in London. All dates are on Sundays and the meetings are for wrestling, coaching and fights. Overnight accommodation can often be arranged if you need to stay in London. Upcoming meeting dates are March 20, April 10, and April 24.

DC Wrestling Club

Boxholder

PO Box 1205, Washington, DC 20013

A non-incorporated social club founded for the purpose of recreational, non-competitive wrestling. The group was organized in 1985 as a special interest group of SigMa but has evolved a separate personality of its own. There are about forty regular members and usually about 10 men at a session. Wrestlers vary in experience from novice to former high school and college grapplers. Ages and size also vary. The group's philosophy combines an appreciation of wrestling with a relaxed enjoyment of sheer physical contact. DCWC meets on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays and the 3rd Friday of each month. The Friday night session is reserved for nude oil wrestling. They publish their own newsletter but do not publish member lists.

Pacific Northwest Wrestling Club

c/o Glenn Fox

432 Dewey Pl. E., Seattle, WA 98112

PNWC is a gay athletic and social club with over 40 members in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia. They act as a listing service for area gay wrestlers, organize member wrestling events, and sponsor social functions. They mail a quarterly newsletter and a directory of members' interests and contact info. Glenn Fox also indicates that he personally has a very large collection of wrestling videos, many pre-video matches transferred from film, available for trade, sale, etc.

San Francisco Wrestling Club

c/o Jim Dollard

172 Prentice St., San Francisco, CA 94110

This large and active club has nearly 24-hour, 7-day access to an excellent facility including a pro style ring, swimming pool, etc. Members are into virtually all types of wrestling and include men of all sizes and ages. Practice sessions are held on a regular basis and the club sponsors several social activities as well.

Golden Gate Wrestling Club

c/o Gene Dermody

63 Whitney St., San Francisco, CA 94131

This club serves the needs of those guys who need a very physical outlet for their pent-up aggression. The club is a mix of straight and gay guys who are addicted to Freestyle wrestling. All ages and sizes are represented, and the skill levels range from the novice to the ex-collegiate/NCAA contender/high school coach. Practices are one to two nights a week and every other Saturday. They tend to be either highly physical competition designed to increase stamina and provide match experience, or structured drilling designed to perfect techniques. The workouts are very strenuous, and consequently membership tends to be a small dedicated group (12-16) who don't mind being bounced around a lot.

"We are currently preparing for Gay Games III in Vancouver 1990, as TEAM SAN FRANCISCO's sanctioned team after having made very respectable shows at Gay Games I and II.



We are currently doing various fundraisers to raise money for this trip to Vancouver. In January, we raised almost \$1400 for ourselves and Shanti with an exhibition at the San Francisco Eagle that included celebrity Sharon McNight. We plan to have some of our members enter regularly sanctioned Open Freestyle meets for tournament experience, and run our own Open Tournament sometime in the Fall of 1988 in San Francisco. We are lucky to have some fine coaches and technicians on the team who can turn a novice into a winner in no time at all. For guys who think they have the guts (and BALLS) to 'take it to the mat' we offer you all the sweat, competition, and rough stuff you can take or dish out."

W.I.N. (Wrestling Information Network)

PO Box 71 Station F, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2L4 CANADA

The club holds sessions twice a month, on the second and fourth Sundays. Instruction is from 7 till 8:30 and Practical/Matches/Tag Teams, etc. from 8:30 till 10 PM. The first Monday of each month is "Mazola Monday" with oil matches at Club Colby, 5 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Participants from the audience are welcome provided they are in excellent shape and don't mind wrestling in front of a large and enthusiastic audience.

Southern California Wrestling Club

3678 Roseview Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90065

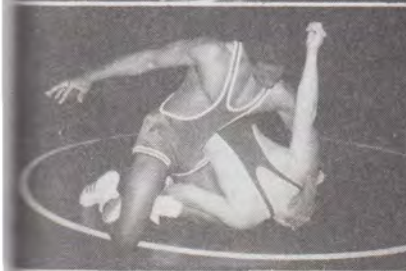
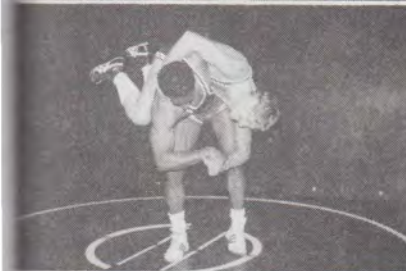
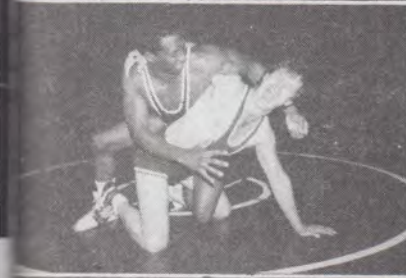
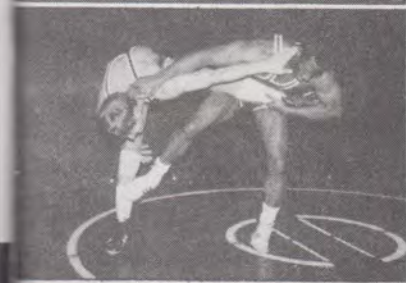
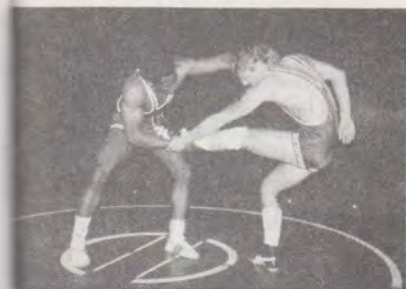
Formerly the Los Angeles Wrestling Club, this group has recently reorganized and now meets on the second Saturday of each month at a gym in Long Beach. All styles of wrestling are open and instruction is available.

BG Wrestling Club

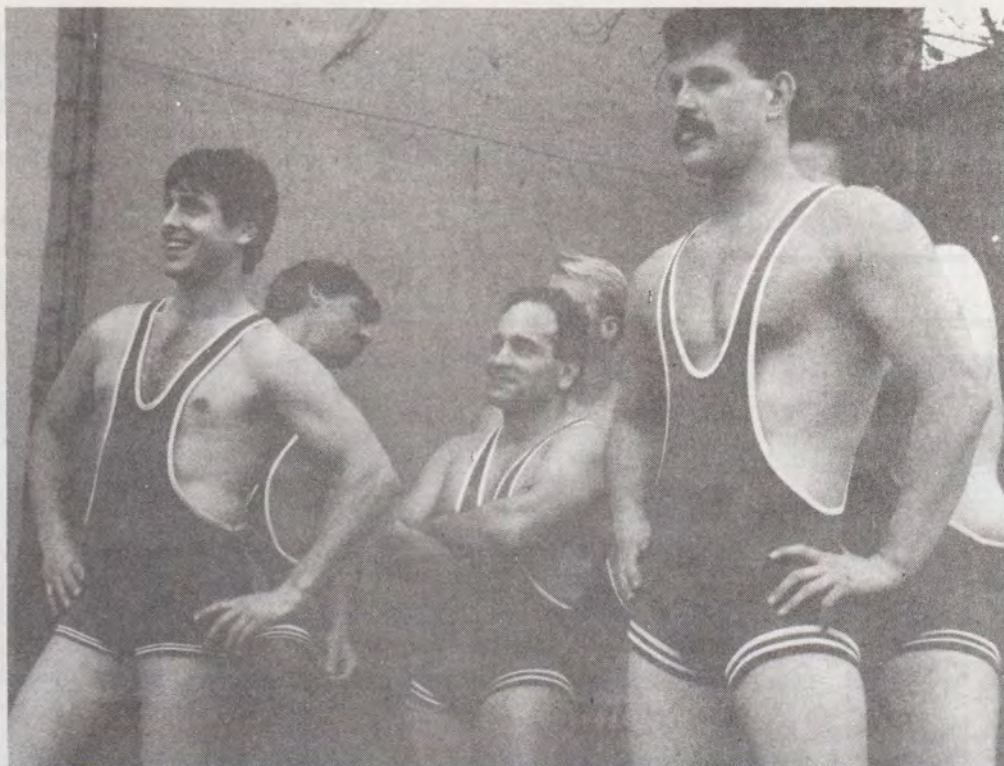
BG Enterprise

PO Box 5291, Huntington Beach, CA 92615

BG Enterprise is a multi-service commercial operation offering a Personal Wrestling Ads Quarterly, Wrestling Videos, Wrestling photos, Wrestling stories, etc. etc. Membership in the club is available to Personal Ads Wrestling Quarterly subscribers at no charge. Sessions are scheduled at a Long Beach gym on a regular basis in conjunction with taping of BG videos.

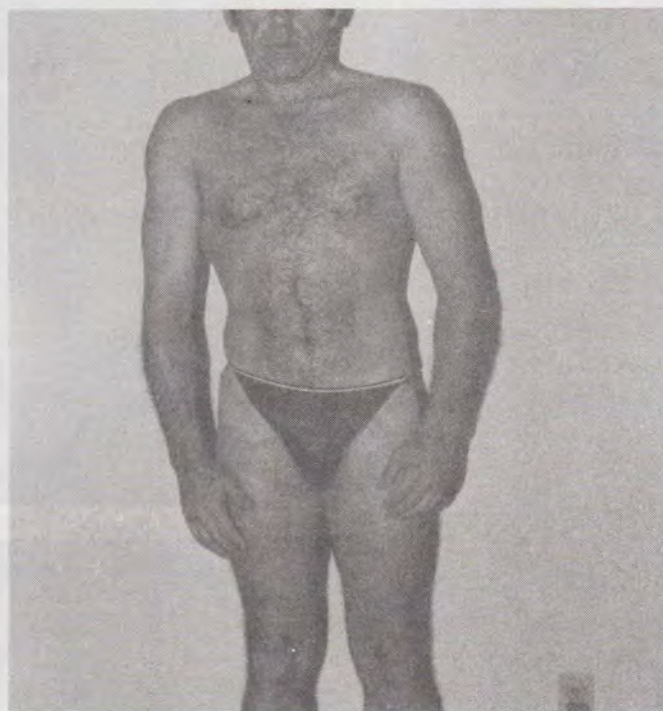


PHOTOS COURTESY GOLDEN GATE WRESTLING CLUB



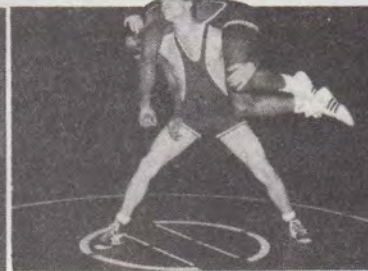
PHOTOS BY SCOTT MARTIN

GOLDEN GATE WRESTLING CLUB AT THE SAN FRANCISCO EAGLE



FETISH FEATURE TOUGH CUSTOMER

**WASHINGTON STATE
WRESTLER:** 175 lbs.,
5'10". Prefer freestyle, pro
style or pro fantasy, but will
try other styles. Prefer long
drawn-out matches with some
erotic action. Will train
novices. TC 1269.



One man pitting his strength against another in physical combat using only his own body as a weapon, grappling for domination, for control, muscles straining as sweaty flesh rubs against sweaty flesh, grunts and groans of strain and pain, heavy breathing from hard labor, bulging biceps and bruised abs, a handsome face contorted in pain, sweat trickling from overheated armpits, blood from a cut lip, an agonized gasp as muscles strain beyond endurance and, finally, submission of one man under another.

AND ALL IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM!

VIDEO



WRESTLING AND BOXING FETISH FEATURE

Photos by OLD RELIABLE

WRESTLING VIDEO

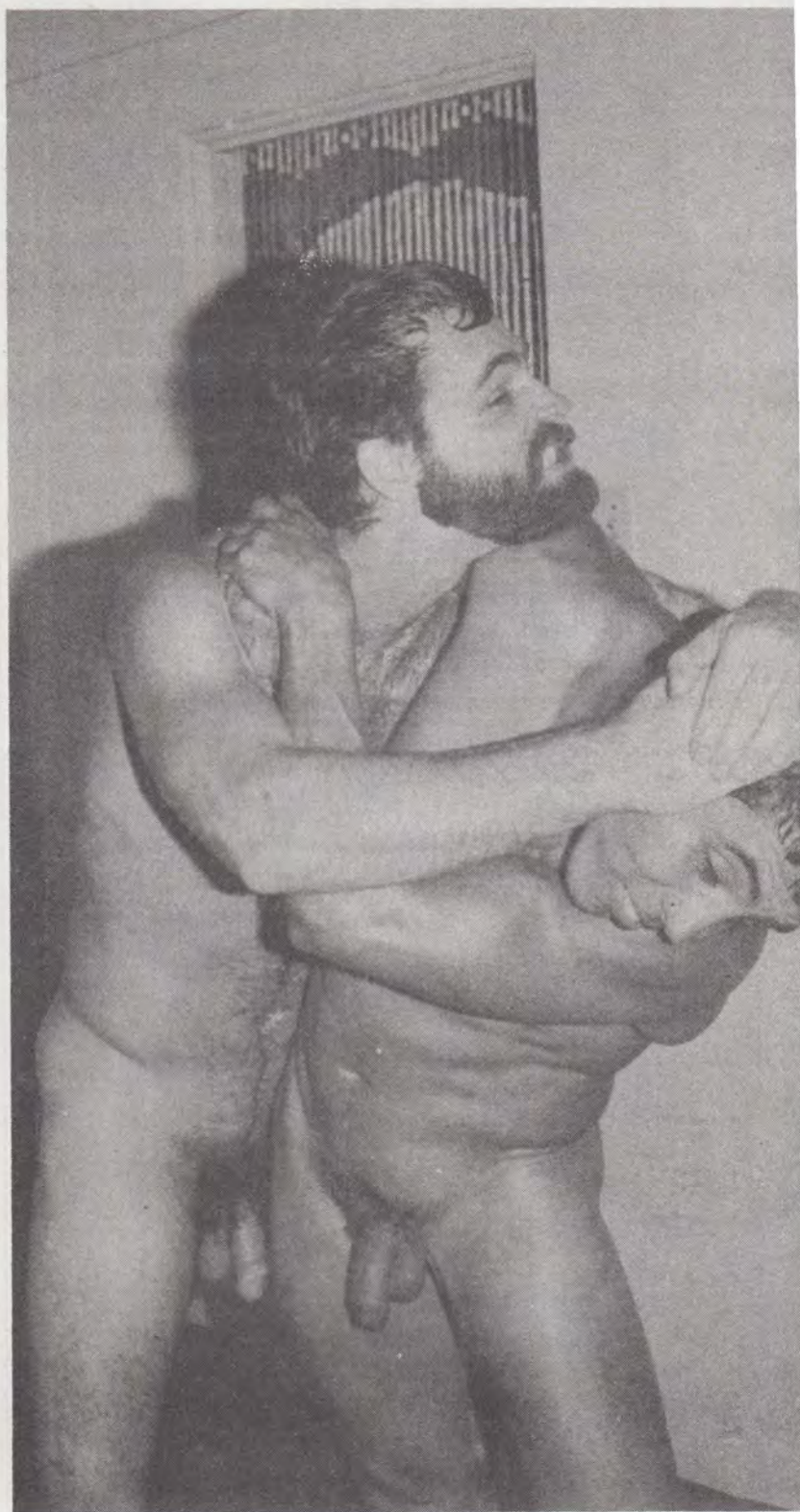
Several companies are producing wrestling videos. Old Reliable and BG Enterprises are among the most prolific, and the most interesting.

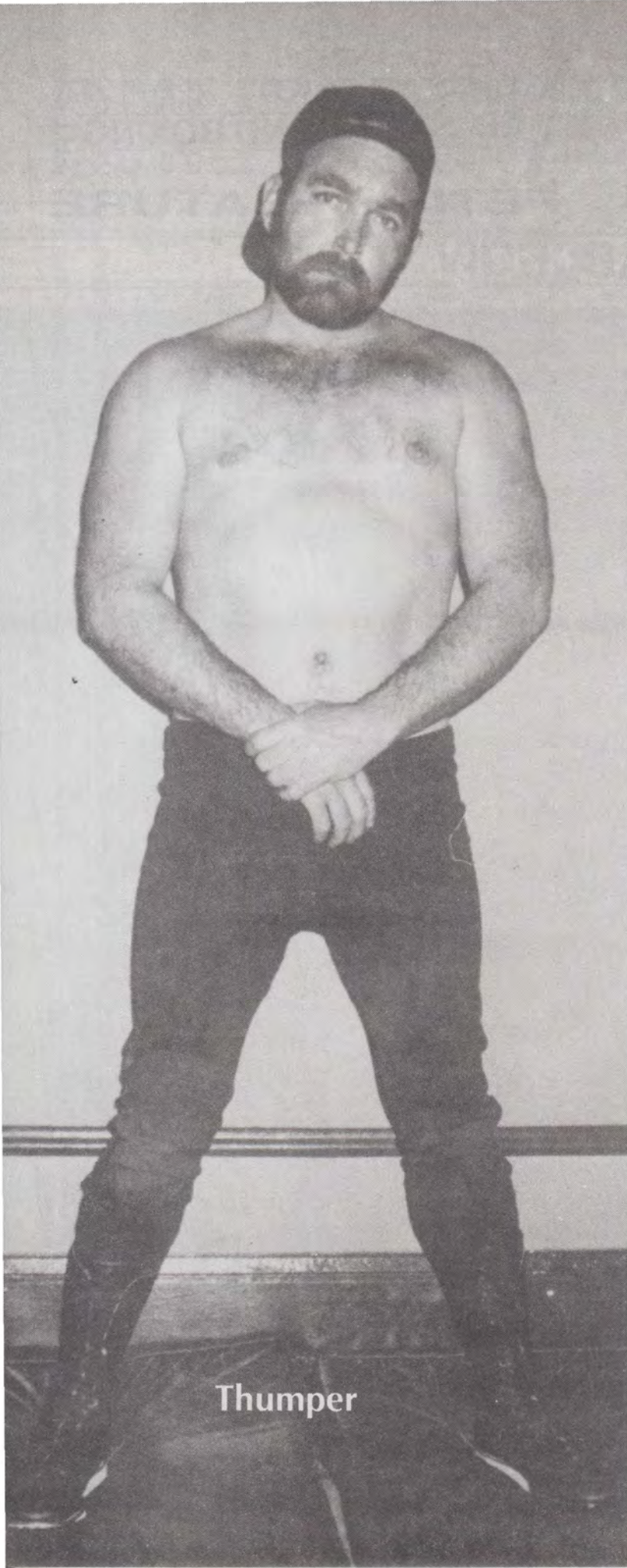


Old Reliable has been in the business of bringing you dirty-talking street toughs and other masculine types for years. In his wrestling series you get more of the same grappling for action. They all have the informal feel of couple of guys amusing themselves on a rainy afternoon at home. Each tape usually has three matches. The guys may be rather evenly matched in size and experience, or may not. The results can be interesting either way. Evenly matched guys tend to give a better wrestling show, but it can also be fun to watch a big hunk pound the shit out of a little punk.

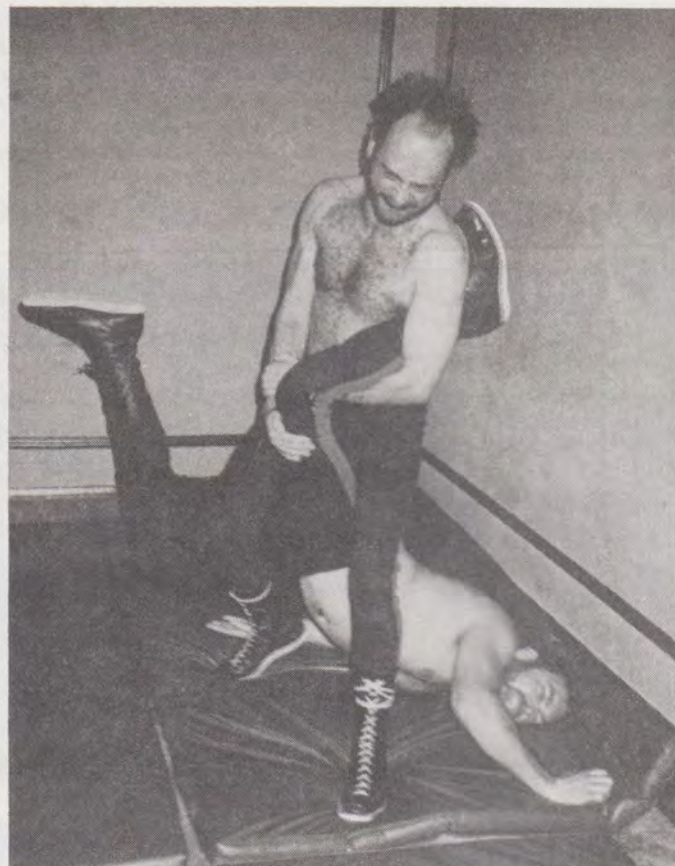
Old Reliable's men usually start out fully stripped and always end up that way. As they grapple, cocks and balls bounce and dangle but, unfortunately, rarely get grabbed or squeezed or pulled. These guys may be experienced in street fighting, and many have had some wrestling training, either in high school or in the military. The matches are good-natured horsing around but the machismo of these guys will not let them cry uncle easily, and they keep going until totally exhausted. But not too exhausted for the next event in every Old Reliable tape, which is a JO session. The sweaty guys lie back and exercise the muscle that wasn't used in the wrestling, each massaging himself until he spurts. I think it would be neat for them to lend a helping hand to each other here too, but that is apparently at odds with the image they want to maintain.

These photos are better than 10,000 words at showing the variety of types Old Reliable gets to strip down and get to it. While they vary in size, shape, color, hairiness, skill, verbalizing, etc. they do share one common attribute: they are damned sexy! I've watched many of Old Reliable's videos and enjoyed them all. See his ad on page 72 for info on the most recent wrestling tape.





Thumper

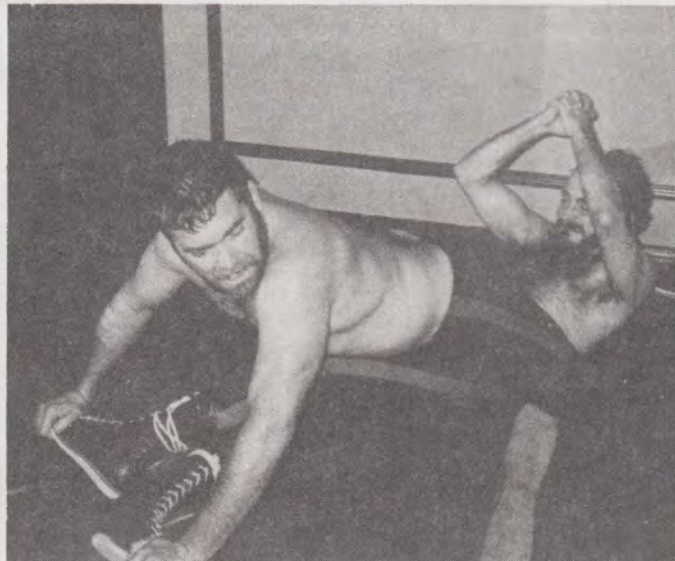


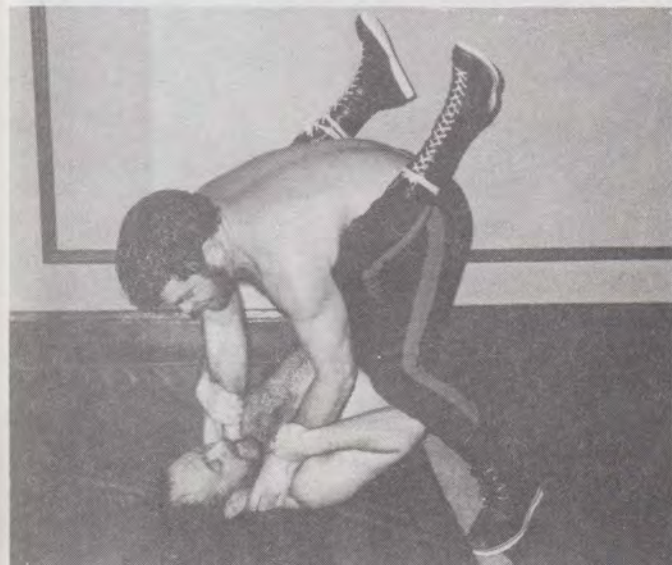
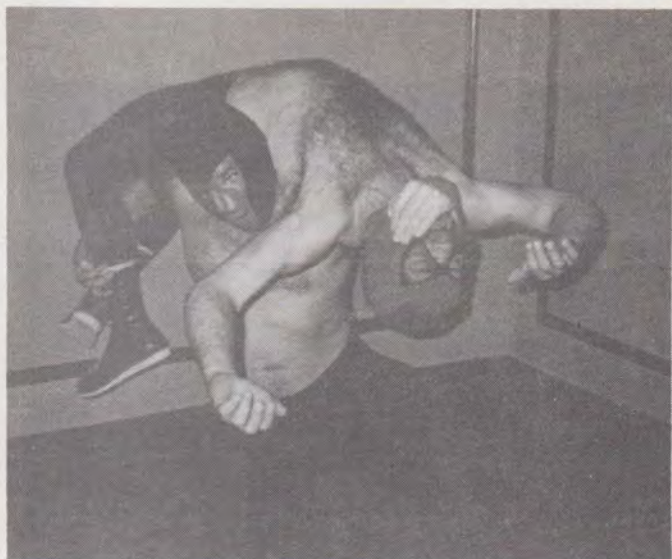
FETISH FEATURE TOUGH CUSTOMER

ROUGH STUFF! These two both have places to wrestle that are available just about any time. They're both into rough pro-style matches to submission; tag team bouts a forte. They can travel the West (mostly California and Arizona) relatively easily, other points occasionally.

Thumper, PO Box 14353, San Francisco, CA 94114, 5'10", 187 lbs.

Hank Trout, 1475 Polk St. #54, San Francisco, CA 94109, 5'8", 145 lbs.

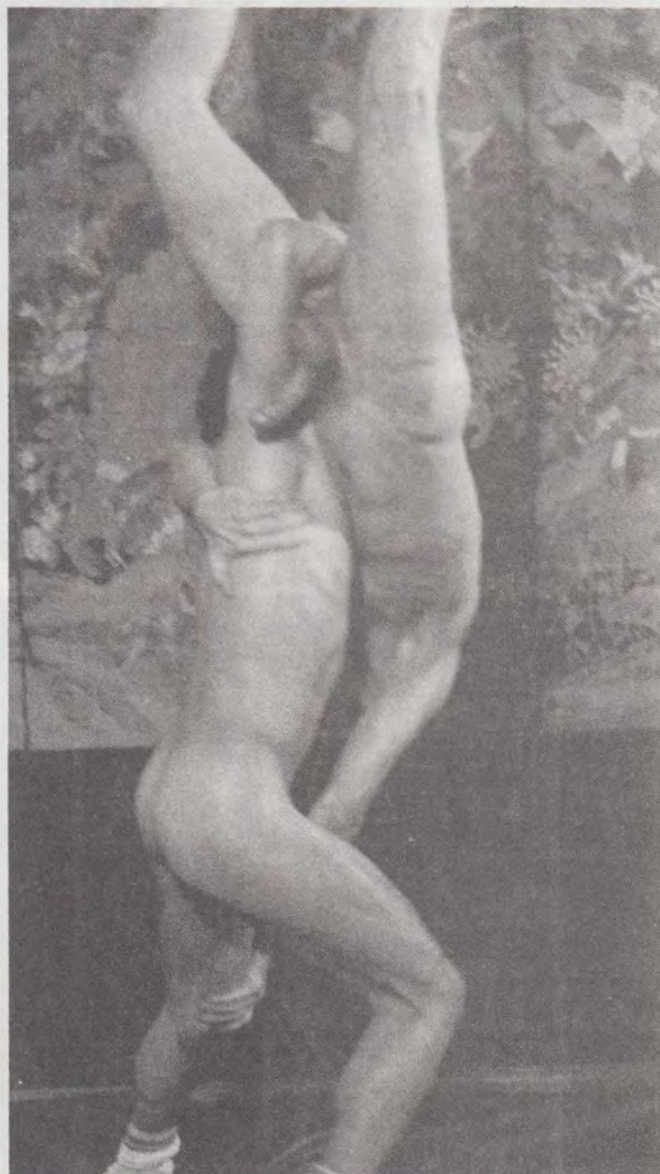




WRESTLING AND BOXING

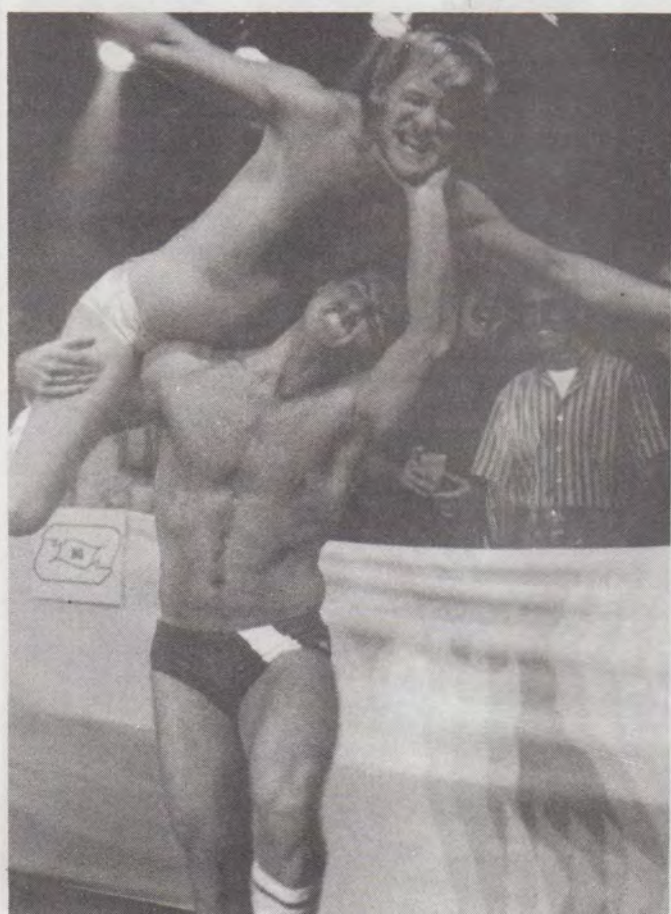
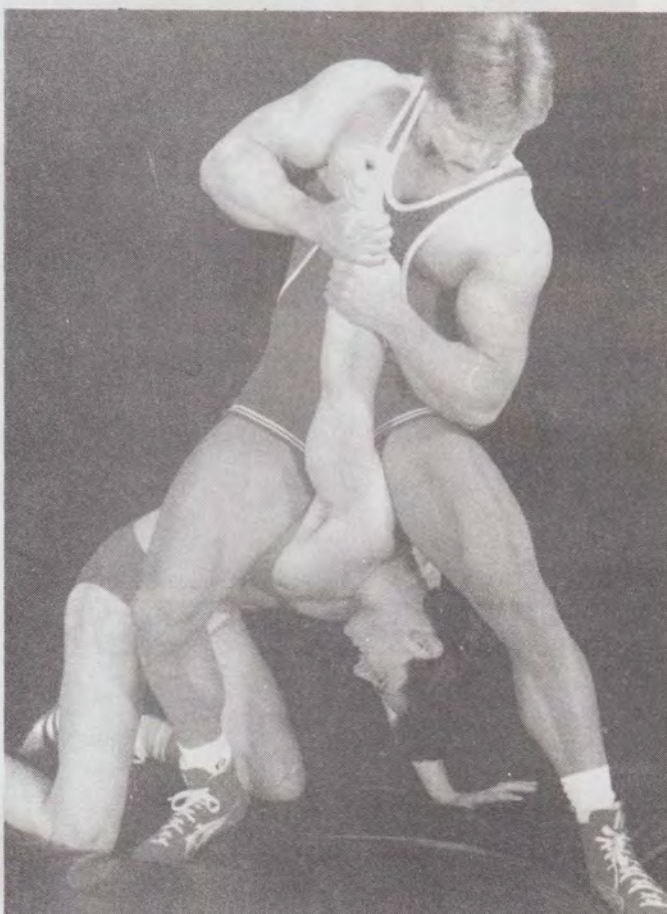
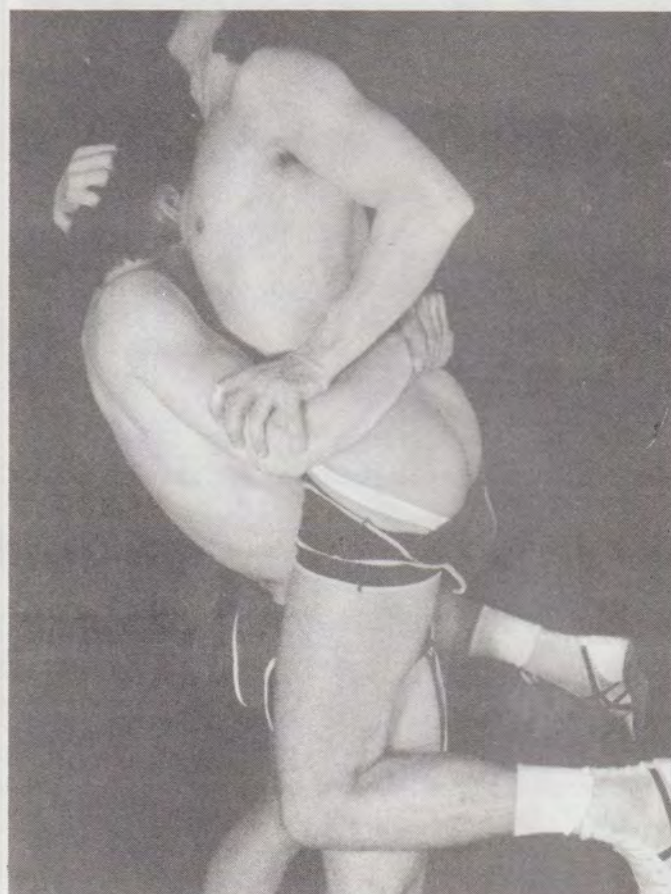
FETISH FEATURE

Photos by 
BG WRESTLING



VIDEO

BG Video is at the same time very much like Old Reliable and very different. BG aims more towards pro style wrestling with men who are admittedly gay. There is considerably more expertise in the wrestling, and it is far rougher and dirtier. In the two videos I have watched there was little total nudity but lots of crotch grabbing and ball squeezing. Somehow those bulging trunks were just as sexy as the dangling balls. Most of the descriptions below come from BG's own flyers, but I wouldn't be putting them over my name if I didn't agree.



WRESTLING AND BOXING FETISH FEATURE



Photos by BG WRESTLING

"Kid Leopard In Hollywood" features BG's lightweight champ, Kid Leopard, in three very different bouts. The Champ outweighs and outreaches his first opponent, Cowboy Billy, and the opportunity to work over a "little fucker" is too good for the Leopard to pass up. The initial action is fast and furious and Billy nicely holds his own. Perching his ass just over the Kid's face he inquires, "How do you like that, Punk?" But the tables turn and when Leopard takes over he gets very rough and very cocky, perhaps a bit too cocky, for the cowboy comes up with a neat series of holds that force the Kid to take the first fall. Leopard comes back at his all-time nastiest with a furious assault that includes some of the choicest weapons in his arsenal as well as some new torture locks. His stomach claw literally pulls Billy off the mat by his guts and slams him back down. He follows it up with his "killer" and then an incredible and far more brutal variation of the hold Billy caught him with. Billy gets put through the submission wringer.

In the second match Kid Leopard takes on Steve "Ironman" Kelly, a bodybuilder with a superb physique and at least 30 pounds more muscle than the champ. The Ironman clamps those big muscular arms around the Kid, hoists him up into his arms and gives him the first of many samples of his bearhug. Again and again the Kid gets caught and Kelly is just too strong for him to muscle out. Kelly hoists the Kid up over one shoulder for an intense and painful backbreaker, shaking Leopard like an old rag doll. Leopard submits and Kelly dumps him with a thud to the mat then yanks him up again into an upside-down bearhug, making the Kid repeat his submission several times before dumping him back to the mat. But Kelly makes the mistake of getting too close and too wrapped up in his own bulging muscles, leaving himself wide open for a KL kamikaze attack. The Leopard really enjoys humbling big muscleboys and Kelly finds himself suspended up across the Kid's shoulders in his favorite ball-grabbing, backbreaking finish. And that incredible muscled body looks awfully good all stretched out up there.

The third match pits the Champ against Vic Manetti. The two wrestlers match almost perfectly in height, weight, and muscular development. The action starts out fast and aggressive with the advantage see-sawing back and forth. Vic full-nelsons the champ and walks him into a wall, ramming him from behind with his tool while taunting him. Manetti proves he enjoys dishing it out as much as the champ does. Leopard gets an early full-nelson/body scissors submission. The challenger then gives the champ a long ride between his own thick and impressive thighs with a cross bodyscissors. One of the highlights of this match is a double headscissors which has the wrestlers rolling and pumping trying to out-squeeze the other for a submission. Manetti resists and even escapes a couple of the Kid's torture locks but the cumulative effect takes its toll on the challenger despite his repeated refusals to submit. After some crotch ripping, ball grabbing and fist throwing, the Kid ties up Manetti in a face-smothering jackknife pin, his cock pressing into Vic's face. It takes some extra persuasion to convince Vic to quit and when he finally does both fighters find themselves very "up" and turned-on. They decide to take things into their own hands for a long session of slow-motion wrestling holds PLUS, which could easily provide the outline to a guide for safe wrestling erotica. The wrestlers freely alternate from pleasure to pain, in and out of wrestling holds and wrestling-like positions. The gear gets peeled and the action gets hot. The talk is tough and aggressive and both dudes get off on each other's threats. The action is rough, the holds are tight, and both take some heavy abuse and punishment. At one point KL holds Vic in a single-leg Boston crab, one hand wrapped tight around Vic's huge rod and the other around his own.

VIDEO



"Pull my Tit" challenges Thom Katt.

WRESTLING AND BOXING FETISH FEATURE



Kid Leopard applies a backbreaker (and a ball crusher).

The second BG tape I've watched, "Video Bouts 19-22," has a great variety of action. Bout 19 pits two beautiful and experienced muscleboys, Troy Andrews and Tim Anderson, against each other. The bout is a symphony of muscle motion as the two battle back and forth to see who will come out on top. This is not vicious wrestling. It is more for fun. You can see they enjoy what they are doing. Holds include a wonderful bearhug, a face-smothering pin, a humping full nelson, a very painful hammerlock, an equally painful body scissors, and some throat chokes. Lots of give and take, back and forth action as the two muscle boys trade dominant positions.

Bouts 20 and 21 are a world away from #19. In each of these one of the two from # 19 is pitted against Thom Katt. Neither Troy nor Tim is quite ready for this cat. His style of wrestling is extremely debilitating to an opponent. Katt simply wears one down with clawing, biting, ball grabbing and squeezing, nerve holds, etc. Not that Katt isn't a great wrestler. He is. That is what makes him so particularly dangerous and successful. He can handily crush wrestlers weighing as much as 20-25 pounds more. Katt usually lands on his feet even when being thrown by an opponent and his wrestling endurance is unbelievable. He never seems to tire! And his ability to withstand pain, even enjoy pain, is astounding. And his mouth works in tune with his body as he subjects his victims to a constant stream of taunts and jeers and insults. Whatever happens to him he comes up grinning, eyes gleaming, ready for more.

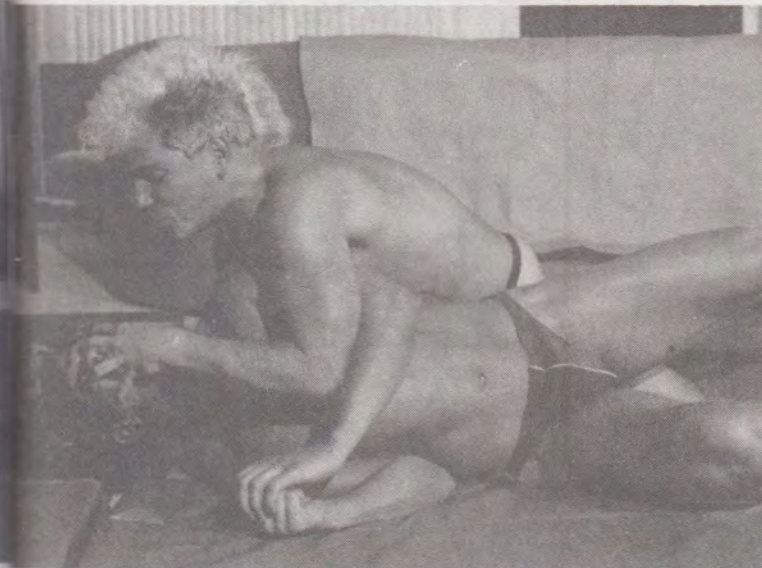
In Bout 20 a hapless Troy Andrews is mauled by the Katt. He is all over the poor muscleboy with claws, nerve holds, and crotch action. Andrews slowly but surely loses his strength, his ability to counter. Troy scarcely can believe what hit him, but his treatment has been kind compared to what Katt does to Tim Anderson in Bout #21. Claw holds are the rule of the day as Katt, often smiling a demonic smile, goes after the helpless Anderson's pecs, ear, face, crotch—anywhere he can. Anderson does manage to catch Katt in a wonderful bearhug where he shakes him like a rag doll and actually tries to pin him. But Katt goes on to make mincemeat out of this hapless muscleboy whose pecs and crotch receive special attention. If it is pain you want to hear, Anderson obliges, his pain is real and he vocalizes it well.

Bout 22 changes pace again. A previous bout between Tommy Lopez and Scott Rogers had ended in a knee injury for Lopez. In this rematch Lopez tries to get his revenge. Both of these guy's are "babyfaces" who usually are up against "villains." Lopez is a cocky, sexy Latin stud and Rogers is a tall, lean, hairy guy. At the outset of this match both wrestlers are clearly trying to beat the shit out of each other any way they can. Scott Rogers, with the face of a choirboy, even starts beating on the injured part of Lopez's knee—and Tommy howls in excruciating pain. Tommy gets his own licks in too. There is much badmouthing back and forth—threats and counterthreats. But then both wrestlers are trapped in a mutual leg-head scissors that neither can break. As they struggle a change comes over both of them and tempers cool as other things rise.

BG Videos are available from BG Enterprise, PO Box 5291, Huntington Beach, CA 92615. Prices vary. The Kid Leopard tape described above is \$49, the other is \$59. Include a signed "over 21" statement, \$4 S&H per order, and California sales tax if you live in that state.

—Fledermaus

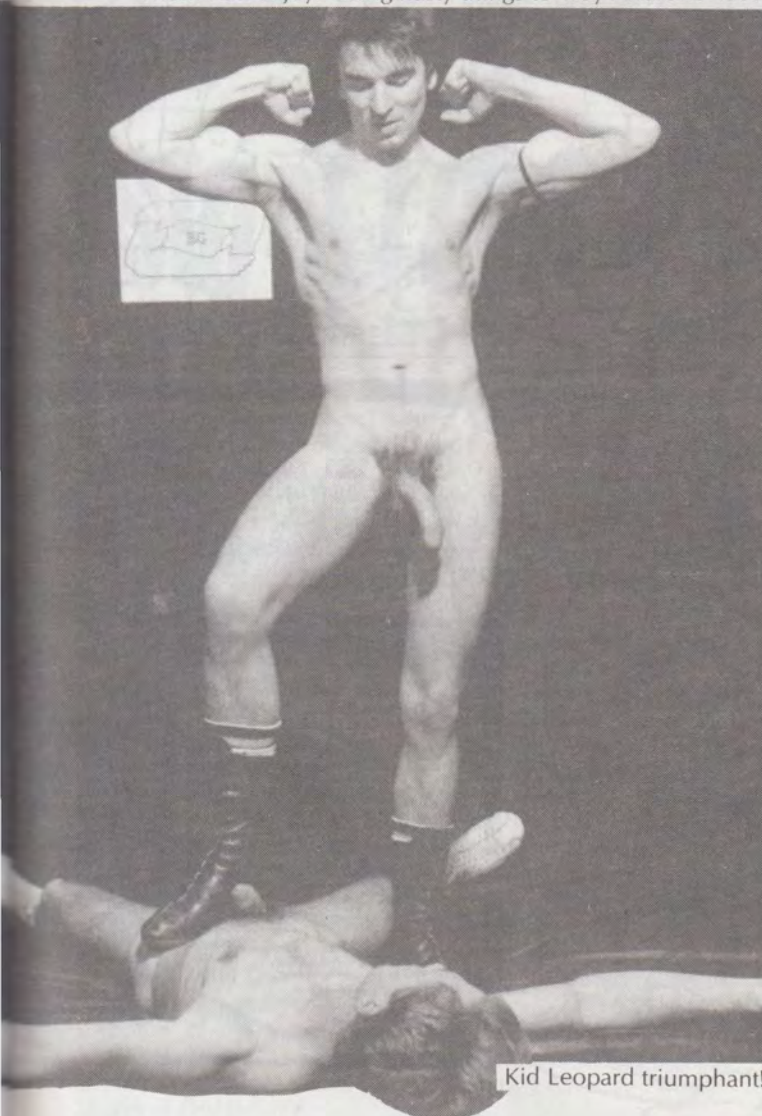
Photos by BG WRESTLING



Thom Katt enjoys doing nasty things to Troy Andrews' face.



Tim's face registers the pain Thom Katt's fingers are generating.



Kid Leopard triumphant!



Troy Andrews crushes Tim Anderson in a bearhug.

THE ARENA

FEATURING
LARRY SEXTON

I'M ANSWERING THE
AD FOR A WRESTLER-
FIGHTER IN B.G.'S
INFO. MAG!



MR. REYNOLDS
IS EXPECTING
YOU—

LARRY SEXTON, 2 YEARS—
13 FLEETS CHAMPION—
198 LBS—NO NO DEFEATS

FILL OUT THIS
APPLICATION—
THEN STRIP-
BARE-ASS!

LOCKERS GYM

IN THERE
FUCKER!



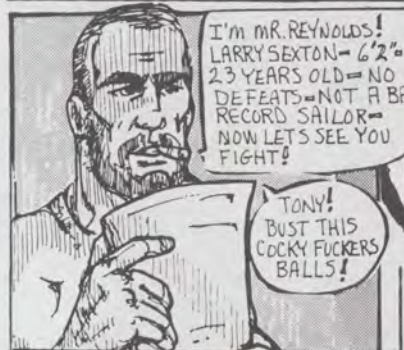
by MATT



GOOD
EQUIPMENT!
NICE FIGHT-
TOOL—BUT
DO YOU KNOW
HOW TO USE
IT?



WANT TO
TRY ME
STUD!



I'm MR. REYNOLDS!
LARRY SEXTON—6'2"
23 YEARS OLD—NO
DEFEATS—NOT A BAD
RECORD SAILOR—
NOW LET'S SEE YOU
FIGHT!

TONY!
BUST THIS
COCKY FUCKER'S
BALLS!



I'M ACHING TO
MR. REYNOLDS!

HE'S GOT
MY COCK!

SO NOW YOU'VE HAD YOUR FIRST DEFEAT!
O.K. TONY LET THE KID UP—I GOT A
JOB FOR YOU TONIGHT! YOU GET \$200.00
EVERYTIME I SEND YOU OUT—TIPS ARE
YOURS—NO SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS
WITH CLIENTS—UNLESS I
APPROVE—GOT THAT SAILOR?

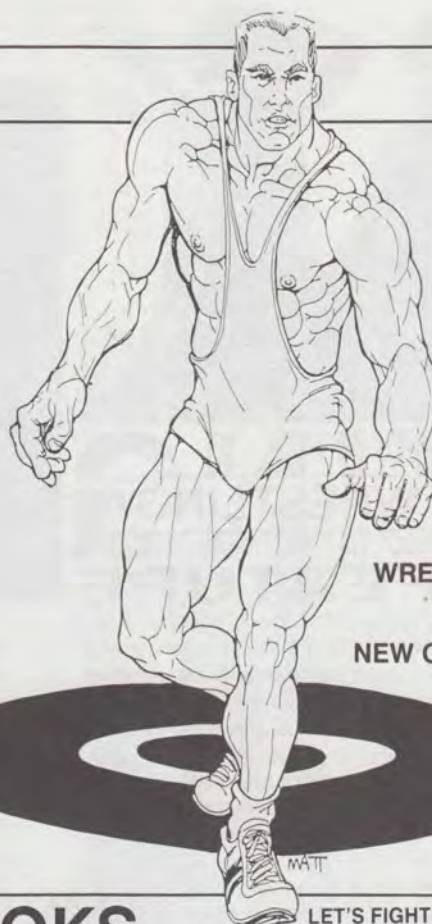


I GIVE!!
LET GO
OF MY
BALLS!!
I GIVE!!!



TOMORROW WE BEGIN YOUR
TRAINING—YOU'LL BECOME
PROFICIENT IN ALL FORMS
OF WRESTLING—including
TURKISH AND SENEGAL—
BOXING—THAI AND KICKING
BOXING—WE'LL TEACH
YOU THE ALL-OUT STYLE
OF PANCRATION—YOU'LL
DO STREET FIGHTING AND
BRAWLING—COCK-FIGHTING
AND STAND-UP NUT BUSTING!
I WANT A CHAMPION—A
REAL KILLER!—BUT
TONIGHT WE'RE
PARTYING IT!





**CUSTOMIZED
WRESTLING DRAWINGS
BY MATT
903 SPAIN STREET
NEW ORLEANS, LA 70117**

STUDFIGHT BOOKS

SQUARED CIRCLE PRESS

You'd be amazed at the size of the audience for wrestling and fighting stories, really rather large considering the specialized, limited subject matter. A great many men enjoy the sensual eroticism and restrained sexuality of man-to-man contact and physical combat.

Few authors have both the writing skills and technical background of Hank Trout. Hank has appeared in the pages of *DRUMMER* many times and was at one time its editor. His newest venture is SQUARED CIRCLE PRESS (SCP), a desktop publishing concern that deals exclusively with stories for Gay men who turn on to wrestling, boxing, and other forms of fighting.

SCP's first book, *Studfight*, is a 96-page collection of nine stories previously published in magazines and through BG Wrestling Enterprises. The stories in *Studfight* and other Squared Circle Press projects are admittedly geared for a limited audience, i.e. men who find reading a realistic, sensual description of a long, rough, sweaty wrestling or boxing match as much of a turn-on as reading overtly sexual material. Thus, only three of nine stories in *Studfight* contain sexual scenes at all, and those three stories (originally published in *DRUMMER* and *Stroke*) have been edited to eliminate all depictions of activities that we now know are unsafe, life-threatening acts. SCP does not publish stories depicting less-than-safe sexual activities.

Some of the stories may not be sexual but they are definitely erotic. "The Fight for Topman," the first story, begins with a personal ad that is similar to many I have read in the pages of *DRUMMER*:

LET'S FIGHT FOR TOP!

Muscular hairy leather wrestling stud challenges other MEN to fight for Topman honors. Throw away the rules—bare-assed no-holds-barred brawl to submission. Loser gets tied up, gagged, punched, fucked, fisted, pissed on, and whatever else pleases the Winner. Got the balls for a man-to-man ring fight for real rewards? Call _____

The ad writer, after an impatient wait, finally gets an answer from a fighting stud farmboy named Buck who enjoys the same type of action as the challenger. The stakes are high and each one of these hot men wants a chance at the other's ass. The fight turns into a brawl with one winner, one loser and two satisfied men.

Story number two is "Rematch!" Buck and the challenger go at it again with a vengeance. The stakes have risen—the loser must become the slave of the winner. Neither of these brawny men wants to lose and both have plans as winner for the other.

In "The Coal Miner and the Farmboy," Jake, a 22-year-old former high school football player, former state wrestling champion, and coal miner is challenged by the 21-year-old Cal, a Kentucky farmboy. They wrestle in the high school gym with Jake's miner buddies watching. The action is hot, sweaty and dirty.

Other stories include "Beat the Champ," "Convict Combat," "Dad's a Fighter" (reprinted in this issue of *DRUMMER*), "Cuffing a Cop," "The Faust Corps," and "Faust Corps Rematch."

Squared Circle Press also offers uniquely personalized stories (putting the reader himself in the ring against the professional wrestler of his choice), as well as other projects that are in the design stage right now.

Studfight is spiral-bound for easy one-handed reading and can be ordered from Squared Circle Press, 1475 Polk St. #54, San Francisco, CA 94109 for \$20. Be sure to ask for information on the personalized stories and future projects. Tell 'em *DRUMMER* sent ya!

JimEd Thompson



BOXING AND WRESTLING FETISH FEATURE

Boxing has generally been considered more "macho" than wrestling, and more respectable. Two pro wrestlers going after one another were, in sophisticated society, a subject of ridicule; whereas a pair of boxers slugging away at each other were great sport. I have never understood this difference in perception. How much of it was based upon the contributions of pompous asses like the Marquis of Queensbury, who was, you will remember, the father of Lord Alfred Douglas, and Oscar Wilde's nemesis? One of my favorite photos of all time is in an early issue of the "men's magazine," *M*. It shows an annual event held by a prestigious London men's club. In the photo a very hunky, sweaty, heavily tattooed boxer is standing in the middle of a ring surrounded by banquet tables exclusively occupied by a male audience in black tie. Modern-day gladiatorial combat for the aristocracy depicted at its best!

Boxing is similar to wrestling in its intense combat between two muscular men, each striving to make the other give in, to submit, or to be beaten senseless in his attempt to resist. But it lacks one of the features that, to many, makes wrestling most appealing. In boxing there is virtually no flesh-on-flesh contact. Those near-naked hunks touch each other only with their leather gloves. I strongly suspect that one of the reasons wrestling is considered so much more "lower class" than boxing is that it necessitates embarrassingly intimate male contact.

But what it lacks in contact, boxing makes up for in wallop! Some men find the clenched fist a powerful erotic symbol, and not all of those want it shoved up their ass! As a Top I can say that punching is a hell of a lot of fun. One bottom I have frequently played with at Inferno taught me the joy of punching thick male muscle masses, particularly the pecs, and the abs. And I have fallen in love with the gloves used for martial arts that give good padding and protection to the knuckles, but leave the fingers and thumb free for tit play, picking up a rubber hose, etc. (Need a source for these? Sandmutopia Supply Co. has them. See ad page .)

Gino Deddino is another guy who loves a fist in the gut. He is a muscular stud with hairy pecs and massive thighs, and in Palm Drive Video's *Gut Punchers!* his washboard abs absorb a LOT. Dan Du Fort, a big-fisted competition bodybuilder who won second place in Gay Games II, provides the punches.

There are some aspects of this video that I didn't like: In the first two-thirds of the tape Deddino gets his gut punched by Du Fort, all too frequently the action breaks for Du Fort to go into body building poses—pretty, but completely out of place for this kind of action. I found them a real turn-off. When the trunks come off Deddino keeps playing with his cock while



Photos by PALM DRIVE VIDEO

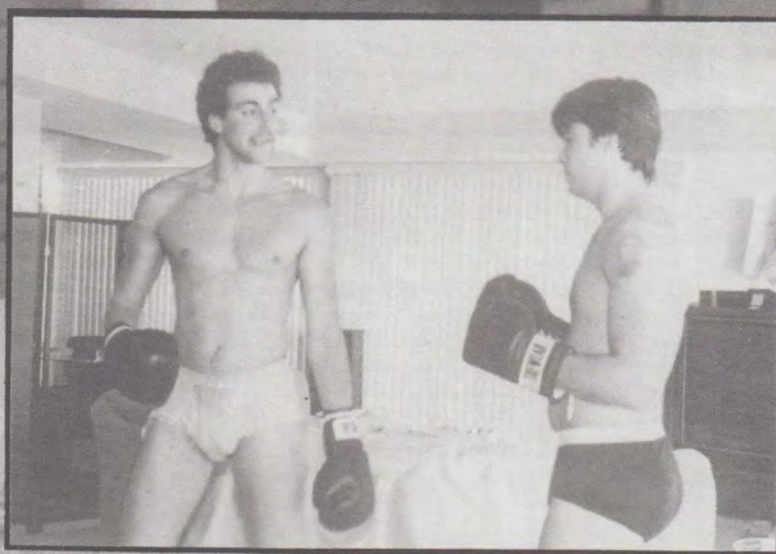
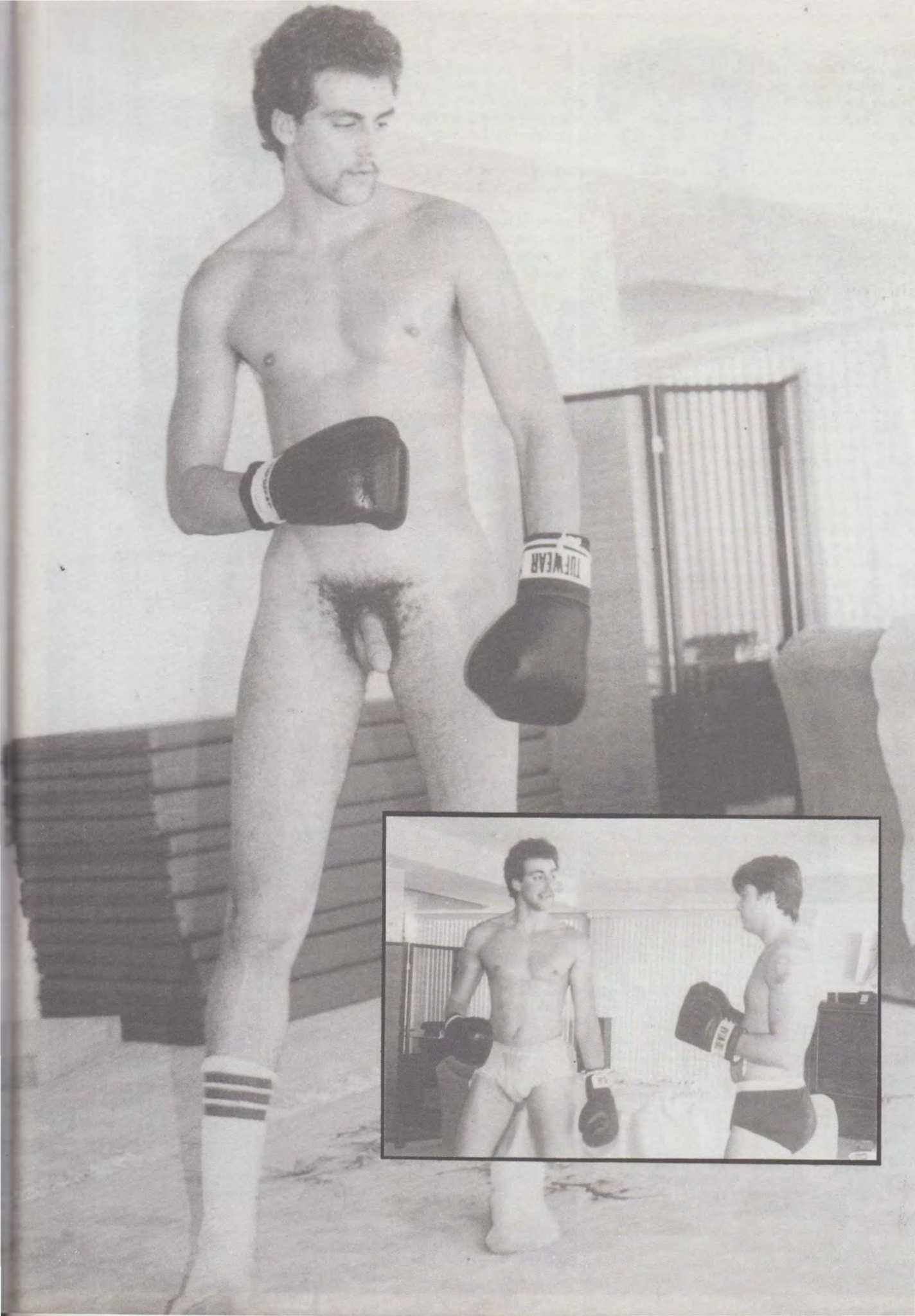
he gets slugged. Hot—except that the camera angle only gives you a view of his elbow! I wanted to see that fist plant into his gut, see his cock and balls flop with the impact, but his damned arm was constantly in the way! I kept screaming for Du Fort to tie the fucker's hands up so I could see (and of course, to my estimation he would have been a lot prettier tied up even if I *could* see.) My third gripe was what appeared to be a silly game of "Let me wear your hat and you can wear mine." Deddino always wears some kind of head gear (even though none of the punches are ever directed anywhere near this face) but I do not understand why the headgear is always changing, often exchanged with Du Fort!

I know, we could always make someone else's tapes better than they could. I've heard enough "if only you had . . ." comments about *Unfriendly Persuasion* to be very sympathetic with video production problems. And, in spite of my above complaints, I think that *Gut Punchers!* is a damned HOT tape. The final third is particularly good. In it Du Fort has disappeared and Deddino is left to dirty-talk to the camera. He challenges the viewer to slug it to him and repeatedly slugs it to himself (and he somehow even gets tied up for a while.) Do-it-yourself gut-punching sounds pretty silly, but it is not silly to watch. The way Deddino challenges himself to ten punches then makes himself deliver them (harder than Du Fort had been) even though you can see his body wants to curl up into a fetal position after 7 or 8, is amazing. And those last few punches are delivered with as much, or more, force than the first ones! This video gives self-abuse a whole new meaning! BUY IT!

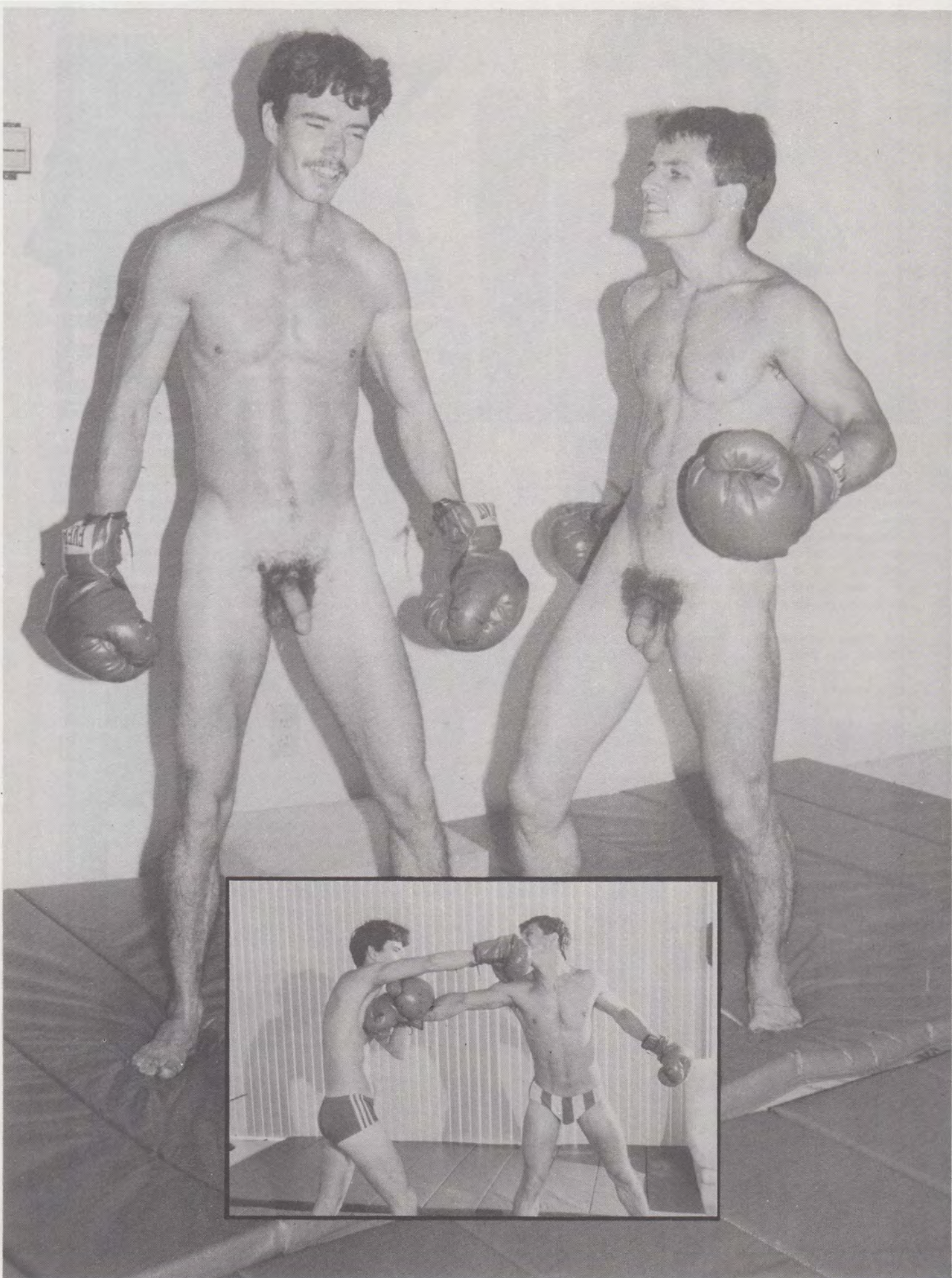
Palm Drive Video has a fast-growing line of very unusual videos that will be of particular appeal to *Drummer* readers. Some of the titles include *Man's Man* (starring Mike Kloubec who was featured in *Drummer* 113), *Woodshed Whipping*, *Thrasher: If Looks Could Kill*, *Cigar Blues*, etc. *Gut Punchers!* runs for 78 minutes and is \$39.95 + \$3 S&H from Palm Drive Video, PO Box 3653, San Francisco, CA 94119. You will be seeing more from this unique company in coming issues of *Drummer*.

Old Reliable has started a series of Boxing tapes that are quite similar to his wrestling videos. The boxers usually start with shorts on, but always do at least one round in the altogether and follow the match with a jerk-off session. *Boxing I: VT-82* has three matches. The first pairs Mike M. and Jerald followed by Mike and Kermit, a pair of novices who seem to really enjoy the new kind of action. The final bout is between two heavyweights, Stavros and Jimbo, who are experienced boxers. More boxing tapes are in the works. See Old Reliable's ad on page 71 for order information.

—Fledermaus



Photos by OLD RELIABLE

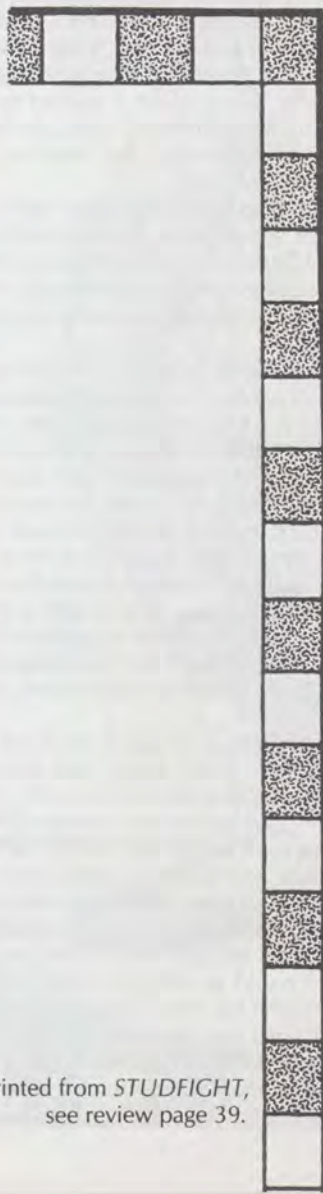




Me and my Dad, see, we got a real good thing for us 'cause we got a lot of respect for each other, not the kind of thing where he expects or demands my respect just 'cause he's older than me, not a Master/slave kind of thing where he expects me to yes-sir him all the time, that wouldn't work out 'cause, well, I guess I'm just too rowdy to kowtow like that to anyone I didn't respect, but a real damn good thing where we earn each other's respect, almost every night, in fact.

DAD'S A FIGHTER

by HANK TROUT



See, Dad's a fighter, he used to be a pro rassler, a real tough son of a bitch too, rassled all over northern and central California, never in the "big time" like the WWF or the AWA or anything like that, just a one-state circuit that kept him traveling from Hayward to Fresno, from Stockton to Petaluma, that kind of thing, which was better really than the "big time" 'cause the matches he was in were all what ued to be called "shooting matches," no fake stuff, no fixing the matches ahead of time based on someone's reputation or drawing power, none of that show-biz crap that's almost ruined big-time pro rasslin, just honest down-and-dirty rasslin matches and fights.

Dad's 46 now, and he'd been rasslin and making a good living at it ever since he was 22, so he retired from the pro ring a few years ago, but he certainly didn't retire from the private ring. When he retired and settled down in Sebastopol, he built a gym in the barn out back and put a ring in it so he could keep in shape and keep on rasslin and fighting, and he decided he wanted to find a good tough, rugged son, someone he could share the rest of his life with, someone who wanted to work out every day and rassle and box with his old man—and that's where I come in.

We met a couple of years ago at the arm rasslin championships in Petaluma, Dad was in the over-200-pounds class and I was in the 185-pound class, and after the matches we ran into each other and started talking at a bar outside of town, and one thing led to another, and here we are.

I should tell you what we look like.

Dad's just a little over 6 feet and weighs in at 215, he's real stocky and husky, huge arms and a big barrel chest, not exactly a washboard stomach but a hard tight gut, real rugged face with a couple of scars on one cheek from some of the matches he had back when he was rasslin pro, and every inch of him is covered with thick coarse black hair, front and back. He's a real fucking bear. I'm just a bit smaller than Dad, but we look an awful lot alike. A chip off the old block, I'm about 5'10" and tip the scales at 190, real husky and muscular like Dad even if I'm not as big, and just as hairy, real thick curly brown hair all over me. We're both a couple of bears, that was one of the most important things for us, Dad and me, Dad wanted a son that really looked like his son, just as tough and rugged-looking as he is, and I couldn't even think of being a son to someone if he wasn't bigger and probably tougher than me, and I'd seen him rassle a few years earlier and knew as soon as I met him just what kind of tough-ass Daddy he would be.

So even though he's a little bigger than me, he says I'm a real good match for him. God knows he makes me fight hard enough, we spend almost every night out in the gym, muscling up with the weights and then rasslin or boxing in the ring. Sometimes it's just for some good sport and exercise, but more often it's a real knock-down drag-out fight; he wins more often than I do and that makes it easy to respect him, I guess, but I give him a damned good fight and win often enough that he respects me too.

I want to tell you about the first time Dad and me climbed into his ring, 'cause it was a real important match for both of us. I'd gone home with him to spend the weekend, this was a couple months before I moved in, see, and we'd talked a good bit about what was expected of me, what I could expect of him, and all, and it was going to be sort of a trial period, this first weekend, he was already calling me son and of course I was already calling him Dad, that was easy enough; and when it came time for our first session in the barn gym, well, I guess I was being a little more cautious than I needed to be.

He'd bought me a pair of rasslin boots, high-top red leather ones, as a present before I got there, so we stripped down and got into gear, me in my new red rasslin boots and a pair of white trunks, Dad in his black boots and yellow trunks with a black stripe down the sides, and started with the weights. I was real impressed, and proud really, of the way Dad worked out almost non-stop, pressing 300 pounds like it was nothing, heaving another 250 over his head like a feather, and he made me work my ass off with the weights too, yelling encouragement to me: "C'mon, Son! Yeah,

that's it, push that weight up, c'mon, just one more press, yeah, that's it, Son," or whacking me across the ass when I didn't do as many reps as he thought I should. It was all great, a gruelling sweaty workout for both of us.

After about an hour and a half with the weights, Dad said, "Now, Son, let's climb in the ring and see what you're really made of," and he put his big, heavy-muscle arm around my shoulder in a real, well, a real fatherly way and led me to the ring. He stopped and said, "Now I gotta warn you, boy, I'm expecting you to give your Dad a good rough fight, I'm not gonna go easy on you just 'cause you're smaller and you're my son. In fact, I'm probably gonna be rougher on you just to toughen you up, and I won't put up with you pussying out on me, I want you to give your old man a good fight, you understand?"

DAD'S A FIGHTER

by HANK TROUT

I wanted to earn this man's respect, so I made up my mind right there, all right, if he wants his son to try to whip his old man's ass, then I'm gonna do everything I can to whip it for him!

And I said, "Sure, Dad," but, well, as you'll see, I guess I was a little more cautious than I needed to be.

Dad put one of his big black-booted feet on the middle rope and pushed it down, pulled up on the top rope and let me climb into the ring first, and I went across the ring to the opposite corner while he climbed in behind me, and I stood there limbering up a bit, shaking some of the stiffness out of my shoulders after the workout we'd just had, pulling on the top rope a couple of times. I couldn't help remembering all the times I'd seen Dad in the pro ring before and how much I'd admired him, and had fantasized about climbing into the ring with him just like this, and how proud I was as I watched him limbering up in the corner across from me.

"You ready, Son?" he yelled across the ring at me, and I said, "Yessir!" and we both made our way out to the middle of the ring. When he came within reach, I stuck out my hand for a handshake, and Dad slapped it away with a backhand, yelling, "I don't wanna shake your hand, boy, I wanna see if you know anything about rasslin," and before I knew what had hit me he

sprang on me and tied me up in the referee's position and without much trouble muscled me back up against the ropes. He took his left hand from the back of my neck, put it under my chin and shoved my head back, and slapped me, hard, backhanded across the cheek.

My face stung and hurt, but the slap surprised me more than it hurt me, and when I came off the ropes he had already backed up a few steps to start again. I rubbed my cheek, kind of puzzled I guess, and Dad straightened up out of his crouch and sort of laughed at me.

All right, I thought, let's go at it. We pounced on each other and tied up again, and Dad started backing me toward the ropes again, but this time I pulled him and turned him around just before we got to the ropes, so I had him pressed up against them. We struggled there for a few seconds, and finally I gave him a push and let go of him, what would be called a clean break I guess, but as he bounced off the ropes he tore into me with a forearm smash right on the jaw that knocked me back a few feet and made my head kind of reel.

"Let that be a lesson to you, boy, you gotta fight me, not pussyyfoot around, 'cause I ain't gonna go easy on you."

And he started circling me again, letting me clear my head for a few seconds before we tied up again.

I don't know why I didn't hit him, you know, throw a good forearm smash into that big chest of his or sink my fist into his gut when I had him up against the ropes that first time, that sure as hell is what I'd do to any other man I was rasslin, but like I said I guess I was being kind of cautious and trying to show him a good measure of respect, but I soon figured out that the way to get his respect was to be as tough and as dirty a rassler as he'd always been, and that changed the match right there, and the rest of my life, 'cause more important than anything, more important even than whether I won or lost, I wanted to earn this man's respect. So I made up my mind right there, all right, if he wants his son to try to whip his old man's ass, then I'm gonna do everything I can to whip it for him!

We started circling again. Dad had this big grin on his face, sort of, I don't know, sort of taunting me, making like he didn't expect too much of a fight out of me or something, and I guess that kind of pissed me off, and it kind of woke me up, 'cause all of a sudden this red-hot anger shot through me and, believe me, I was ready for a fight.

So we circled, and Dad feinted a couple of left jabs at me, shooting his big beefy fist at my face as we moved around, so I shot one back at him, but I wasn't feinting it, I flicked out a solid left jab that caught him right square on the chin and snapped his head back a little bit, and as I snapped my arm back I could see he was surprised by the left jab so I knew to take advantage of it, I pounced on him and real quick jerked his head down into a headlock. His right arm shot up around my waist, his left hand grabbed hold of my arm, and he tried to pull his way out of the headlock but, like I said, I was kind of pissed and so I held on to the headlock, grinding his head in against my side between my forearm and bicep as hard as I could squeeze it. I'm a pretty strong fucker, and I heard him grunt every time I tightened up on the headlock.

Dad saw he couldn't muscle his way out of the hold as easy as he thought, so he reached his hand up my back and grabbed a handful of my hair and hauled me backwards, pulling and maneuvering me into the corner against the turnbuckles. He continued pulling my head back by the hair, which fucked up my leverage on the headlock, and before long his head slipped out of my grip and he rose up in front of me, pressing in against me and trapping me in the corner, still yanking my head back by the hair. I snapped my arms around him in a bearhug and squeezed on it as hard as I could, grinding our big hairy chests together, but the bearhug didn't have any effect on Dad, he just yanked my head back real hard and drew back his left arm and smacked me across the chest with his thick hairy forearm. I swear, it was like getting hit in the chest with a big medicine ball when he smacked me, and I felt a lot of the air rush out of me,



KEN WOOD

and felt my bearhug on him loosen up. Before I could tighten up on the bearhug again, Dad drew back that big beefy forearm and, wham! smacked me right square in the chest again, knocking me into the turnbuckles even harder and breaking the bearhug completely.

My arms dropped to my sides for a moment, and before I could cover up Dad drew back his right arm and slammed his fist into my gut, a short but really powerful punch that felt like he'd driven his fist clear through me. I grunted real loud and gasped for breath, but before I knew it Dad had thrown his arm around my head and had me reeling in his own headlock, that huge powerful arm squeezing and grinding the fuck out of my head, and just as quick as he'd trapped me in the headlock he swung me over his hip, crashing on my back, with his 215 pounds landing across my chest. I don't know which was doing more damage, his massive bulk crushing down on my breathless chest or his huge hairy arm crushing my head, but I didn't have time to figure it out, so I grabbed his chin in my right hand and tried to pull his head back, trying to break out of the headlock; but every time I pulled, he just jerked on the headlock and tightened up his grip, trapping my face deeper into his hairy sweaty armpit while he ground my head into mincemeat.

I decided to use some of Dad's own tactics and grabbed a handful of his hair and yanked back as hard as I could. That weakened his leverage some and stretched him out across my chest, so I doubled up my left hand and pounded my fist down into his exposed gut, a sledge-hammer blow with the side of my fist that landed right at the top of his yellow trunks. I heard him grunt and felt his grip loosen slightly, so again I sledge-hammered my fist into that big hairy gut, still yanking his head back by his thick black hair, and then again, and again, I pounded sledge-hammer punches into his gut. After five or six of these hammer blows, Dad released the headlock, rolled across my chest and off me, and leaped to his feet just as I was rolling away from him.

I had just gotten up to my knees, my head still smarting from Dad's wrenching headlock, shaking my head to clear it out, when he pounced on me again, driving his knee right square into my shoulder and knocking me back down again. As I rolled away from him I expected him to jump on me or stomp me with his big boots or something, but he just straightened up in the middle of the ring and looked down at me.

"Those were pretty good punches, boy, but you gotta learn to get to your feet faster than that, now c'mon, get up and fight me."

So I grabbed hold of the middle rope and hauled myself up to my feet, not sure whether I was thankful for the advice or pissed off 'cause he might be letting up on me, moved away from the ropes, and said, "Okay, thanks Dad—now, c'mon, let's fight!" which seemed to please him, as he smiled and crouched over, ready to tie up again. I met him in the middle of the ring, locked up with him again, and before he could start muscling me around the ring this time, I swung my leg back and slammed my knee into his hairy gut as hard as I could drive it in and let go of the referee's tie-up. He doubled over with his arms clutching his gut, so I grabbed a handful of his hair, leaped up into the air, and came crashing down with an elbow smash that pounded right square into the top of his head. I grabbed a handful of hair at the back of his head, tilted his head back, covered his face with my hand, and raked my fingers down across his eyes and face, then slammed my knee into him again, this time catching him square in the middle of that huge furry chest and reeling him a few feet toward one of the corners. He grabbed the middle rope and pulled himself up on one knee in the corner.

I started to pounce on him but, for some reason, stopped at about center ring and waited there for him to get to his feet and meet me there. "C'mon, Dad," I said as he drew himself up, "let's get on with it." As he came out of the corner toward me he looked both meaner and more pleased than I've ever seen a

man look.

but damn! the action sure got hotter and rougher! We circled in the middle of the ring a few moments before tying up again, and as soon as we did, since we were both sweating pretty good by now, Dad easily shoved my left arm up into the air, ducked under it and slid around me, snapping his arms up under mine and clamping on a full nelson, wrenching my neck and shoulder muscles in his powerful grip, and I flexed and strained trying to pull my arms down and muscle my way out of the full nelson, but that just seemed to tighten it, all the while his big furry chest ground into my back, his heavy-muscled arms clamping tighter on the full nelson, it was pointless to try to out-muscle him but I didn't see any alternative, and it didn't matter anyhow, 'cause before long he had hauled me over to the corner, still trapped in his full nelson, and stood there threatening poising me over the top turnbuckle. He rared back and then slammed me down head-first into the turnbuckle, and don't let anyone tell you that the padding on the turnbuckles keeps them from hurting when you get your head slammed into them, it hurts like hell, and again he rared back and slammed my forehead into the turnbuckle. I was starting to see stars from the wrenching my muscles were taking and the pounding my head was taking, and Dad really thought he had me under control now 'cause he rared back again to slam me into the corner, but this time as he rared back I jumped up and put both feet on the middle turnbuckle, kicked back and out as hard as I could, and the two of us crashed backward onto the canvas, Dad on his back and me right square on top of him on his chest.

I heard a loud grunt jump out of Dad's chest, felt his arms release the full nelson and drop out to his sides; quickly I rolled off him. Again I had to grab the middle rope to haul myself up to my knees, and I was still too shaken from the pounding to my head to be able to launch any kind of attack on Dad as he lay there on his back, so I just dropped across him, my chest on his, and wrenched his left arm into a wristlock while I lay there stretched out chest-to-chest across him, both of our big furry chests heaving for air. It might have been a pin right there if there'd been a ref, but since there wasn't and since we had to rattle to submission, we both lay there for a few moments getting our breath back, then Dad kicked out from under me, heaving me off his chest, and I rolled away from him and up to my knees as he rose up too.

Drawing himself up to his feet, my big hairy bear of a Dad wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand, leaned back against the turnbuckle for a moment, and sucked in a deep, deep breath that inflated that huge barrelled hair-covered chest, and then just as I was straightening full upright, he stepped out of the corner and without a word motioned me toward him to meet in the middle of the ring again.

As we neared the center of the ring, Dad clenched fists and started bobbing in a boxer's stance. I took the hint as a sign that he really wanted to roughen up the match, turn it into a good dirty brawl, and I was real ready to mix it up with him just as dirty and just as rough as he wanted. It meant that much to me to earn his respect in this our first fight. So I too raised my fists and started circling him slowly, both of us looking for a good opening to start throwing some knuckles instead of tying up, our big furry chests still heaving as we sucked in air. Dad flicked out a left jab that I blocked with my right forearm and then followed it with a right hook that I blocked with my left arm. I swung a stiff right uppercut into his gut and heard a low oomph snort out of him, and he bobbed back out of the way just in time to dodge the left I threw. His fists flew up again and he sort of lunged for me, smacking his hard knuckles right into my mouth with a strong left that snapped my head back and setting me up for the left that followed and landed squarely on my right cheek. I stumbled back a few paces, stunned, and Dad pursued me flicking jabs at my head, some landing, some missing, and swinging his big right fist into my gut, driving me back against the ropes where he moved in real tight on me. I tried clenching him but only trapped his left arm, leaving his

right free to hammer away at will on my gut.

Several times he pounded that big beefy fist into my hairy gut, pinning me against the ropes as he pressed his 215 pounds of muscle on me, till finally I threw both arms around him in a bearhug, trapping both his big steely arms against his side and whirled him around on the rope. I braced myself and pressed in hard against him, shot my left hand up to grab a handful of his hair, and again raked the fingers of my right hand down across his eyes and face, he reeled along the ropes toward the corner with his hands clutching his face. I clenched my hands together, raised my arms high over my head, and hammered my fists down into his back as he rolled along the ropes, knocking him further toward the corner, and again, *wham!* I sledge-hammered a double fist into his back.

With Dad crouched along the ropes I raised my arms again for another hammering blow to his back, but just as I rared back he pounced out away from the ropes and slammed his elbow with all his power squarely into my solar plexus, he pain shooting through my chest and knocking me back a few feet, doubled over; with a knee lift that smashed his thigh into my face and chest, he knocked me upright reeling back away from him. When I turned to face him again, he met me with a swinging right that pounded right square in my jaw and knocked me down flat on my stomach.

With a great effort I raised myself up to my elbows and shook my head, but before I could clear it out Dad's big black boot stomped into the back of my head like a boulder falling on it and knocked me back flat out again. I felt his boot stomping down in my back right between the shoulder blades two or three times, then felt his 215 pounds come crashing down knee-first on my back. I thought he was going to stomp me right through the canvas. Before I could even think of raising up, Dad plopped his ass down in the small of my back, grabbed my arms and pulled them back over his knees, locked his hands under my chin, and then rared back in a camel clutch that I

thought was going to snap my spine in half. Goddamn I was in pain, and I knew the only way to get out of the pain was to give up.

"All right, all right!" I yelled. "That's enough! I give up, Dad! I give up!" And he released the camel clutch letting me fall face-first flat out on the canvas under him.

For the first time I was fully aware of my exhaustion from the rasslin and also aware of Dad's 215 pounds stretching out on top of me, his strong furry chest still heaving against my back as he wrapped his arms around me. I was aware too that I'd just lost our first bout and was, well, maybe ashamed, maybe afraid that I hadn't given a very good accounting of myself in this first battle, afraid Dad might not find me worthy of him, might not find me tough enough to earn his respect and the right to think of myself as his fighting son. So as I lay there, the pain of maybe having disappointed him by losing was even worse than the pain he'd inflicted in the battle, but after giving me a couple of good squeezes and getting his breath back fully, Dad rolled off me, got to his knees and reached down and helped me to my feet.

He put his arm around my shoulder in that same fatherly way he'd done before the fight, and led me to the ropes. "I'm sorry I didn't do better, Dad, sorry I let you down."

He gave me a playful slap on the cheek and turned my face toward him. "Bullshit," he said, "that was a damned good fight. You done good. I'm proud of you, son." And he hugged me, our hot sweaty tired bodies clinging together at the side of the ring, and I loved it and I've loved it ever since.

I moved in not long after that first match and like I said, almost every night now we have a rematch, some times not as rough and dirty as this first one, some times even rougher and more brutal, and some times I win and some times I lose. But from that first battle on our respect for each other has grown steadier and deeper, and every rasslin match or bareknuckle set-to I have with Dad just makes him prouder of me and makes me prouder of him. Dad's a damned good fighter. I like that in a man. □

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TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

THE TROUBLE WITH TOPS

"There's nothing worse than a Top who won't *DEAL* with reality."

—Mr. Bannon

Many times clients have come in complaining about a Top they met over the weekend and what a lousy time was had by all. My plan here is to recount some of the more common themes about Top behavior that cause bottoms to despair of finding a satisfying relationship.

I have written earlier about "Killer Bottoms" and some of the ways that they can derail Tops and make relationships tough. As you may have guessed, I have also gathered some ideas from my work with their counterparts, "Killer" Tops. They, too, can be equally responsible when relationships either don't get off the ground, or crash and burn.

As I also pointed out earlier, Tops will need to have reinforcing experiences with bottoms or they will turn sour on the scene. The same holds true for bottoms: Listen up, Tops!

Bottoms' complaints about Tops tend to come to me mostly in two forms: technical incompetence and person-to-person incompetence.

These days, there is so much technical information available about how to do almost anything in the realm of S&M, that it is astonishing to me that the technical sort of complaints are still happening. Fortunately, there are numerous clubs, publications and videos available, many of which go into the most minute details about how to do everything from handling a 10-foot bullwhip to elaborate piercings or bondage set-ups. Some organizations have phone numbers available through which callers can get the most obscure sorts of technical information while remaining completely anonymous, if that is the caller's wish.

In fact, technical information is so available now, that when I hear about technical errors in a scene, I often suspect that maybe the Top didn't want the info in the first place! At best, perhaps the Top couldn't let himself get the needed info. Ask yourself, "Why wouldn't a Top want as much technical information going into a scene as possible?"

Well, some Tops feel humiliated or embarrassed to admit that there might be something that they don't know and aren't expert at. In this sense, these

Tops are just like other people who have trouble asking for what they need. However, in the SM scene, that can lead to trouble.

The most common "diagnosis" for these Tops is: Superman complex and fragile ego. These are people who expect themselves to know everything and do everything perfectly the first time. This is really a people-to-people problem masquerading as a technical problem. In general, relationship problems can be expected when one partner believes that he knows everything about anything. I have yet to meet anyone who knows all about S&M.

It is important to note that even the most experienced person can have accidents while doing a scene. "Shit happens." Sometimes a Killer Bottom may be at work in these situations: such bottoms sometimes like to seduce unwary Tops into playing beyond their skill levels—accidents are almost guaranteed. But usually, the responsibility for accidents lies with the Top, who, at least ritualistically, needs to be in charge of what goes in a scene.

Bottoms' complaints about Tops' person-to-person skills tend to be much more frequent and strident. I have come to believe that a bottom is much more likely to be wounded emotionally than physically.

Most dangerous are the Tops who play from an angry place. They somehow get the idea that bottoms are people whose lot in life is to be a punching bag for Tops who have had a bad day at the office or on the freeway. Even worse are the guys who just plain have angry personalities. They go looking for somebody who really wants to get beat up. But quite often, they mistake a bottom who is simply wanting a plain old heavy scene for their hoped-for "victim." The results are sometimes not pretty, and most often not fun for the bottom.

I have seen it time and again in my practice: when people play from anger, limits often are not respected and consent vanishes—the Top can become a rapist. Not many bottoms who have experienced real rape go back for more. Few bottoms object to being used consensually; most object to being systematically abused. There is a big difference. Satisfying relationships are usually not possible with abusers of any stripe.

From a technical point of view, Tops who play from their anger tend to make mistakes when they play, because anger makes people hurry. Most experienced players know that good S&M doesn't mix well with speed (of any kind). As bottoms become experienced, they avoid the guys that feel angry and deliver their scenes at a

rapid-fire pace.

More confusing to bottoms are the Tops who have internal conflicts about their need to dominate and/or about their sadism. Some need one too many drinks before they can ever play, or must always take drugs to get into it. Tops with this trouble will sometimes become switches, transiting to the bottom side to "work off" guilty feelings about having dominated someone or played heavily with a bottom. Others drive (punish?) themselves extra hard at work to re-balance.

Usually, this is all unconscious, and the Top doesn't know it's happening until weirdness with relationships brings him into therapy. Once the guilty feelings about the need to dominate get resolved, the Top will be more able to enter relationships without feeling guilty every time he plays with his bottom.

Sometimes, a Top who wants out of a relationship, or even a new courtship, will drive the bottom away by increasing the severity of the scenes, exceeding capabilities, until the bottom cracks and bails out of the relationship first. The fleeing bottom goes away feeling inadequate, when the real problem was that the Top couldn't initiate an honest and straightforward conversation. How could such a Top hope to establish a satisfying relationship until he learns to talk honestly?

Other Tops run into trouble when they go into a scene with a particular agenda. Sometimes they have a standard play sequence: First I'll tie him up, then some tit scenes, then a condom fuck, followed by some rigid bondage, blah, blah, blah . . . It does not occur to them that their delivery might feel mechanical or rehearsed. Bottom soon feels that maybe just any ole bottom would do and there is nothing Personal about the scene: instant turn-off. Everyone likes to feel special.

Many Tops never figure out that most bottoms will surrender themselves more completely and faster when they are made to feel special. Tops who want relationships will be more successful if they know when to "try a little tenderness," even (especially?) during a scene.

Deeply satisfying relationships are things that happen between people who are emotionally complete with each other. This completeness is possible when the total range of emotions is available to a person. In fact, some systems of psychotherapy define mental un-wellness in terms of narrowness of emotional range. When certain feelings are banished from our repertoire, we become diminished as people. Those Tops who always present themselves as hot erotic drawings often

leave bottoms wondering if there is a real live person in there somewhere.

When I see ads requiring that bottoms be "young," I often suspect that these Tops may be unable to deal with experienced bottoms who make more emotional demands than novices.

Young bottoms are much less likely to call Tops on their shit or mistreatment than the guys that have been around the track before—most young guys don't know any better, and are willing to settle for less than emotional completeness.

This strategy takes the pressure off Tops to be real, but often makes for short, flat and stormy relationships that can be downright dangerous.

Tops with nothing but attitude may work fine for a scene or two, but where are they when a friend dies and you need a shoulder? Or are sick and don't want to be alone when you have to throw up?

Sometimes, intimacy is extra demanding, and at those times, a real person is called for; two-dimensional Tops just will not do. The S&M relationships I have seen working out well do so when all partners can move easily back and forth between the complex realities of daily living and the erotic requirements of our Scene.

A long time ago, I recall reading a Heinlein story about a fellow named Lazarus Long who defined a man (this part is foggy) as someone who could plan a battle, set a broken leg, arrange flowers, dance 'til dawn, shoot to kill, cook a good meal . . . I don't recall exactly all the attributes, but the point was that a real man is not a tightass.

Some academic commentators have noted that homosexual life has become "virilized" to the point where our idealized subculture heros are just laughable caricatures of stereotyped masculinity. I am sure that in many cases they are correct—leather bars are loaded with stereotypes.

Yet it is also true that stereotypes can be fun to play with and otherwise enjoy. At the same time, my work has forced me to conclude that stereotypical manhood ALL BY ITSELF ain't so great when it comes to forging durable and satisfying relationships. Ask almost any straight woman.

My best advice to those Tops looking for relationships is to learn when to get Real, when to get Hot, and how to be comfortable with both. My best advice to bottoms would be not to settle for less. □

Guy Baldwin, M.S. has a private practice in psychotherapy in Los Angeles, where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

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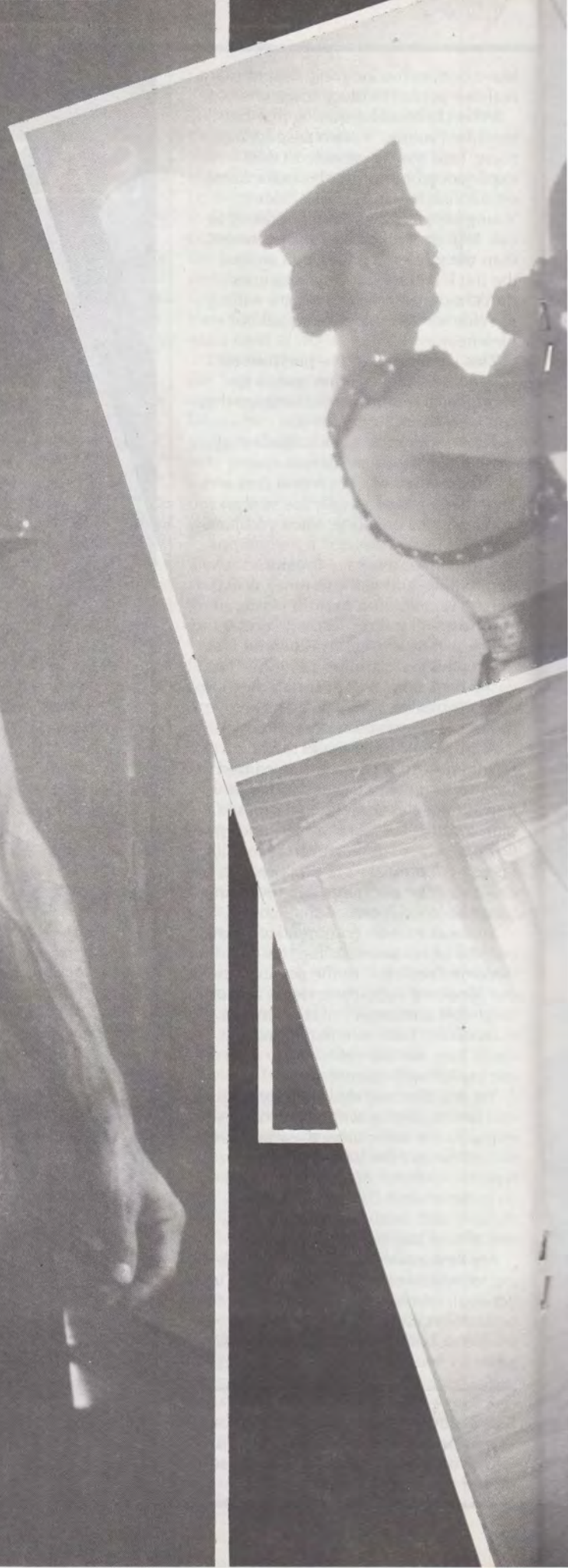
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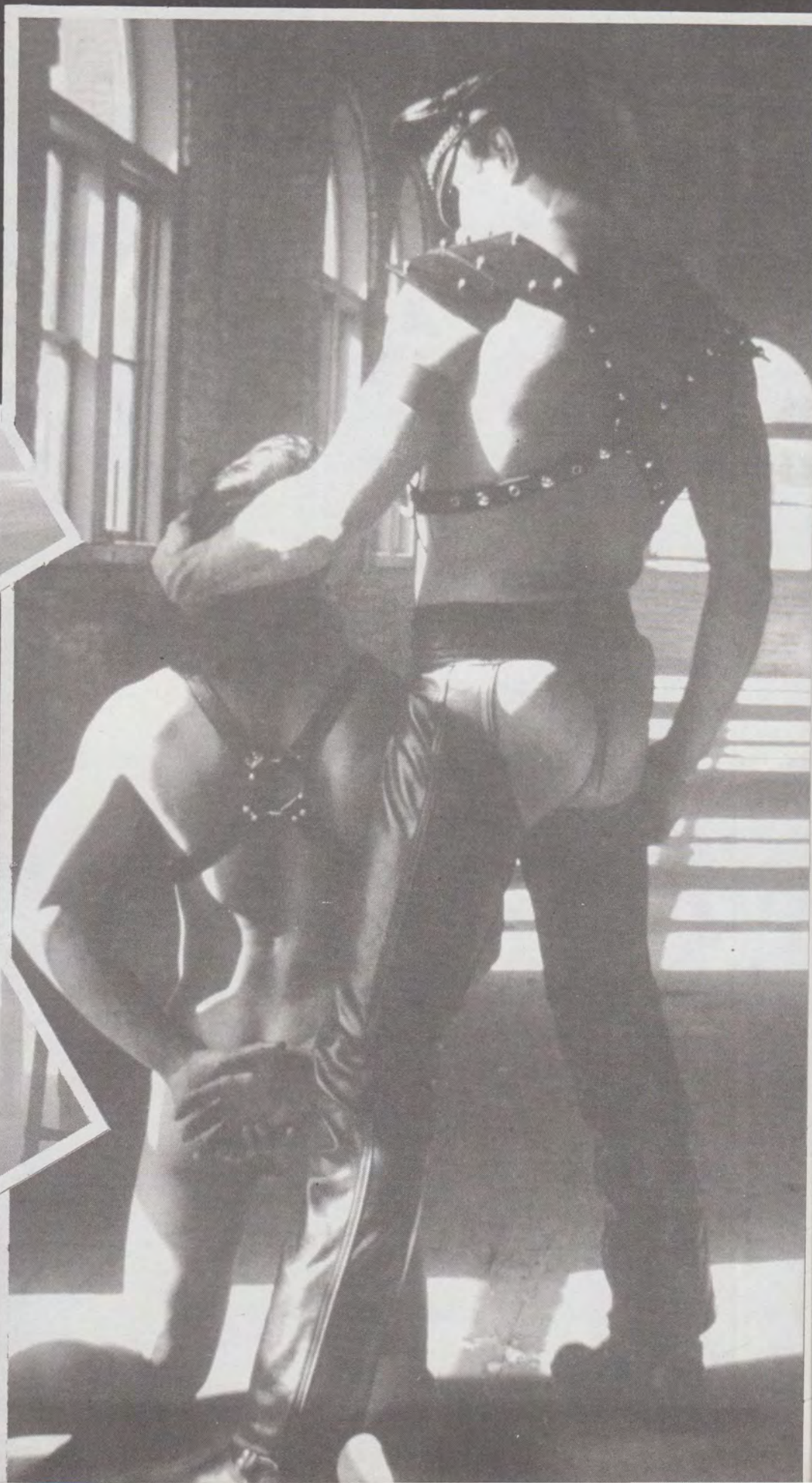
These stills are from "Crazed," a video coming soon from Adam & Company. The TopMan in these photos is Mr. Northwest Drummer 1987, Nick Stockwell. You will be seeing more from this video in Drummer soon.



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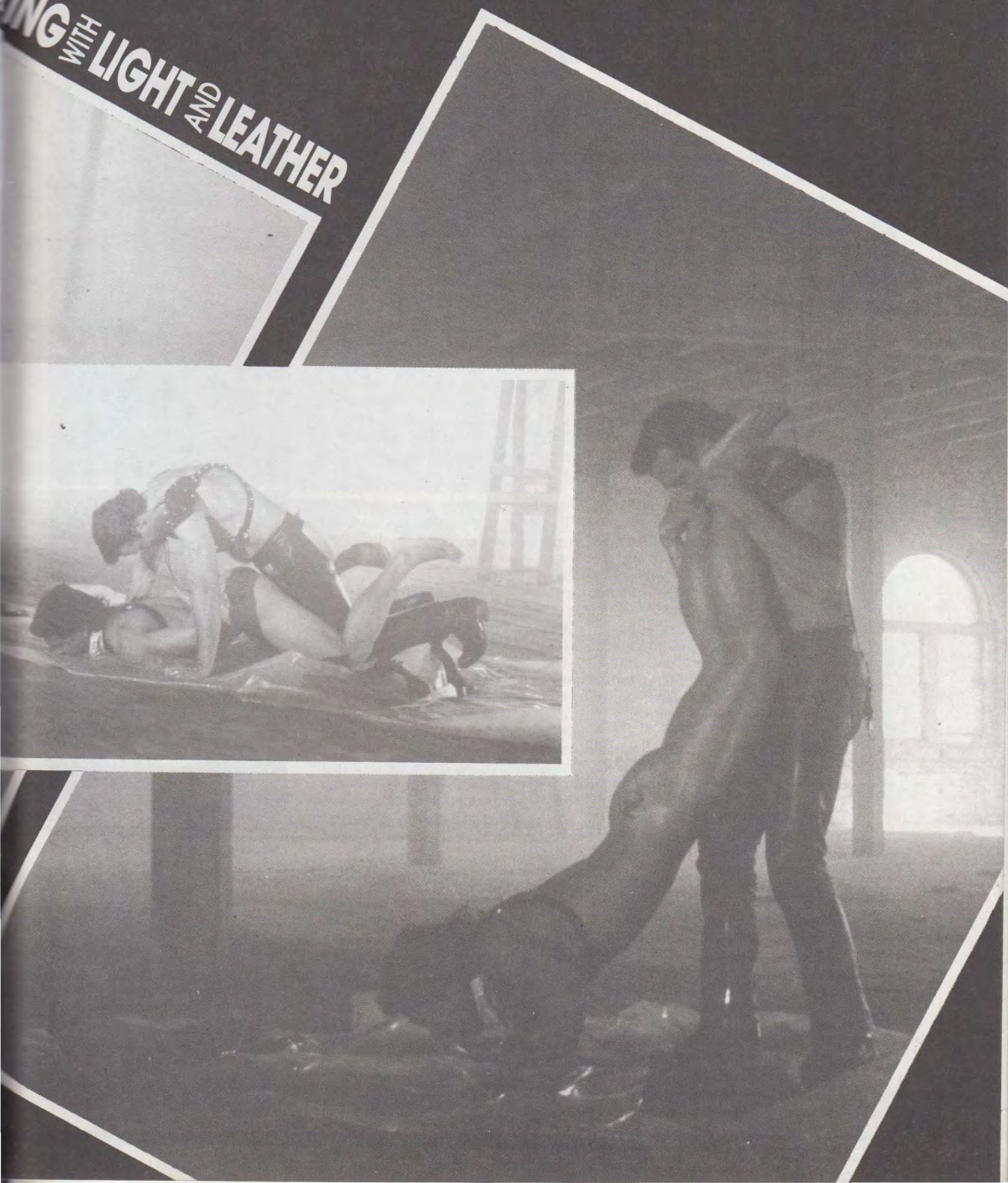
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PLAY



PLAYING WITH LIGHT AND LEATHER



DO DO THAT VODOO THAT YOU DO SO WELL

I don't like horror movies. At least that's what I've always thought (*The Lost Boys*, a vampire comedy I reviewed in *Drummer 110* notwithstanding).

I spent about 50 percent of *Alien* (singular) pacing the lobby of the North-point Theatre in San Francisco, hunched over, eyes tracing carpet patterns, wringing my hands, while the audience screamed and shuddered. My lover at the time, who was squealing with delight next to my forlorn empty seat, thought I was such a limp vegetable. (He loved rollercoasters, too, which I hate, but he was frightened by S/M. We are each one of us a paradox.)

Oh well. That which love had no power to change, a vocation hath nudged—as though Vulcan, wielding some celestial lever (called a Reviewer's Duty), had shifted the Great Pyramid of my temerity, slightly. Plainly spoken: I think I may be changing my mind.

For I am here to recommend that you gallop, not trot, to see a *real* horror film: Wes Craven's latest terror treat, **The Serpent and the Rainbow**. (I only bolted the theater once, honest—to relieve a bladder bursting with Diet Coke).

Maybe I liked *The Serpent and the Rainbow* because Craven, unlike some of his more bloodthirsty peers, manipulates the fear of his audiences with a skillful use of suspense, rather than inflicting ever more gruesome spectacles upon their helpless, quivering ids. (The film also has a wonderful torture scene with a mean wooden chair, and at least two live burials, but who's counting?)

The film does have its gross moments, but for the most part, the tension is born from the mystery surrounding its subject: Haitian voodoo.

Yes, yes, this is a zombie movie, but it's definitely not *Dawn of the Dead* or other such nonsense. This is sophisticated stuff.

Craven would make a good Master, I think. Like a crafty Top, he understands how to taunt, tease and surprise to build excitement in his audience. And with voodoo as his theme, he has woven an astonishing textbook inside a tapestry. This film is both frightening, and about fear: how to create it and control it.

S/M aficionados should study this film in night school. The process of making zombies has such fascinating parallels to the dynamics of sexual mastery and submission that . . . Well,

indulge me a minute before you think I'm raving. Let's step back a moment and just talk plot.

The film begins with the burial of a man pronounced dead, but he is not. As his coffin is lowered into the Haitian soil, we are allowed a glimpse inside the wooden box to watch a tear trickle down his cheek. This man knows all too well that he is alive, but he can do nothing about his burial. He is a slave to the voodoo priest who has stolen his soul. At least that's what he believes.

Enter Dr. David Alan (Bill Pullman), a Harvard anthropologist and adventurer loosely modeled on Wade Davis, a real-life Indiana Jones-type who wrote the book that inspired the movie. Just returned to the US from the Amazon jungles, Dr. Alan is assigned by a biotechnology firm to go to Haiti (before the ouster of Baby Doc) and bring back a sample of "zombie powder."

Dr. Alan's employers believe that zombies are actually the victims of a powerful anesthetic that renders them unable to move or respond to any stimulation. The drug shuts down the heart, breathing and all visible bodily processes, but not the cognitive part of the mind.

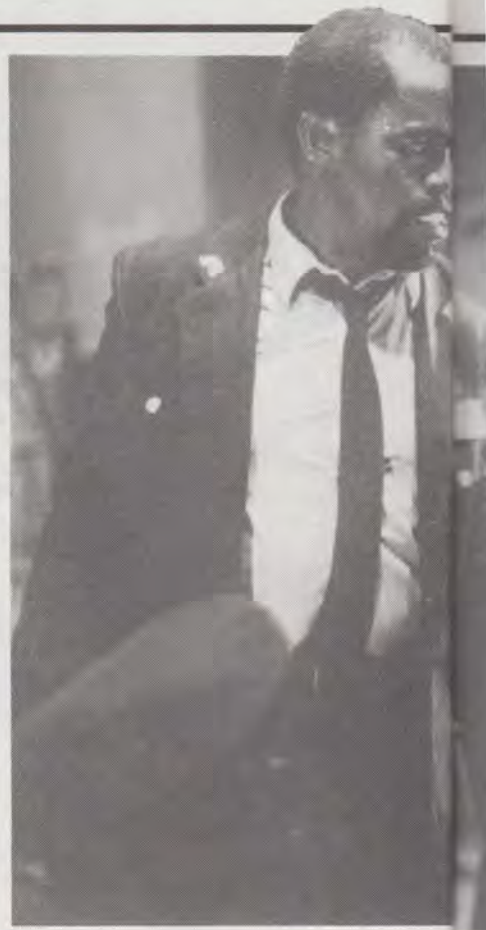
By the time the powder's effect wears off, the poor victims have usually been buried. If they manage to claw their way out of their coffins and six feet of soil before they suffocate, they are so zoned out from the mental torture, they really seem like the walking dead.

Dr. Alan's snooping quickly catches the attention of Dargent Peytraud (Zakes Mokae), the head of Baby Doc's notorious secret "police," the Ton-Ton Macoute. Zombie powder is Peytraud's secret weapon. His henchmen and the voodoo priests he controls have been using the powder to turn the state's enemies into zombies. (Needless to say, there is lots of political commentary—suspect and otherwise—embedded in this plot. But don't expect to learn any Grand Truth about Haitian politics from this grand illusion.)

After receiving various warnings by Peytraud (including some must-see torture!), Dr. Alan himself finally ends up a helpless zombie in Peytraud's clutches. Pronounced dead by an unwitting doctor, a stiff and terrified Dr. Alan stares up immobile into Peytraud's leering face and comprehends that his torments have just begun.

Agonies and ecstasies! Maybe Sand-mutopia should send someone to Haiti!

I will tell you that Craven takes the audience all the way through Dr. Alan's live burial, and he sets the psychic pitch at exactly the right frequency.

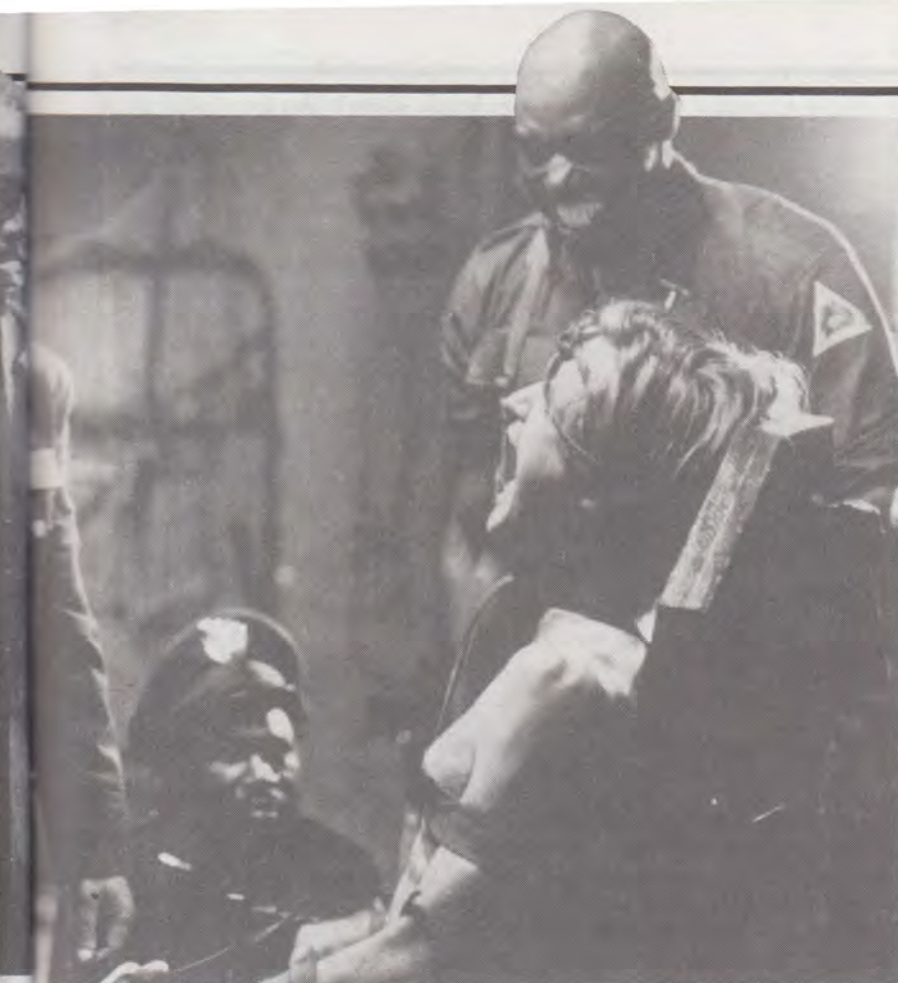


Depending on how deeply you're into ditches, you just might get a hard-on.

Now perhaps you are getting my point about parallels.

Imagine you are a Top who has just been handed a vial of tetrodotoxin, the active ingredient in authentic zombie powder (which was discovered by our intrepid author, Wade Davis). You are told that the drug's effects are temporary and not harmful (I don't know that to be true, however) Would you offer it to your favorite bottom? Talk about creating helpless victims!

But my point, and the parallels, go deeper.



S/M, like voodoo, is potent medicine. When held up in comparison to a religion like voodooism, our sexual rites of bondage and whipping, rituals of proud and grateful bootlicking and chainlocking, our toys, tools and techniques can be seen for what they are: spiritual expressions. S/M is a religion, too.

I don't want you to think I'm getting all serious and mush-brained here, but this film got me thinking on all kinds of levels. Geoff Mains is right. "Here, men partake of a very real magic," he wrote in the preface to his 1984 book, *Urban Aborigines*.

If you've ever been mummified or tied up for a long time, maybe you've glimpsed how it might feel to become a zombie. Rigidly held by an external force, you were helpless to prevent the sting of a whip on your exposed cock, or to stop the sharp invasion of a needle through your nipple, or the sudden burning of hot wax on your balls, or the closure of your nostrils to the air your lungs craved, or, or . . . I think my dick is dripping.

A victim of zombie powder, of course, is really a victim of rape. What separates rape from a good S/M scene is surely trust and consent.

But S/M involve fear and suggestibility, just as voodoo does. A skillful Top understands that if he introduces a little fear and uncertainty into a scene, he renders his bottom a little more malleable. Uncertainty—mystery—is the magic from which all wondrous sexual experiences are woven. With a more suggestible bottom, a Top can spin more compelling fantasies, fire passion, and like a wizard, spiral the scene ever higher.

So there is magic and spirituality to be gleaned from this film. Perhaps to help us find it, Craven has built his tale upon a marvelous framework.

The Serpent and the Rainbow reminds me somehow of Samuel Delany's wondrous *Neveryon* stories. While narrating a tale about slavery, Delany also endeavors to involve the reader in a dialogue about the nature of slavery, and the nature of sexual domination and submission, not to mention various other subtextual discussions about the dynamics of memory, writing, myth, archaeology, and a host of other threads.

In a similar way, *The Serpent and the Rainbow* also weaves within the tapestry of the tale several patterns, of which one catches glimpses here and there. They are like reflections of each other: the frightening nature of the film itself, and its narrative illumination of the nature of fear; the fact that the film is a horror-genre fancy based on a real man's biography of his real quest, and the film's discursive counterpoint of tactile, American scientific rationalism, which attempts to reduce voodooism's power to the analysis of a yellow powder, and the undeniable, explainable power of a voodoo priest to reach into people's dreams and alter their thoughts.

Even the title plays a role in this intricate mural. In the opening credits, a voice explains that in Haitian mythology, the serpent is the symbol of the earth, and the rainbow of heaven, and it is man's destiny to walk between these two opposing forces.

Which is illusion and which is hard, granite fact?

Though we may not acknowledge it, such questions each of us asks himself each day. We grapple with the necessity of placating a stonefaced, rock-eared American social wasteland in order to eat, while within we wander the unmapped, borderless regions of our sexuality in search of spiritual food.

We live in a hall of mirrors. Perhaps Craven's movie will help us perceive new ways to tell the reflections from reality. Or at least to ask the right questions . . .

—Kevin Wolff

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

I am an AIDS victim, in my mid-forties. Although I am currently doing okay, I know that my life expectancy is limited. I have a lover of many years standing, and I want to leave all my property to him—not a great fortune, but the culmination of a working man's life. This includes a small house, as well as bank account, insurance, etc. I have purchased a standard form from a stationery store and made out my will. Living where I do, I don't know of a lawyer I would feel comfortable going to. My question, simply: should this be enough, or do I really need a lawyer to draw up a formal will?

Name withheld, IA

Dear Withheld,

You slip me a curve, because I don't know how things are going to work in Iowa. In areas where there have been more openly gay relationships, with proportionate numbers of wills going into probate, there have been holdings (higher court decisions that are binding on the lower courts) which better establish the rules. I really think you are going to be forced to consult a lawyer in order to be sure. In addition to making sure you have executed a valid will, there are also tricks to the trade that only an attorney is going to catch—such as, establishing an executor who is to serve with or without bond having to be posted, etc. There should be a gay service organization in Des Moines that can help you find a lawyer. *Gay-ellow Pages* lists a North Iowa Support Group at PO Box 51, Mason City, IA 50401. That might be a good place to start.

Dear Larry,

I've gotten myself into a situation, and I'm not sure how to get out of it. I'm a 40-year-old professional with a good job that requires my maintaining a degree of discretion in my personal life. A couple of years ago, I picked up a kid off the street, and he has been living with me ever since. He was 17 at the time I met him, and not really a street hustler, because he had just come into town from his home in a rural area. Supposedly, we had a monogamous relationship, something I

emphasized as essential if he was to remain in my home. As the result of a doctor friend's recommendation, we both had the AIDS antibody test last week. I was negative, but the kid was positive.

Now I'm in a real dilemma. Our relationship was not really "lovers," but more of an older guy keeping a younger one for his sexual favors. Only now I'm afraid to touch him, and I'd really like to break it off—especially as his being positive has to mean he has been tricking outside the house—something he promised never to do.

On the other hand, I don't want to be like the roommates you read about who throw out their friends because they have AIDS. I've discussed this with a couple of friends, and both think I'm crazy to continue letting the kid live with me. What do you think? I really want to be fair, but I don't want to get AIDS.

R., San Diego CA

Dear R.,

If your little friend did indeed come to you from a rural setting, where an HIV infection was well-nigh impossible, then his exposure to the virus would almost have to be conclusive evidence of his stepping out on you. But you say you picked him up on the street. How do you know the exposure didn't come before you met him? Have you asked him about any extra-curricular activities? If he has been stepping out despite an agreement to the contrary, that would seem to break the covenant, as I see it, and justify your tossing him out. The fact that he tests positive doesn't mean he's sick, or is necessarily going to be sick. He has at least violated your trust. You aren't deserting a lover in time of need.

Dear Larry,

I really want to fuck a nice, tight little ass—to lie on top if it and pound my cock into a warm, grasping hole. I haven't done this in four or five years. You know why. But I've gotten to a stage where I need it so desperately. I could even bring myself to do it with a rubber (which I hate). But how safe do you think they really are? Various articles seem to be telling us that a condom is the best thing to use if you can't go without. Well, I can't do without much longer, but I don't want to take a big risk. What's the problem? Are they apt to leak? Or break? Are they really effective? Then why is there the implication that they just aren't quite 100%?

Horny, Dallas TX

Dear Horny,

Because they may not be 100%. A good brand is not likely to leak, but it

can break. There is also the chance of passing the virus in some other way. Just recently, the CDC in Georgia have been in dispute with the Masters & Johnson people over the possibility of saliva acting as a medium for transmission. On the other hand, if you're doing the fucking you are at minimal risk inside your rubber. A little care in the selection of a partner can also greatly reduce the danger.

Dear Larry,

Of the names we see as by-lines on leather-SM stories—not so much in *Drummer*, but on porno novels, etc.—what percentage are really SM guys, as opposed to old queens just out to make a fast buck? And is there a kind of "in group," where you guys sort of all know each other?

Bob, Astoria NY

Dear Bob,

Whereas I know many of the guys who write for *Drummer*, Mr. SM (Sweden), etc., I don't know who most of the people are who write the novels, or who write for some other publications. I would suspect that many of the "novelists" are not leathermen. In fact, if you read some of these stories you know damned well the guy has never bound or been bound. The magazine writers, however, are at least gay men in 99% of the cases. The SM may be pure fantasy, but if the stories are produced by a pair of aching balls, it can often ring true, regardless. I think the readership of our periodicals has become sophisticated enough in recent years that they can no longer get away with the old Mafia-style operation, where some non-gay hood would be placed in charge, and would turn out some "crap for the fag market." As for an organization of writers, no. There is the Gay & Lesbian Press Association, and some of us belong to it; but these people are a large group, into all phases of gay publishing with an emphasis on Movement activities. There are, of course, many other SM organizations which bring us into contact from time to time.



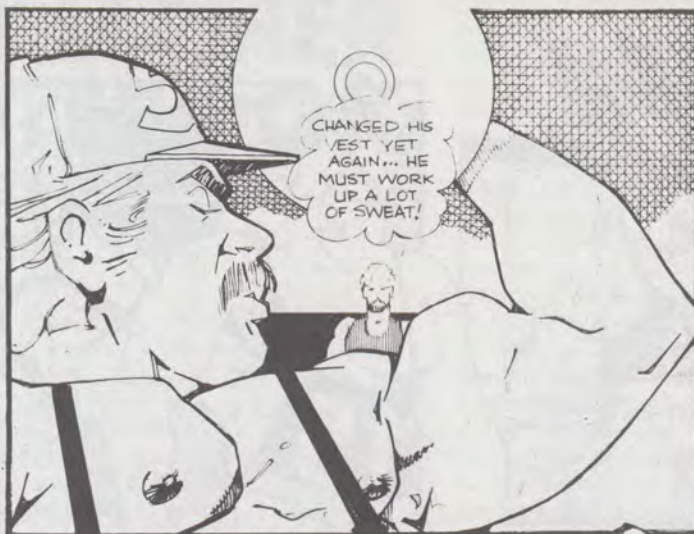
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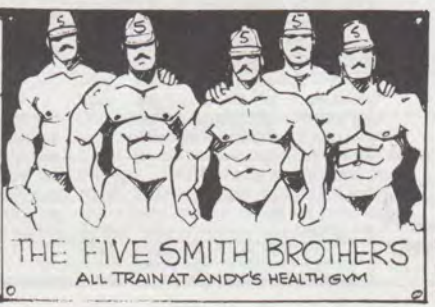
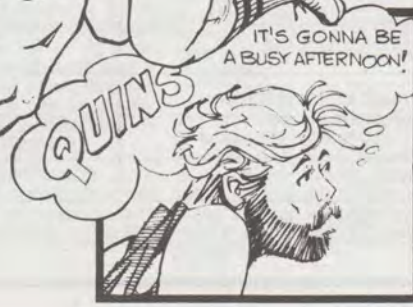
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DEAR SIR



THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OLD ISSUE OF DRUMMER

NATIONWIDE

OWN THIS YOUNG MAN

Boish-looking young man, 23, 5'10", slender, clean-cut, healthy, masculine (work out daily) seriously seeks permanent enslavement. Am intelligent, loyal, hardworking and adaptable. Will answer all. Photo gets mine (nude). Can relocate anywhere. Box 6367

MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are into motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and equipment for cop cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, leather, uniforms, bondage and cop work-overs. Need info on how to get genuine police motorcycle helmets. Box 8204, Richmond, VA 23226, (LF6366)

SON NEEDS DADDY

Novice son, 24, seeks Daddy 30-45 for training in B/D, spanking, shaving, etc. Write with photo. Box 6364

FOUR SEASON STREET FEET

Order me to go barefoot anywhere, anytime. Snow, ice, frozen pond, railroad tracks, swamp, subway, etc. Leave me barefoot and broke far from home on winter day. Box 6359

BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, auditioning healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30, anxious to please and train for BB competition for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application. Box 6356LF

LEATHER NAZI GUY

38, 5'8", blondish hair, seeks Nazi-cop type Crotch-to-crotch, heavy leather JO sessions. Nazi conversation, cigars, beer, smoke, etc. Fuckin' around. G.L. Hewell, PO Box 272364, Concord, CA 94527

ATTN: TRUCKERS/COPS

Hot, masculine, young guy, 5'9", submissive, smooth-faced, and blue-eyed, a real dick-pleaser, offers fantastic head (and ass!) to real men truckers and cops in Northeast traveling 1-87, 89, 91, 93. Surrounding areas. Also at my place. 2 or more together OK. Safe only, clean, very discreet, but very hot. Go for it, buddy! Box 6353

HANDSOME, MUSCULAR & 40

As a young man, I lusted after good-looking, well-built men about 40 years old. Now I've become one of them, and I am still excited by experienced hot-looking "older men." I'm 40, six feet, 175 muscular pounds, handsome, moustached, intelligent, successful, and sexually intense and versatile. I'm looking for similar hot men into bodywork/trips and exciting safe leathersex scenes—especially nipples, leather, and uniforms. I live in California and travel extensively. Box 6350

MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene mold, 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires live-in slave. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. Live in L.A. Plea to Box 6349LF

BIG MEN, TOOLS, VACUMPPRS

If you are equipped/admire ANYTHING BIG send S.A.S.E. to B.G., 584 Castro, #3958, S.F., CA 94114.

SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER

to service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks. Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while this cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A man needs a cocksucker to dump a load into. Poppers, beer, piss, sweat, tattoos, VA, BJ lineups, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards. Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one-on-one. You'll cum, Buddy! Box 6347

GOOD TEACHER NEEDED

36, 5'10", 165, not great shape, not handsome, but acceptably average and absolutely new. Know the intense pleasure of TT (from myself) but want another to control it. Fantasies include much, much more, but need techniques from intelligent experienced man. Prefer under 40, not overweight. Ph ph if poss. Reciprocation possible. Box 6339

DADDY-O

Hot, healthy, handsome handballer. GWM, 28, 5'9", 160 lbs. Looking for a full life, seeks in-shape aggressive dad or big brother mentor to help his responsible and willing boy grow up big and strong. Blending direction with affection. Let's grow together. Details, photo, phone to Box 6340LF

HOT ARIZONA HAIRY COUPLE

40s, muscular, young at heart seek kinky, outgoing, affectionate, masculine, non-smoking, horny, special buddy or couple to share good times. Outdoors BBQs, travel, video, nudity, clothespins, shaving, poppers, J/O, safe sex only. No exchange of fluids. Friendship/sex. Descriptive letter of desires. Photo. Box 6335

DEPRAVED SHIT-SMEARING PIGS

wanted by hot-looking Italian raunch freak, 33, 5'8", 140, dk hair, beard, pierced tits, shaved balls. Into mutual degradation, exhibitionist sick scenes with other low-life filth. Interested in photo exchange, making videos, rimming horses, satanism, hard and soft turds. Nothing's too disgusting. Prefer good-looking like myself but will answer any and all whose head is in the toilet bowl. Answer with photo/phone. Box 6334

LEATHER BOY WANTED

NYC leathermaster, 37, 6', seeks slave to 35 who needs training in heavy B&D with S&M, shaving, mummification, TT, CBT as I see fit until you become the perfect bootlicking leatherslave, and my permanent property. Detailed application with phone required. Serious only! Box 6331

DOCTOR'S BAG & SHOP

Professional offers medical examinations/treatments in authentic office setting between Milwaukee and Chicago. Letter with your fantasies/kinks to Box 6329

BONDAGE BOY WANTED

by 40-year-old WM dominant Dad, 6', 190 lbs., into bondage, humiliation, spanking and health consciousness. You are 18 to 30, boyish but butch, punk or preppy, tough or tender, as long as you submit. Permanent position for right boy. No feds, fats, drugs or drunks. Send letter with photo to: Carlisle, PO Box 2003, Bloomfield, NJ 07003.

RAUNCH BOY NEEDED

big, warm, shit-Daddy who likes regular toilet service, ass wiping, body smearing, naked, hungry, affectionate, humiliated, hot boy Write with photo. Box 5877

PROPERTY

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, rarely used for SM. Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental/physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary slave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

WEATY FEET

5'7", 140 lbs., hunky weightlifter seeks submissive foot men. Box 3338LF

GAY WHITE MALE INMATE

Lonely. Need friend, possible lover. Put a smile where one seldom seems to be. Write Jay R. Shideler, #491531, Polk Correctional Institution, 3876 Evans Road, Box 50, Polk City, FL 33868-9213, Mail Box #B-3

BIG HOT ENEMAS

Daddy, 40, gives soapy enemas to big-buttied tough guys. TJC, PO Box 020656, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0015.

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

WM, 29, 6', 160, wants your scalp for haircuts, from trims to shaves. Already shorn/short-haired guys are also an automatic turn-on. NYC visitors welcome. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185.

USE AND ABUSE MY HOLES

37-year-old, 6'/200-lb. bottom needs experienced Tops—the more the merrier. Fill my mouth and ass with anything you'd like. Would love 8" down my throat and 2-8 inches + up my ass at once—followed by your fist. Need to please you hairy men. Travel coast to coast. Send photo and phone to PO Box 2, Geneva, IL 60134.

COWBOY BONDAGE/WRESTLING?

31, GWM, 155 lbs., 5'10", hairy, good physique seeks sane nonsmoker, masculine, well-built man, 30s-40s, into bondage, wrestling. Reply w/photo. PO Box 755, Tualatin, OR 97062.

HAIRCUTS/SHAVES

WM, 42, 5'11", 185, top, experienced barber wants your scalp for clipper haircuts, from trims to shaves, body or head. You won't be disappointed! PO Box 7523, Miami, FL 33155-7523.

TATTOOS

Tattoo turn-on in #112? Well-inked, 45, 5'10", 180 lbs. wants tattooed buddy, artist or fan. Going to NTC in Orlando. Also into leather, rubber, boots. Bob, PO Box 4878, West Hollywood, FL 33023.

GERMAN

leather guy, 29, dark blond, bearded, well-built, 145 lbs., 5'8", is looking for healthy and masculine men for correspondence, friendship, visits. Will be in the states during June and July this year. Write to: Lothar Radek, Bahnhofstr. 26, 2300 Kiel 14, West Germany. Photo is a plus. Race and nationality are unimportant.

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, submissive, devoted, willing to learn, looking to advance. Little freedom, unusual opportunity for straight type. Me: WM 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., moustache and beard. Loner, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in-charge. Not into gay scene at all. Landmark, 227 North Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004.

ROD IN D.C. (DRUMMER 108)

Cocked and loaded and waiting. Tried to call Tom—no answer, just hang! If I missed the game, I'm still available. e! Don B. (614) 846-5775.

MANHOLE SPECIALIST

Long beach, FFT, white, 47, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape, FFB, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FFB Nationwide. PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisex.

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9 1/2", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrostimulation, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seeks Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

MASTERS FIND THEIR SLAVES IN DEAR SIR

TOTAL SLAVE WANTED

Muscular B/M Top, 36, 5'10", seeks slender bottom (21-40) any race for heavy SM, prolonged restraint, immobilization, torture, crucifixion, etc. I'm experienced, sane. No fluids exchanged. Only detailed letter. Photo & phone will merit response. Jim Will, PO Box 20990, Oakland, CA 94611.

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

Hot and horny GWM couple, 24 & 37, seeks muscular GWM 18-25 for slave/houseboy. Nonsmoker only. Will train. Relocation assistance. Reply with photo to PO Box 36624, Grosse Pointe, MI 48236.

THE FINEST OF MASTERS

A youthful 50s top awaiting weekend slaves to 40s for large, well-equipped dungeon. Adventurous enough? Write Thom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123 for application.

YOUNG MAN 25

5'9", 145, brown, blue, nice face, real straight looking, in shape, hot, healthy, almost smooth body, sound mind, emotionally stable, financially secure, pro carpenter. Seeks permanent place with reasonably in-shape, hot, humpy, healthy, demanding, insatiable, dominate Topman a little older, a little wiser who is physically larger than myself. I believe in hardworking, sweaty, rewarding days during which I will be your best friend and partner and hard-fuckin', hot, real kinky, real heavy, experimental, obscene, perverted, fleshy, sweaty, raunchy, no-holes-barred, no safe word, hard-on, trusting, understanding, romantic? man-sex nights during which I will be your trusting, worshipful, grateful, helpless, obedient, hot-for-it little man. Your looks are not as important as your integrity, honesty, beliefs, attitude, ability to function in the real world, and true desire for a permanent relationship and the good, bad, effort and hard work it takes daily to maintain it. It is an effort that is not always easy and doesn't occur overnight. I will relocate for the right man or couple. If interested, take the time and write with a photo and you will get the same for starters. Serious inquiries only. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Box 6208

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ISSUE 8

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PRICE

ISSUE 9

ISSUE 10

ISSUE 11

ISSUE 12

ISSUE 13

ISSUE 14

ISSUE 15

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4426LF

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

SON/BROTHER/FRIEND

any appearance, size, ages 40-90, wanted for short- or long-term by white masculine dominant daddy, yet loving and easygoing, age 56, 6'1", 165, 6" cut, bald, smooth, glasses, educated, retired, travels. Into nudity, wrestling, massage, swimming, horseback riding, photography, languages, urban and rural. *Drummer* scenes. H. Howard, 710 W. Main, #2145, Arlington, TX 76013. (LF6309)

MASTER/DADDY

52-year-old WM seeks son, slave or partner for long-term relationship, bondage steel/leather. Photo, phone. Box 6316

FULL TIME SLAVE WANTED

by 48-year-old, 6'2", 210 lb. Master who owns small ranch in Texas. Goal is permanent arrangement. Applicant must be willing to serve naked, shaved and pierced. Will eventually be branded. Work will include all housework, cooking, gardening, and some ranch work. Send detailed letter stating qualifications and how I can contact you. Picture a plus. Box 6305

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Dominant in daily life, submissive in sex. Good-looking, healthy, 45, 6', 180, professional wants dominant same. I like to suck cock, balls, ass, get fucked, rim, face fucked, enemas, piss. Talk dirty while using me as a cunt. Also into hot raunchy correspondence. PO Box 8974, Boston, MA 02114.

INSANE ANIMALE MASTER

sought by true slave, 25, 5'9", 140, healthy, tight body, beginning bodybuilder, into anything including depraved, humiliating sex scenes with the above. Will travel for scenes and possibly relocate for the right man. This is not fantasy!!! PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011.

RAUNCH BOY NEEDS

big, warm, shit-Daddy who likes regular toilet service, ass wiping, body smearing, naked, hungry, affectionate, humiliated, hot boy Write with photo. Box 5877

BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE!

W/M, 36, lean, muscular, masculine, imaginative, easygoing, discrete, versatile, seeks similar, in-shape buddy for capture, bondage, torture games. Indian, Roman, Inquisition, other classic scenes possible in hot, sweaty, erotic, but safe, sane fashion. Permanent relationship, relocation possible. Let's not get old wishing we had! Box 6129LF

YOUNG HANDSOME COP

My uniform and great body hide an eight-inch downward-bent hook dick which needs a masculine man to humiliate, twist and deform it further while I worship your healthy penis. Attractive, endowed and macho only. Send raunchy letter and photo for same. PO Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA, area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

CITY BOY

white, 30, 6', 175 lbs., blk/brn, bearded, lost in the country. Seeking mentor/father-figure/friend. I need contact with aggressive, determined and experienced leathermen. I am no novice but not an expert. If you think you can handle it, let's talk. You never know until you try. Box 5979LF

WM SUBMISSIVE SEEKS DOMINANT

6', 170 lbs., 36 y.o., 7" cut, completely shaved (head-to-foot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top. Me: Masculine, aggressive in career/life, but submissive sexually (enjoy G/P, F/A, giving body worship; life S/M, TT, CBT, VA, WS). Healthy lifestyle. You: Dominant, affectionate, firm body, successful. Unimportant: Age, height, cocksiz, race, weight. Write Rich Conley, Box 242, NY, NY 10002 or call (212) 228-2169 7-9 AM or 11:30 PM-12:30 AM EST. (LF5753)

HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment, devotion to Leatherman? Possess passion for varied, intense sexual gratification including kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy, affection; have good physical presence, proper attitude? Master considers all serious candidates submitting detailed letter, phone number, returnable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen. Box 5754LF

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462. (LF5868)

NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE?

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME, SIR!

WM, 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir, to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine, Sir. Will travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462. (LF5868)

MY FACE, YOUR ASS!

Dave Hot! Age 22 5'10", 150, 7", 24-hr ass licking my specialty! W/S—Receive only—Piss all over me! Dick, ball sucker, fuck hungry butt! (415) 357-7181. Call anytime!

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

SM TITS

Tit-centered leather/SM scenes are hard to find. This is IT. Expert, cock-hardening titplay gets us there. Bondage keeps us there. Pain takes us beyond. *Serious leathermen ONLY.* No fatsoes, druggies, geriatrics. 37, blond, 6', bearded, intellectual. Top/bottom. You won't regret replying. Box 5813LF

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the areas best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write. John Rose, (212) 889-5477

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', titwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the old man, Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, safe reunion. Box 5985

GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police/Nazi uniforms, Marlboros & cigars. Shiny black leather boots, uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt, black tie, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Marlboro or cigar. All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

DEAR SIR CLASSIFIEDS GET RESULTS**GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON**

6', 180, bl/bl, 25, good-looking college stud, looking to serve Master, take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big, to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, outdoors and sex. Box 6173LF

HUNGRY CHEESE FREAK

I'm a handsome, hunky 43-yr.-old dude who craves to orally worship and service big, uncut ripe-smelling cheesy meat. If you're an in-shape, hot top, any race, with a curd-loaded, raunchy foreskin in need of cleaning, cum feed this hungry cheese-pig. So, Calif. area, but will travel for cheese! Box 6194

TRUCKER TOPS

Bottom (sex slave), 58, 5'7, 135, into complete submission (safe sex) into F/A, WS, Gr/p, F/F, much V/A need to be controlled. Looking for trucker Tops passing through Knoxville, TN (available all hrs.) locals OK. Respond for directions & phone #. Spanish & Blacks a plus, if big & uncut. Box 5871LF

TITS AND ASS MAN! WANTED

Michigan GWM, 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men. Into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Cliff, (313) 398-4497. (LF5865)

MASTER OF FALCONHURST

Master seeks black slave. Must be 18-27, muscular, smooth and intelligent. Must accept strict discipline, dress code, mental conditioning and relocate. Prefer novices. Call (405) 235-2821 after 9 PM. If you do not meet my criteria, do not call.

SUBSCRIBE TO DRUMMER**COP DAD WANTED CODE 3!**

by WM 25 br/br mustached rookie for intense training and safe use of virgin ass. Over 30 dad will have complete FTO authority over rookie—no imitations need reply. Southern California area, will travel for right Sgt. Thanks, Sir! W. Flag, c/o Box 6, 1241 N. Harper, Los Angeles, CA 90046. Discretion assured/requested.

LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint/control. Raunchy, dominating: tantalizing sex, TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no scat). Frat, police, jock; military; business scenes. Straight/bisexual themes OK. Your letter, typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. N.P. (LF5890)

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Bearded WM, 5'8", 135, 40, likes hard rock, beer, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lees, leather, boots, seeks slender GM, black a+, 40+ or—into mutual WS, shit, SM, BD, top, bottom, snuggles, ready for monog. relationship, lover, friend, willing to relocate to NC. Box 6236LF

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

SATAN WORSHIP

Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

MY FACE, YOUR ASS!

Dave Hot! Age 22 5'10", 150, 7", 24-hr ass licking my specialty! W/S—Receive only—Piss all over me! Dick, ball sucker, fuck hungry butt! (415) 357-7181. Call anytime!

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY (artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage; safe, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded still-wearer a plus. 47, 6', 175; employed; tall, dark, and GQ handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF

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HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No feds/drugs. Reply w/hot photo /phone to Box 4675LF.

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

TIT TORTURE

POB 4622, SF 94101

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W/M 26 5'8", 125 lbs. brn/grn smooth, cin shvsn, 7", U/C, 28" w, 1/2 Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special treatment! (415) 337-2008 Eves. San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF.

DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality Travel, visit Miami weekly Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service. I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate, make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, fem. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

LOOKING FOR BUDDY

33, WM, 6', 175, hairy looking for masculine hairy MEN. Burly, older men preferred. None turned down. Inexperienced so looking for firm teacher. Will answer all. Photos exchanged. Box 6286

ARROGANT MASTER WANTED

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel. Need Master to totally control me, mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR slave permanently Brainwashing, S&M, B&D, CBT/T, whipping. Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF

BOTTOM/SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy/top seeks son/bottom for intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long-term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time.

LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE soldier, 32, 5'10", good-looking Irishman seeks hot men with long, flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice, ripe cock while I loosen your locks. Am also into Greek active with the right partner. Please send photo. Box 5748LF

HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jsm from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage hoods oil jocks biking softball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

DAD SEEKS SON

Dominant Daddy, 6'1", 170, 42, seeks son/partner. Possible relationship, TT, B/D, experimentation, safe sex, discipline. Dad can be affectionate and nurturing or demanding and controlling. If you are looking for a full life with just one Master, write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

ANY AGE, LOOKS OR C&B SIZE

I want to squeeze, pinch, gouge, kiss your tight, lean waist, belly and ribs, lay face down on your belly and J/O. Lovemaking reward from Mr. Jones, 300 lbs. and 47. Send clear upper body photo. PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. Monogamous.

LEATHERMAN LEATHERMAN

Another hard-working leatherman wanted to help build leather empire. Goals: large secluded house in semi-rural area in New England with houseboy/slave; build a "family" to carry on the legacy. You must be nonsmoker, able to relocate, and preferably 30-50. For further info, write Box 5864LF.

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Box 451, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet, shy boy (30, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced leather Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex. Into Levi, leather, uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate. (213) 669-1765. Box 6232LF

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039. (LF6231)

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 36 to 5'9", masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, water-sports. This hot butt Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124. (LF6242)

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by 41-year-old Daddy/Master. If you have a serious desire to be the live-in son/slave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master, include photo and phone with your response. You must be willing to relocate. Box 4426LF

CONTROL

WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more—to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 pm for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

GLORY HOLE ADDICT

wants to be trained & chained at a busy raunchy public suck hole to expand limitations. Big thick cocks especially needed to widen throat muscles. Contact the cocksucker at (907) 276-5016 or write PO Box 200594, Anchorage, AK 99520-0594. Travel frequently. (LF6121)

TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION WKRS

Passing thru Connecticut, stop and meet two guys for coffee, drinks or . . . Convenient to I-95 (25 & 8 connector). One 5'9", 160 WM, 40s. Second 6'1", 185 WM 50. Both nice meat and into different but safe trips. A place to explore your desires or potential limits. Box 6225LF

LEATHERMAN

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hzl eyes, 6 1/2" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner — openminded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786. Daddy-Son.

BODYBUILDER SLAVES

5'8", 210-lb., extremely muscular Master requires BB slaves for exhibition training. You will be taught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see fit. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'7", 138 lbs., smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints, wax, clamps, suspension, tit torture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF, DC, Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

INDIAN TORTURE!

W/M, 32, lean, muscular, masculine, tough, seeks savages, other prisoners for capture, bondage, torture games. Tie me to the stake and keep me writhing, sweating, and groaning as you test my manhood with slow diabolical torture! Safe and sane only. Other historical torture scenes too. Come on! Box 6129LF

HIGH INTENSITY

Slave training administered to serious slave by WM, BB, 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. You should be in shape, under 40 and into BD, C&BT, TT, shaving and servitude. Send detailed application and photo to LF4883

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt. TN, Des Moines to Cleveland, Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

24-45, masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile, grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bike buddy, cocksucking, assplay, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle, BD, cooking, housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

CRAP YER PANTS & GRIN

Club forming for guys who like to shit their pants, crap their shorts, load their Levi's . . . or make other guys do it. Send SASE to Sebastian, PO Box 38713, L.A., CA 90038.

COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long fisting sessions. I'm 5'3", 150 lbs., 40 and into leather. Mitch, PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 861-7898. (LF5648)

I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia. PA 19102.

SHIT PIG WANTS SLAVE

No-nonsense, stern, hostile, controlling son of a bitch wants permanent live-in slave whose primary duty will be to dump a full load of hot slimy shit into my mouth every night. Prefer you not work or have career ambitions, but stay home, keeping your body (ass in particular) and underwear filthy and stinking. Also expect you to beg to sniff and eat my dirty shit. You will accept verbal abuse and discipline as I deem necessary. The right slave will be quiet and insecure; content with little social life; and devoted to meeting my needs. In return for your loyalty, obedience, and devotion, you will be well cared for, protected, and receive affection; some travel. But it must be remembered that I call the shots. I want your shit but not your bullshit. If you're a stupid fuck who can't get this through your thick head, don't bother writing. Am 43, 160, 5'10 1/2", moustache; live NYC. TEST HIV Neg; expect same. Send detailed letter about self and qualifications along with photo if possible. Can help relocate. Box 6288

LEATHER BOY

needs to feel a firm hand across his ass. Bind and gag me then do what you will. I am 22, 5'7", 160 lbs., bk/br, moustache and beard. Photo and letter of intent to: Boy, PO Box 55125, Atlanta, GA 30308-5125.

SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE

WM, 40, 5'11", 195, brn. hair and eyes, seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M, B&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, enemas, hoods, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on??? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person if that's what you want . . . Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged . . . Get your leather ready!!! Box 5514LF



NEED DAD'S DISCIPLINE?

Strict 6', 180 lb. Dad will use firm discipline and corporal punishment to direct inadequate, lonely, horny, honest son desiring to relocate in own Northwest residence and stay employed. Son will learn obedience, to control solitary jacking off, and the satisfaction of pleasing Dad. Photo. Box 5954LF

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine x-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only Box 5907LF

ALABAMA

BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W/M, 21-40, fat, slim, or stud send a detailed letter with fantasy, photo, address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting, Central Alabama (Montgomery). Box 6107 LF

ALASKA

FULL BODY MASSAGE

I am a licensed masseur who enjoys promoting a sense of well-being by means of massage. Improve mental and physical health. A quiet, comfortable atmosphere is provided. Will treat you like a king!! (907) 272-9045

SWISS LEATHERMAN COMES TO ALASKA

Muscular, bearded Top, early 50s, 5'11", 155, in good shape, perfect health coming to Alaska mid-July. Wants muscular, trim guys for good times/friendship: tit-work, optional FF, dirty talk, hole-stretching. Perfect health essential. Want to meet interesting people in places reachable by air, train, bus, or be picked up from there. Write with photo by mid-June latest to Boris Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basle, Switzerland (LF5048)

ARIZONA

BOOTLOVING BOTTOM

29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover seeks leatherclad or booted men for fun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootlickin' Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix, AZ 85082-0245. (LF6204)

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM, 39, 6'2", 245, bearded, H/D biker. Hooked on big-dicked leather/Levi bearded biker Tops. Red, pink, rust, yellow and black. In L.A. often. Will answer all. Photo will get mine. Box 6362

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

ASSKISSER WANTS COCKY STUD

Good-looking blond, blue-eyed, healthy GWM needs to get on his knees and kiss your cocky ass. You are 18-40 and think your shit doesn't stink. You want to be serviced, worshiped, sit on my face, fart up my nose. Shit in my face. Verbal commands/abuse welcome. Treat yourself to real toilet service/role. Let's do it, but protect our health (asshole kissing, but no rimming, external scat & WS OK), cocksucking, bootlicking, pissing sniffing, bondage are OK. My attitude & performance will make you dizzy. Box 6323

BUTCH BLACK GUYS

get my dick hard. Trim white guy 5'7", 130, 32), horny and experienced, seeks intense S&M scenes with dominant blacks who have a sense of humor. Box 5951

SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts or young hunky football studs and chunky body builders. I want you to unload that big dump from your bloated dirty asshole right into my toilet mouth. Uniforms, jockstraps, verbal a+. I am well-built GWM, 32, 5'9", 160 lbs., good looking. Write: Boxholder, 584 Castro, #160, S.F., CA 94114-2588

TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

60-YR.-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD

seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE

My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I! I'm 29, 6'4", 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10", 175 lbs. We're both good-looking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

ALL AMERICAN BOY

33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular/slim. You: raunchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top. Into: heavy bondage, rubber, piercing, genital modification fantasies, light scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also: film, BB, politics, camping, new-age thought. NO FF, brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate, yuppie, Italian, straight. Relationship possible. Photo/detailed letter: Box 34, 2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114.

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal/slave training, smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin', rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write: Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598.

BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10", brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6", 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22 in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!! Box 5150

SADIST NEEDED

Must be knowledgeable and have proper equipment for full maximum levels of pain, but safe only. I enjoy a variety of torture, starting slowly and gradually building up to a very intense level. I'm a WM, 43, 5'10", 170 lbs. Letter with photo & phone & address. Eric Adams, PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Masculine, white, 30-yr.-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe sex oriented (no fluid exchange, blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

TOP BOY

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/gr, 28w, Smooth, Clinshv, 7" u/c Top for High Caliber Professionals. (415) 685-5035 Aft. 11pm PT (LF5875)

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall, trim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon. Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair, bearded, 6'1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to Box 4988LF.

TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF

JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF

BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

SERVICE ME, ASSHOLE

Drink my piss, eat my ass, suck me off. 39 yo. GWM top man wants you on your fucking knees doing whatever I tell you to do. NO photo/no dick. Box 6254

BONDAGE BOY

Good-looking, well-built all-American type (5'8", 145, 31) craves hot, dominant top for bondage/submission scenes from the more basic (restraint, gags, hoods, shaving) to the more esoteric (long-term confinement, public display, group servicing, forced substance intake, etc.) Open to expanding limits to accommodate your needs. Photo, orders to Box 5902LF.

LEATHER HOME

Mature, sane, nonsmoking GWM into leather, SM scene, wants to find a stable man with similar interests to find and share home in San Francisco. I have furniture etc. and at present live in small apartment. I want to move. Let's join forces, pool ideas, and find suitable place together. Just drop me a note with your name and phone number, to PO Box 31782, San Francisco, CA 94131.

DEHNERS ONLY PLEASE

Serious devotee wants to be of service. (415) 992-1353

HEAVYSET TOP

is looking for a trainable bottom. Top is WM, 40s, husky, intelligent, affectionate, professional. Bottom should be eager to please, willing to have his limits explored and expanded. Trust and respect important. Not into leather or motorcycles. Novice/older/bi bottoms OK. Reply with candid letter/photo. Box 6328

MARAUDING MOTORCYCLIST

You like it hard... butt with feeling! Relationships are seen as different depths reached by work, love and an effort to give as well as receive. Thrill to rough-riding, tenderizing, pain, pleasure; abuse, NO! Self-respect a must! NO PUSHY BOTTOMS! Stats: 37, 5'8", hair brn/silver, in shape and sinfully sexual. YOU: attractive, honest, HEALTHY, intelligent, in shape and interested in friendship as well as fantasy. NO WIMPS. I expect a recent photo, a sincere letter... and imagination. SAFE SEX ONLY! Manhandler, PO Box 170508, San Francisco, CA 94117.

SCORPIO MASTER

WM, 5'11", 44, seeks slave/boy. NO FANTASY. Permanent, live-in. S&M, flogging, Discipline/affection, pain, light bondage, torture. Limits expanded. MY SCENE, MY WAY. Safe sex: Mutual dildoes. You: shorter, trim, moustache, 18-40, employed. NO drugs, FFA, scat. Photo required. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. Monogamy considered.

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, photo, photo. Box 6123LF

SUFFER SLINGS

Assholes of outrageous fortune; take up arms. Two tall, headstrong Tops play with heavy-hung, hard hairy men whose brawn, brains challenge our bodies and imagination. Phone in audition with scene, acts: Give us a reason to give you our parts. We'll work the piss out of you. (415) 923-0501.

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master. Into body worship, armpits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black/Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

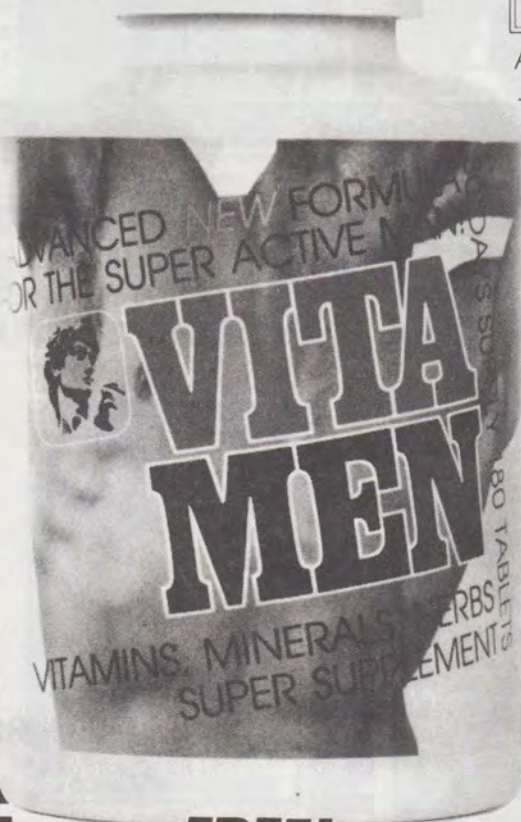
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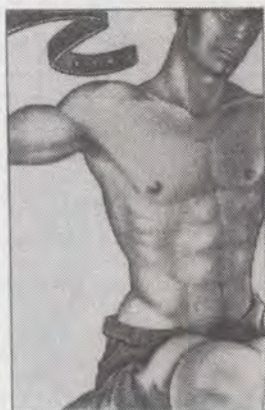
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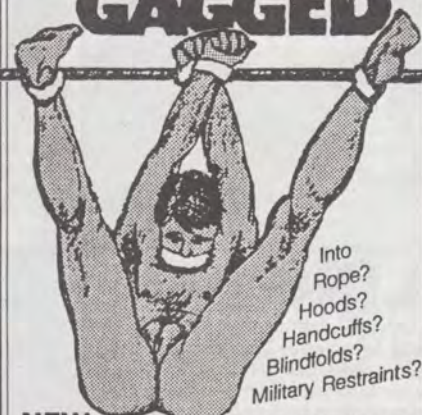
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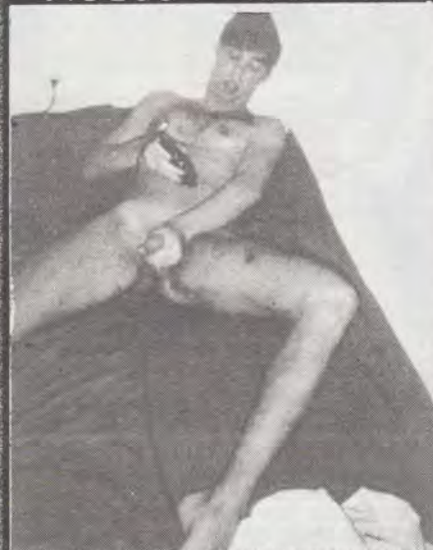
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Butch G. & Jerry



Flash & Gary



Keith & Jose

VT-64 WRESTLING #13

You're going to love these four matches. First, you can get another look at **Wolf** (from VT-29) with his foot-long cock **flying in the breeze** as he wrestles **Lee**, and proves a pretty good match against the competition caliber Lee. **Butch G.** takes on **Mr. Muscles, Jerry**, and you get as fine a contest as you're likely to see... no one has more **heart and determination** than Butch, yet can that be enough as he takes on a guy with total confidence? **Hot action!** Finally, **Flash** gets in a little exercise with **Gary**, who seems innocent of what he's going up against, yet makes for an exciting time as he grunts and groans with every move applied to him. The other match on this tape is **Keith**, one of the best wrestlers ever, against **Jose**, one of the **strongest**. They didn't like each other, and it shows! Both felt they won... **you decide! Tempers flare!**



Wolf & Lee



Keith, Jerry & Tom V.



Steve & Tim

VT-69 WRESTLING #18

You get to pull out all the stops when **Keith** and **Jerry** and **Tom V.** all **three** go at it. Generally I don't care for groups, but this one is **dynamite!** Not only do both sensations, Keith and Jerry, get a chance to take on the hulk that is Tom, but they get another chance to **tear into each other**... and they take that opportunity **with gusto**, since Keith still wants to prove he can beat Jerry for real! With **Steve** and **Tim**, you have a great time as Steve patiently tries to take Tim apart, and just as patiently Tim gives a wrestling lesson. Finally, **John B.** and **John Harris** have a go, and John B. is sorely aggravated as John Harris keeps up the psych.



John B. & John H.

HOW TO ORDER: If you do not have an order form, use a plain piece of paper. For video tapes list the number, *specify whether you wish VHS or Beta*, and enclose \$59 plus \$3 postage for each tape. For other items, please list the number, name of the model, and type of item. Enclose the cost (audio cassettes \$9; photo sets \$7; slide sets \$6), plus 60¢ postage per item. California residents add 6½% sales tax. Thanks for your order!

OLD RELIABLE

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Hollywood, CA 90028



WANNA WRESTLE?

Tough, hairy, 35-yr.-old wrestling fanatic challenges other tough leathermen to no holds barred, no blows barred fight. Only 5'8", 147 lbs. but tough enough and mean enough to handle any man! Have partner for tag-team brawls too. (415) 885-3218.

DIABLO DEVIATES

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details: SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 37111F

SPIT ON MY FACE

while I suck your dick. Box 6250

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

GdLkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Handsome, masculine, muscular bottom, L/L, BM, 38, 6'1", 175 lbs., healthy, intelligent, athlete. Needs training in B/B, S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane, Sir. Photo & phone. Box 5959LF

WET AND DIRTY WALLOWIN'

GdLkg W raunch pig, mid-30s, 5'7, 135, wants young-lkg sweaty jock-types, punks, construction workers to piss down my shirt and in my 501 fly, dump hot shit on my crotch, chest and face or with my cock up his ass. FF a possibility. Mutual heavy rimming, wallowing in raunchy clothes, mattress. Some restraint, group scenes, Latino, Mediterranean a plus. Photos get first reply. Box 6164

TOUGH SUBMISSIVE

Tie me up and put my hot mouth to work on your stiff dick. Tall, slim, good-looking, hypersexual white guy, 31, into mental and physical control, stimulation, light pain (lits, balls), visuals, jackoff, some W/S, seeks attractive, creative man for mutually satisfying, depraved scenes. Box 6143LF

YOU

Are a leather fan, Gr/A, a Master at tit torture, and B/D. Enjoy topping a strong personality and harnessing an overenergetic mouth. You are fun, sexy, and seek a bottom to share living expenses, ideas, hopes, sexual fantasies, etc. You are HIV-neg. I'm 33, good-looking and want to tag along through many adventures with you. Write Ed, PO Box 4534, San Francisco, CA 94101.

LEATHER TOP PIG VISITING

S.F. April 16-24: Wants other pigs into leather, toys, raunch. Bud Hughes, PO Box 20406, Columbus Circle Station, NYC, NY 10023.

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced S.F. sadist with lots of toys seeks one pain-craving, Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out early in a scene need not respond. S is into whipping, gut-wrenching CBT, paddling, TT, bondage, suspension, etc., and M can pick his own poisons in advance within agreed limits. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker, neg, intell., and health and safety conscious. M must be neg, cut, nonsmoker, 30-45, good cocksucker, Bay area, and relationship-oriented. Not into FF, scat, damage. Box 6247

WORDSEX IS SAFESEX

Let's trade dirty fuck letters. I like to write and receive. Any fantasy—sky's the limit. All answered. Boxholder, PO Box 971, Forestville, CA 95436.

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

exec. in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs. beard, furry, 8" clipped. Discipline, bondage, humiliation, shaving, beating, piss, TT, submission to MASTER who needs dominate stud to turn into his son/slave dog. Rope me, hump me, cage me, keep me. Age, looks unimportant, headspace is. Hot phone calls arranged. Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. Box 5439LF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LET ME BE YOUR TOILET

Good-looking, well built, 30 years old needs food and water. Send your phone # and I'll call. Box 6327

SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs., balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF

ASS MASTER WANTED

Hot, experienced, 34, 6'1", 170 lbs. Into: service, VA, mindtrips, bondage, shaving, ballstretchers, assplay, toys, fists and more. Will submit to any safe scene. Want to explore other fantasies, piercing, gangfucks? You: white/Latino, 28-40, dominant, masculine, hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung a plus. Sir, please send instructions/photo (returned). Box 5773LF

WANTED EXPER. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (LF5906)

MASTERS/SLAVES WANTED

by Master, 25, 5'11", 150, and his slave, 37, 5'10", 160, to assist in achieving pleasure/satisfaction through SAFE and SANE SM, BD, VA, CBT, mindtrips, leather/military fantasies, body worship, assplay, submission, obedience. If serious, open-minded, and interested, whether experienced or novice, call (619) 237-0586. No phone J/O. (LF5897)

TALL, HUNG, HORNY

I'm looking for in-shape regular guys (under 35) who need some meat shoved up their chute and enjoy having someone else in charge. Box 5950

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 5888.

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for abuse-hungry. White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict/Slave/Animal Prisoner/Captive to sadistic, kick-ass, tall-booted, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory photo to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708. (LF5987)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

MANHANDLE MY BIG COCK/BALLS

GWM hung big and uncut need heavy CB T. It's all yours! PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

WANTED: SLAVE UNDER 30

25- and 27-year-old Masters require young slave for occasional weekend sessions. Safe. Photo and letter to Sirs, PO Box 813, Burbank, CA 91503

HOUSEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

Two dominant WM professionals (42/44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman/servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to our service/satisfaction. Prefer healthy, intelligent, obedient WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter/photo to SHACK, Box 6210LF.

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428.

HOT UNCUT SADIST

37, lean and mean, (Orange Left) seeks hot (uncut?) masochist (orange right). Includes yellow, purple, black, brown, red and ????. Bottom must NEED Pain, give and receive lots of TLC! Ed Pane, PO Box 127472, San Diego, CA 92112.

BONDAGE BOTTOM WANTED

for relationship by GWM, 34, 5'10", 165, clean shaven, hairy. YOU: Trim, good-looking, hairy chested (the hairier, the better) and love to cuddle and being tied up and gagged. If you also enjoy movies, TV theater, music, travel (especially by ship), Judy Garland, Billie Holiday, reading and want a permanent relationship, write now. Please, no phonies, drugs, alcohol, and be sincere because I am. All answered. Box 6271

MANHOLE SEEKS PLUG

(714) 854-4822. ACTION ONLY.

STERN, BEARDED MASTER

33, 6'3", 210 & hairy-as-hell into mental cruelty, intense V/A & ethnic taunts. Expect bootlicking, stomach punching & spit on your face. Be ready for violent rape scenes, public abuse & wet dog food. I'll make you grovel, faggot! Will consider all masculine men; specialize in bluecollars, cops, Italians, farmers, clones, beards and hairy guys. No smoke/drugs. I am a nice guy with a mean streak. Safe & will respect limits. So. California but travel widely. Box 6246LF

EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy trim masculine sexy bottom, 40, 6', 165, moustache; likes FFA, toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks fun-loving kinky cocks safe small-handed young men/older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture/letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, L.A., CA 90039. (LF6320)

WANNA FIGHT?

Toughman elimination contest. Bareknuck fistfights — stripped-to-the-waist, boots, Levis, to a K.O. or submission. Any weight, any age. Send pic and address for further info. Box 6363

WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, moustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

BOUND, HOODED & GAGGED

Good-looking, 6'4" guy in full leather fucked up. Got jumped and is now at your feet. Throw his ass over his bike. He looks hot in a sling, harnessed, bound and gagged with his spurred Dehnars in the air. His spiked leather arm gauntlets glisten as they pull on the restraints. The police helmet, and full gun leather strapped around his waist cannot help him now as his leather clad Master satisfies himself. Photo, phone, letter to Drummer Box 6360

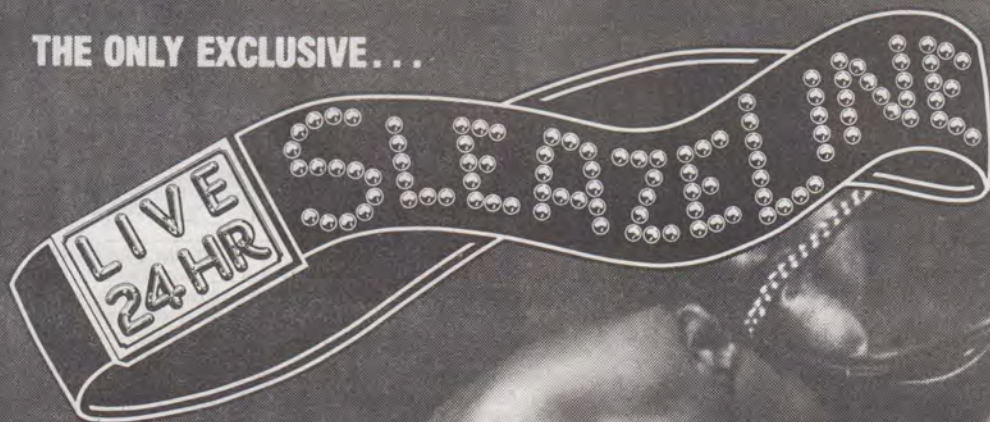
ANIMALS

WM, 32, 5'10", 160 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Phone up to 11 PM PST. No JO calls. (213) 669-0068

ORANGE COUNTY SUBMISSIVE

Seeks Master-Daddy type for direction and structure. I'm WM, 32 yo. slightly overweight, attractive, and completely honest. Sammy Jo, (714) 220-0513 early morning and evenings.

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18+ ONLY.
PHOTO: DRUMMER



SOUTH BAY DAD

Friendly WM Dad, looking for younger son who needs diaper discipline, humiliation, bondage, spanking. I'm 41, 5'6", 135 lbs., good-looking, healthy, stable and caring. You should be affectionate, intelligent, easygoing, trim, in shape, and obedient. Send letter with photo to: Kent, 800 S. Pacific Coast Hwy. #8-199, Redondo Beach, CA 90277

COLORADO

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, till my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30, and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL!

Attractive white boy, 27, waiting to follow orders of black tops. White trash needs discipline, verbal abuse, toilet duties. Boxholder, Box 5304, Loveland, CO 80538

DC-METRO

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

DADDY'S BOY

WM, 32, seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017. (LF5983)

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., moustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

WM, 35, 5'11", 200, blond, blue eyes, looking for master to serve. Oriental or black preferred but willing to serve all. Not into drugs, scat or unsafe sex. Please, Sir, let me know how to serve your needs. Box 6249LF

HOT TALL TOP MAN

You need a muscular, slender, endowed man who wants to sit on face and play with holes? If you're a man, slave, boy, who is in shape or slender call Daddy. (202) 667-6154.

URINAL

Slim, attractive, 38 yo. pig seeks safe Masters-couples to recycle on regular basis. Picture gets response. Box 6325

DELAWARE

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy. I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel—photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

FLORIDA

TOP THIS OLD DADDY

Big bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S&M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

MIAMI STUD SON

23, 6', 170, dark hair, moustache, hot, hard, masculine, seeks Dad, 30-50, with big hairy chest for mutual tit work/muscle chest fantasy. Into workouts, L/L, raunchy talk, hard man sex. Need Dad to share the pleasure of being a man with his son. Phone, photo. Bob, Box 5867LF

DAD WANTED

YOU: 30+, stable, top. ME: 32, 230, black/blue, beard/stach, into FF ball stretching, B/D, verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather, poppers and uniforms. Stable, self-employed, healthy, HTLV-neg, beginning BB. Needs prolonged workouts. Send letter and photo to Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. Same will be sent in return. (LF6058)

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, asshole dialation. Medical techniques, i.e.: numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily. (Miami) Box 6217LF

TOP THIS OLD DADDY!

Big, bearded old Daddy wants young boyish top son for wild sex, mutual light S/M, and fantasy. Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Box 7294, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

ASSLICKEE

39 yo. WM, 5'9", 158, smooth body, 7", south Florida, experienced asslicker looking for sweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

HOT MIAMI FISTING HOLE

Hairy blond, 38, 6'2", large solid build, needs a mutual fist-fucking buddy. Into hot oils, large dildoes, enemas, leather, tit clamps, poppers, bondage, and fisting. Please put me in your sling, expand our limits. Write: PO Box 38-0225, Miami, FL 33138-0225. Photo gets mine. Equal opportunity fister wanted, please Sir...

COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM, 30s, 6'2", 175 lbs., muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM, BD, VA and more for hot, intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone, please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041.

PENSACOLA FFA

Hot, healthy, handsome handballer 28, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks other versatile/Tops for mutual erotic good times—photo/phone to Box 6346

HOT MIAMI FF BOTTOM/TOP

Looking for hot, man-to-man sex. Like to give as well as receive. I'm 39, 6'2", 220, solid football-player type, full beard, hairy chest, like 25-35, under 6"—taller than 5'4", 140-170 lbs. Hot times include enemas, dildoes, hot oils & wax, slings, tit clamps, fisting, spanking, limited bondage. Please respond with photo, phone to PO Box 380225, Miami, FL 33138. Especially like Carl Lewis type.

SON NEEDS A HAIRY BB DAD

for service, workouts, wrestling, TT, BD, leather and fantasies. I'm 28, 6', 180 lbs., brwn/blue, moustache, hairy, 44" chest, 31" waist. Send letter and photo. Box 6315

GEORGIA

ATTRACTIVE NOVICE

31, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, romantic, mature, arts-oriented, seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber/leather/spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually-agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love, laughter, caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

ESOTERIC

Satyr, 28, hunky, intelligent, imaginative wants similar buddies for mutual, depraved raunch and kink. Safe but expansive exploration of deepest sexual fantasies: shit/piss exchange, ass inspections, shavings, piercings, TT, CBT, floggings, nudism, exhibitionism, tattoos, prolonged JO, et. al. Photos and detailed letters receive prompt attention. Box 6128

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Atlanta bottom needs experienced masculine, top man to further my sexual education. I am, WM, 6', 155 lbs., 27, brown/blue eyes, hung. Need further training in S/M, bondage, tit torture, dildoes. Please, Sir, use my hungry deep throat and hot eager ass. Please write with description or call (404)-874-4573, so I will know how I can please you. 375 Sixth Street #1, Atlanta, GA 30308

HAWAII

BONDAGE BUDDY

Bound, gagged, mummified, immobilized—looking for young man willing to give or take long sessions. WM, 155 lbs., 5'10"; 41, blond, blue eyes. Send photo, name and phone number to: Jack Hunter, PO Box 89364, Honolulu, HI 96830

ILLINOIS

SIR

Chicago bottom, 6', 195 lbs., 35 yo., Greek passive, French active, clean-shaven uniforms, leather, assplay. (312) 477-3265

ASS EATING BOTTOM

Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hot wax, tit work, spit, snot, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W/M 30s, 5'10", bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763. (LF5898)

HORSE WANTED

6'1½", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master, wants any age, 220 lbs.+ BB or muscular, heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts; mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (LF5901)

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests—Jocks, Leather/Levi, Uniforms, Dad/Son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs., with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock, let's play. Box 6101LF

YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38, GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

PULL MY RINGS—STUFF MY ASS

GWM, 41 yo., 5'9", 170 lbs., 7½" uncult, pierced and ringed tits. Needs Daddy into BD, TT, FF, power and affection are the tip. Please call Monty, (312) 477-0490, 924 W. Belmont, Box 87, Chicago, IL 60657. NO phone sex, please. Make me do it Daddy!

ROCK & ROLLER IN BONDAGE

Bi WM, late 20s, non-promiscuous, not a big fan of kissy-huggy relationships, would like to meet everyone who loves seeing live Rock & Roll, especially young men who would like to tie me down, torture me and fuck me. No scat or FF. Cub fan a plus. PO Box 3214, Oak Park, IL 60301

SIR

Chicago bottom, 6', 195 lbs., 35 yo., Greek passive, French active, clean-shaven uniforms, leather, assplay. (312) 477-3265

WANTED MUSCULAR MASTER

with dungeon, well equipped—willing to put white male teacher from Western Chicago suburbs through first experiences of S/M, bondage, safe oral and anal sex (condoms). Respecting my 60 years—am in good shape for age—jogger, 6'2", 170 lbs. Reimbursement while I learn. Send picture if possible. Will answer all. No drugs, whipping or WS. "Not out of closet yet!!" Box 6352

INDIANA

LET ME HELP

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

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and we'll give you Five bucks when you buy it for \$3.*

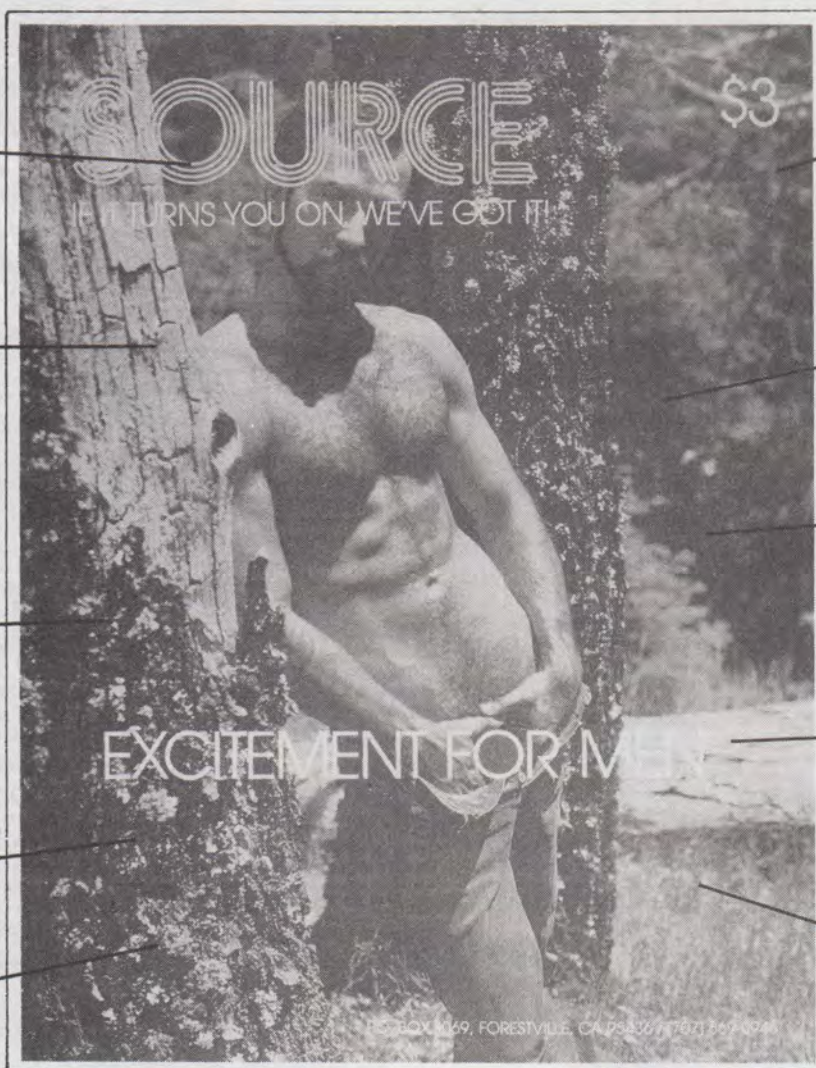
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IOWA

YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCKBUDDY

22, 6'1", 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, C&BT, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut, hairy, tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you, a HOT muscular TOP, to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29, 6'2", 248 lbs., and will try anything except piercings, scat, head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 6262LF

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE

27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7", ex-Navy. Into bondage, being gaped, rapped, suck cock, public/private humiliation. (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks, PO Box 14814, Louisville, KY 40214. (LF5756)

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

LOUISIANA

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM, 32, 6', 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

MARYLAND

ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, C&BT, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write; reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sir: I am 174, 6'3, Box 6153LF

CIGAR MEN

24, 5'8", 130 lbs., br/hz, moustache, masculine. Seeks a cigar-smokin' daddy who wants his son to light his cigar and give your tool the service it needs. Only masculine men up to 45 yo. with facial hair answer. Send photo and letter to PO Box 95, Pasadena, MD 21122

BONDAGE FANTASY

Top or bottom—let's make it a reality. Box 6354

MASSACHUSETTS

SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters, groups, mutuals please reply. Box 6147LF

SMALL MASCULINE MAN

Into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-yo. into C/BT, body punching, whipping. You be trim, in shape, and able to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5986LF

LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10". Box 6098LF

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totaly Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48-year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs., white. Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146.

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6', weigh about 160, NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST.

MARINE

My spit-shined boots want to embrace yours, brother. Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187

BALLS? PADDLES?

Very hot young sadist wants Western Mass. area masochists for strict bondage, heavy ball torture, TT, whipping and fisting. If you're trim and under 40 and can handle it then send photo/phone to: PO Box 60566, Florence, MA 01060

DAD LOOKING FOR SON

GWM, 40s, looking to meet hot younger boy for hot nipple sessions and body massage. Am bearded, hairy body and enjoy an imaginative give-and-take hot boy. Box 6345

GWM 25

5'9", 145, well built, good-looking. Into S/M, BD, etc., Top/bottom. Seeks similar buddies 21-29 for good times. Send hot descriptive letter; include height, weight, age, interests. No fluid exchange. Box 6365

MINNESOTA

BONDAGE MASTER

Do you need to be tied, gagged and tortured by an experienced but sane bearded 34-year-old Master? Then send me a letter, including a picture and phone number. Permanent live-in position possible for right boy. PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422 (LF6093)

DEMANDING MASTER

Seeks total devotion. Expect disciplined lifestyle, gardens, torture, motorcycle, complete obedience to my way. Become partnered to highly alternative priest. Magick, metaphysics, spiritual training. Must take joy in hard labor, believe in criticism/control as Master's right. Give me permanent total control for ownership beyond this life. Box 6060LF

WANTED

Super cock wanted, days ONLY. Twin Cities, Box 6368

MISSOURI

SLAVE/HOUSEBOY/SON

White professional man, 40, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeking small and boyish slave/houseboy/son, any race. Desire lifetime relationship. Sexual desires and limits discussed/respected/expanded. Must relocate and be subservient. Send revealing photo(s), application, address, phone. Will answer all. Box 5751LF

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11", 170 lbs. with brown hair. Box 5908

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BUDDY TO BUDDY MANSEX

WM law student, 35, 6'2", 210, beard, moustache, hairy chest, from Alaska, seeks hairy, uncut 27-45 man for permanent (move to Alaska) or temporary relationship. Man to man sex—sweaty crotches, skin, pits, tits, butts, poppers, imagination, rough and loving. No whipping, scat. Travel New England. (603) 225-4577. (LF5818)

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman, GWM, 42, 5'11", 170, bearded, seeks buddies into full leather. Levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, C&BT, hard safe sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

NEW JERSEY

NOVICE

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes—slave/son in Ny metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty jockstraps, handcuffs, safe sex—needs dominant, beefy Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs/alcohol. All replies answered, Sir! Box 5685

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures — movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus free non-smoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood. Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Solotex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. CJ — (201) 874-6909 1-78 and 1-287S. (LF5982)

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769)

NEW YORK

22 Y.O. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

5'9", 140, brown, blue, lean, tight, muscled, tattooed, beer drinking, healthy body. Seeks in-shape, over 6', mean top to serve mentally and physically. Have no limits, into it all. Hot letter, photo, phone. G.F., PO Box 30182, NYC, NY 10011-0102. (212) 228-1819.

SHIT AND PISS

White, 5'7", 135 lbs., hairy ass, crotch, 7" cock, moustache, wants toilet bottom for regular ass eating, piss drinking sessions. I'm 52 and like experienced men who know what they want. Age not important as hunger and thirst. Box 6018

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body I'm 6'2", 240 lbs., 34 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and, maybe, a little inexperienced. That's OK. I'm a patient teacher, safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W. 43, #14P New York, NY 10036. Photo, if you have one, gets same. (LF5777)

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

BAREHANDED SPANKINGS

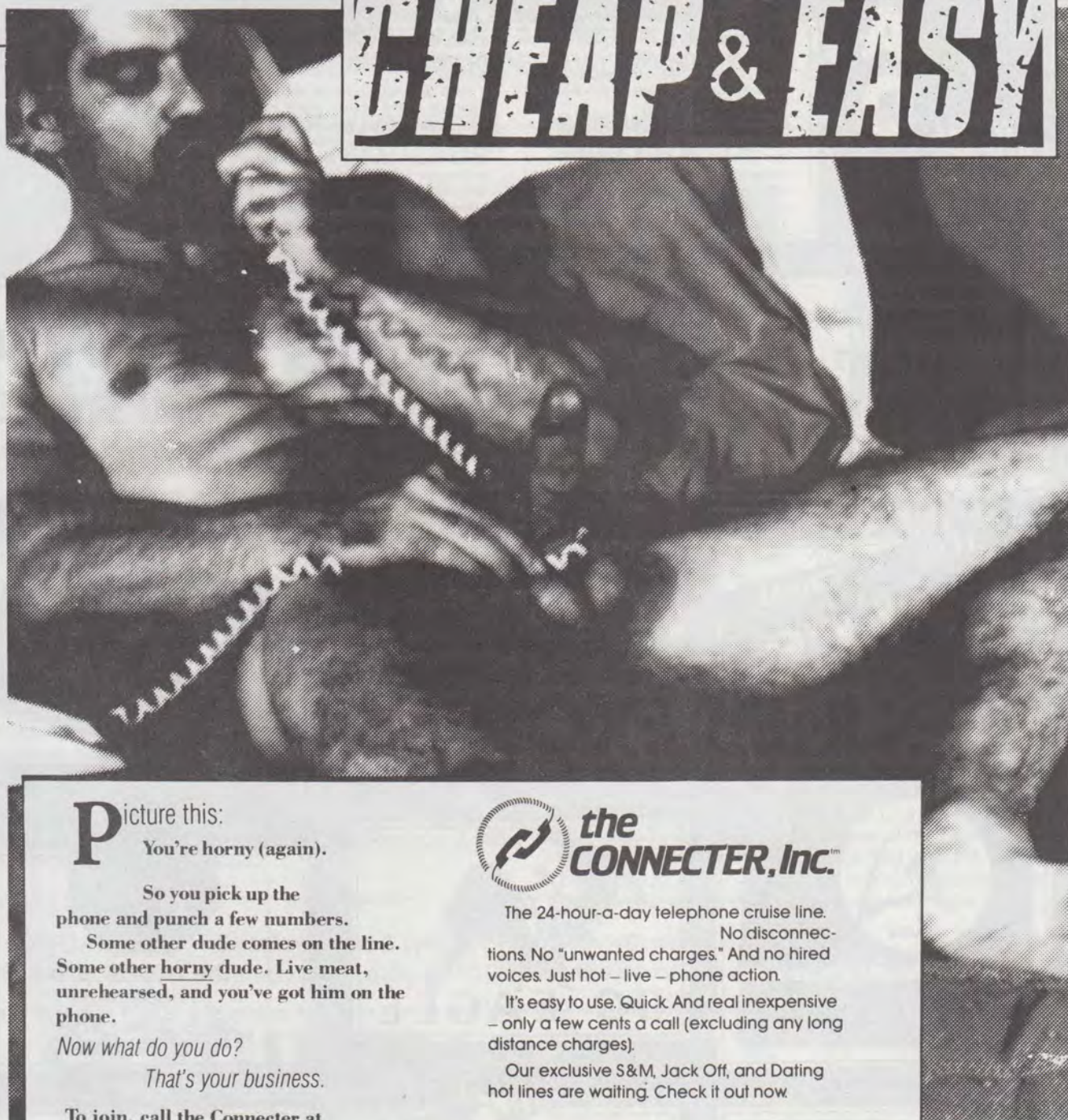
GWM wants playful spankings from man (25-young 65). Accompanying safe sex optional. Uniform helpful but not necessary. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. My place/no parking problem. But write to: L.S.A., 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

CARETAKER

I need a live-in caretaker (slave) for beautiful estatelet, on LI, New York. You will garden, and do maintenance, and retire at night to your very own cottage, where other activities will be available. You will need to send proper photos, medical and sexual history, references and the reasons you want this position. Slave's salary will be paid. Apply Box 4255LF

10¢ per minute or less

CHEAP & EASY



Picture this:
You're horny (again).

So you pick up the
phone and punch a few numbers.

Some other dude comes on the line.
Some other horny dude. Live meat,
unrehearsed, and you've got him on the
phone.

Now what do you do?

That's your business.

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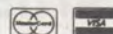
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OUTSIDE CA 1-800-SUCK-OFF

R CROSS A D S

WHERE
LEATHERMEN
MEET



CROSSROADS...

Where Leathermen Meet.

By placing an ad in this section, a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By accepting the ad, *Drummer* is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather/SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other

areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen go to socialize.

Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fliedermaus



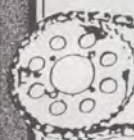
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30308
404 876-8818

LEATHER HUNK COVERMAN SCOTT ANSWER AND CENTERFOLD LEATHERMAN HARKER WADE
COME TO LIFE FROM THE RED HOT PAGES OF THE ZEUS PUBLICATION .. **ODYSSEY TWO** IN

CAPTURED

SESSION ONE & SESSION TWO

THE ALL NEW/ALL BONDAGE/ALL JACK-OFF/TWO PART VIDEO FROM ZEUS STUDIOS

SESSION ONE: HARKER WADE GETS SCOTT ANSWER "SLUNG UP"



Muscle leather stud Harker Wade manhandles his massive uncut meat fantasizing what it would be like to get blond bodybuilder Scott Answer's beautiful ass slung up, stretched out, and tied down for a deep butt session. Entering Harker's dream we find Scott stripped down to chaps, boots, and gloves; nipples pierced and padlocked; his cock three ringed; neck chained and collared; freshly shaved clean and spread out helpless in Harker's sling. Harker moves in on his captured muscle slave working his smooth, hard body over good. Harker yanks on Scott's nipple locks, chews on his overloaded balls, and roughly opens up Scott's tight shaved asshole with a huge dildo. Sweating profusely while bucking, writhing, and flexing against his leather restraints, Scott's cock erupts and he blasts a heavy load which Harker smears all over his sweaty tits and pits, making Scott suck his own cum off Harker's hands. Two of the hottest Zeusmen work their asses off to get your load. This is no-nonsense jack-off Zeus Bondage Video. Session Two on same tape.

Void in FL, GA, NC, TN, TX, UT, AZ, NB, and where prohibited by law.

SESSION TWO: SCOTT ANSWER GETS HARKER WADE "STRUNG UP"



The tables are turned on Harker Wade as Scott Answer takes control in CAPTURED/Session Two. Construction foreman Scott watches college jock prick-tease Harker on a summer job site. At the end of a long, sweaty day, Scott suggests Harker hang around after the other hard-hats leave . . . for a beer. With his sweaty bubble butt itching for the 6'2" blond, hairy chested foreman, Harker gets jumped by Scott and roughoused into his private "office." Harker's body gets thoroughly manhandled as Scott strips his college muscle jock out of his cut-offs, sweat soaked denim shirt and raunchy jock . . . down to his construction boots; then spreadeagle suspends him for an intense on-the-job-site training session. Scott forces a massive butt plug up Harker's tight little ass, and works his tits over hard. Sweating, straining and unable to stand it any longer, Harker bucks and shoots a super load while still spreadeagled. Both these Zeus hunks get off by showing off their hot, hard bodies tied up, worked over, and forced to shoot for you. They want your dick to explode while jacking off to their muscles tied up tight. Hot? You bet your ass. Zeus gets as close to your bondage nut as it's possible to get. Both sessions on same tape.

ZV-1000/CAPTURED - Sessions one & two (approximately 40 minutes) **\$45.00**
ZM-438/ODYSSEY TWO (magazine regularly \$10.00) **with the purchase of the video CAPTURED** ... **\$5.00**

CAPTURED

- ☐ ZV-1000 CAPTURED..... \$45.00 \$ _____
☐ ZM-438 ODYSSEY TWO (with purchase
of CAPTURED only)... \$5.00 \$ _____
☐ VHS ☐ Beta

TOTAL OF ITEMS \$ _____

Calif. Res. add 6½% Tax \$ _____

Shipping (\$2.50 first, \$1.00 for each add.) \$ _____

TOTAL ORDER \$ _____

Method of Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
(I am over 21 years of age)



STRICT DISCIPLINE NEEDED

From any age Puerto Rican or Italian sadist/Top by 43-yr. GWM, clean mature, discreet. PD, FD, DC, military type males preferred. Into all scenes, B/D, CBT, VA, WS, SM, catheters, piercings, Polaroids, videos, tattoos. Whip/rough me up, work me over. Either 1 on 1, doubles, groups. Our relationship will be built of fear of you and pain you give me. Looking for weekly ongoing sessions. Call (516) 285-5181, M/F 9 PM-6:30 AM, 24 hrs. weekends. Write Box 3092, GCS, New York, NY 10017.

RECEIVING END UPSTATE

31, 150, 5'9", firm tight ass needs rough ride on your condom-covered cock. Healthy, attractive submissive desired to lick your balls, service your tool, and have face slapped with your big dick. Into spankings, bondage, dildos, VA, and some cuddling given by masculine, hard, directive but warm dominant. Monogamous relationship possible. Please include vital stats, Sir.

LISTEN UP

Recently retired military seeks big-dicked Sergeant types who always wanted to fuck an officer good and hard. Now's your chance to ram that NCO pile driver long hard and deep up the CO's ass. Make him do what you want for a change. Get a buddy and take turns or stuff both ends at once. Your choice. I'm GWM, 46, 6', 195 lbs., HIV+, but healthy and horny. UR HUNG, nonstop fucker who knows what he wants and gets it. I supply rubbers and lube. You supply the meat. Box 6344

HANDSOME MASCULINE MASTER
Into total domination seeks handsome masculine slave into pain, service and loyalty for possible permanent/part-time relationship. You must live in Manhattan. No phone, no photo, no deal. Write Sir. Box 6336

RAUNCHY KINKY BLACK

late 20s, slim, hairy, healthy, likes W/S, scat, J/O, aroma, smoke, brew, videos, photos, mutual sessions and explorations. Safe. Phone, photo fantasies, desires, ideas. All races—types. Box 6330

VERSATILE HOT LEATHERMAN

Business traveler to NYC seeks mature good-looking leatherman for occasional visits. Will trade your hospitality for 'services.' Stud is theatre professional and seeks stud with similar profession. Leather a must! Photo, phone, etc. Box 6322

DADDY WANTS SLAVEBOY/SON

Forget: pain, loneliness, sleaze. Surrender: body, mind, total sex service. Become: owned, appreciated, joyfully used. Get: leathermaster, joy, security, permanence. Age, looks? Attitude's more! Experienced/inexperienced? Learn new Master's way to worship. Detailed letters earn prompt phonecall. Photos helpful, returned, undemanded. Your chance for top-man's love, home, happiness, future. Don't blow it! Box 6324LF

WHIPPING BOY

Misbehaved son needs regular sessions with dad's belt and razor strap. Am boyish lkng 30, 5'7", 140. Dad over 40 write with photo: Box 415, Leonia, NJ 07605.

MASCULINE BOTTOM BOY

Slave/masochist seeks Top into sexual service, intense discipline, punishment, moderate verbal abuse, humiliation. I'm muscular, 25 yo., good-looking, clean, seeking masculine man, 25-45, possible monogamous relationship. PO Box 1401, Old Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10011-9998.

TOY!

An item for Daddy's S&M pleasure. Toy must have all workable parts for play time. He must be mechanical to help build his toolbox. Daddy is 46, 6'3", 180 lbs. Toy must be short, good build, versatile sexually. (718) 447-5465. Other toys can be collected but you will be my favorite. You will answer to toy.

WILL CONSIDER ALL SCENES

30, 5'10", 180, Italian. Top, bottom, W/S, scat, orgies, voyeurism or exhibitionism for 2 or more men, Queens area, daytime OK. No feds. Send photo and phone if possible. Box 006, 86-02 111 St., Richmond Hill, NY 11418

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

DILDO AND TIT SEX

Masculine Scorpio Top GWM 41 5'9" 165 blk/bl. Short course beard digs guys into heavy nipple action with suction and clamps for prolonged pain. Deep hot dildo fucking, CBT and shaving. You: hungry nipples are a plus. No blood. Serious tit men only. Box 256, 132 West 24, NYC, NY 10011

BORN TO FIST?

NYC FF expert, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., smooth gym bod, slick hand, wild hole, with playroom & sling seeks versatile very horny trim hot local FF buddy 20-40, to 160 lbs., into body worship, J/O, oil wrestling, smoke, aroma and awesome mutual fisting, hopefully repeatable; of course, safely. PO Box 3035, New York, NY 10185.

PUERTORRIQUENO?

Your feet, nuts, mighty meat boss, scent, massage dad's face. He looks good, sniffs, bathes, drinks, milks good. Sleeps straddled under borinquen balls. Box 300 076, Brooklyn, NY 11230

HOT-ASSED GREEK PASSIVE

Good-looking 33-year-old, 5'9, 143, needs taller healthy aggressive Topman, white, Black or Latin, with moustache and dominant attitude to fuck my ass. PO Box 581, New York, NY 10274.

NAKED BOTTOM

Exhibitionist, WM, 37, 6', 180, needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties. Into bondage, TT, CBT, shaving, leather, W/S, aroma, toys. Indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare-ass and exposed. Live upstate, Box 5696LF

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves. Sir! Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH

Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your acct hung Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo phone letter of worthiness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243, S.I., NY 10306, or call (718) 979-0328. Must be ready to relocate. (LF5674)

SHIT BUDDY WANTED

GWM, 35, 6', 150 lbs., blond, smooth wants regular mutual scenes with man under 40. Horny for hot, dirty action! Write PO Box 987, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163.

WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Call (718) 492-0940

MY MOUTH, YOUR TOILET

Need shit, piss, puke, snot dumped in my mouth, face. Need to be fucked simultaneously. Groups only (2 or more plus me). Am 38, 150, handsome. Call (212) 691-6474 between 7-10 PM

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

Trim, 6'1", 51, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

BONDAGE

31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn/brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT, hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5670LF

RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK, so we have to be careful, but there must be L.I. studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, tit work, J/O, mutual dildoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1", 160 lbs., blond, 7", handsome stud for fast reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

TALL BIG-FOOTED BOTTOMS

Do you want to act out sweaty locker room scenes, frat hazing, brothers, and other exciting head trips with a hot WM, 31, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Frank between 8 PM-12 Mid. at (212) 675-7352 to meet (no phone J/O) in NYC for regular explosive action. Tall tops welcome too. (LF5769)

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF.

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM, mid-30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene—tall, lean, well-developed pecs, dark hair, moustache. Fantasies: leather, spankings, paddlings, slow tit torture, cock/ball torture. I need a patient MASTER to show me the ropes so I will no longer be a novice. PO Box 780, Horace Harding Sta., Flushing, NY 11362-9991. (LF5863)

23 Y.O. BONDAGE TOILET

Straight construction-biker for singles, groups. Serious only. Letter, photo, phone. Box 6087

ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB), at the Spike, J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45, 5'9", 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected. Box 6097LF

COP SHITHOLE SUCKER

Well-built, healthy 28 yo. WM, 5'11", 165 lbs., European, uncut, wants to suck on your filthy shithole. Special attention given to COPS, construction workers and body builders with huge and beefy butts. I'm masculine, beer drinker and turned on by straight guys. I need a macho cop to plant his butt on my face and let me have a good taste of it. Please, officer, call or write, Box 6124. Tel. (718) 846-0845, Danny Discretion assured.

BIG BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks an experienced Top, a man who knows what he wants. I don't look like the obedient type. I'm 6'2", 250 lbs., good-looking, blue eyes, light brown hair, into toys, tits, balls, assplay. You tell me what I can do for you. Mike Martin, c/o 400 W 43, #14P, NY, NY 10036. (LF5777)

SADIST DAD SEEKS BB SON

or trim. Me 6', 200 lbs., attractive, 49, beard. Bondage, TT, face slapping. Mind control submissive disciplined punishment. Leather fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body fluids, raunch, drugs. Safe mean, monogamous. My rules obeyed gets you rough tender friend. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6118LF

OWN, USE, ABUSE & LOVE ME

Tall, healthy, SM/cooked 34 WM masochist offers life to go-lkng hung, firm Master. No limits. Permanent ownership and control. Please my Master's every need as his naked, hairless, pierced, branded, toilet-trained, B&D'd, F/F'd, waxed, burned, prodded, cock-sucking, assfucked slave. No return. Box 6135LF

BLACK RAPIST WANTED

by white male, 42, 6'1", 165, for rough rape scenes. Box 6130

HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome tag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

FIRE ISLAND WEEKENDS

Private accommodation incl. separate well-equipped dungeon available for rental to SM couples weekends or longer periods at attractive beach front house. References required. Telephone for details: (516) 597-6484

TEACH ME TO BE YOUR SHITBOY

Need WM 35+ to teach me to feed from his hairy wide ass. Me: good-looking boyish WM (27, 160, br/gr, 5'9") eager to learn. Prefer beard, balding, verbal, hairy w/natural body, chunky NYC area. Box 6298LF

RAUNCH DUDE

31, 160, hot into mutual assplay and fun, W/S. Looking for smelly partner to enjoy. Getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

TAKE A DUMP IN MY MOUTH

Hot blond asslicker needs heavy humiliation from filthy-minded Topmen. I'm 27, 5'10", beard, 150 lbs., good-looking pig. If possible, send photo/phone to: PO Box 468, Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012



JERK-OFF PUNISHMENT

You are wearing a hardhat, leather tool belt and work boots. Your foreman catches you beating your meat on the job. You have a choice: submit to his punishment or get fired. You will be tied to a ladder. Your cock and balls bound in a leather thong. A clothespin clamped to your nipple. I will take off my boots and hand them from your balls. You will then be slowly jerked off. You will cum only when your boss lets you. If you love this, fuck off. If you know you need it, have to have it, write. You must be able to beg, plead, squirm and cuss a lot for this fantasy to work. I smoke cigars. Box 6304

MARRIED MALE

looking for a close buddy, married preferred, others with proper attitude considered. I am white, 36, six feet tall, 175 pounds, blue eyes, brown hair, in-shape and I expect the same. You must be part pig and be willing to enter into a relationship of friendship and commitment. You should enjoy all anal and oral activities. This could save our lives. Safe sex only until a firm relationship has been established. Applicants should live on or near Staten Island. Please respond with phone number and photo to PO Box 010999, Staten Island, NY 10301-0003.

LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need to be punched, kicked and stomped. Age/race unimportant, but where your head is, is all important. If you understand what this is all about, and need to be worked over, include your phone and photo. Other leathermen of same mind welcome to reply also. Box 4840LF

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

Novice bottom, HIV+, healthy and horny, needs training in SS from A-Z, anything that makes a hung Topman hard and ready to plow long and deep. I'm GWM, 46, 6', 195 lbs. UR HUNG, intense, dominant, horny and experienced. Box 5949LF

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

Two hot guys—35 & 45—seek others for mutual ass play. Respond to LRI, Box 447, Huntington Station, NY 11746.

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes—especially spanking, (safe) Gr/A, assplay B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE

NY director/writer seeks non-actors for theatre production in May. Men living leather lifestyle needed to explore beauty and isolation of this community during the age of AIDS. Serious replies requested for serious project. Box 6163

MAN 35-55 WANTED

by sexy 38-year-old seeking long-term permanent relationship only—Trade-offs (212) RE-41856. Nick.

ULTIMATE

Pig shit bottom, 32, 160, 5'11", looking for the "ultimate" in satanic trips. Tell me where to be and when. If you're not dangerous, don't bother answering ad. Chemicals a + 496A Hudson St., Suite F41, New York, NY 10014.

BODYBUILDER SEEKS VERY TALL

Are you 6'4" or taller? Dig muscle? Like some give-and-take S&M? Am 5'10", 192, 41, very muscular. Rick, 496A Hudson, #H24, New York, NY 10014.

UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear. I'm 38, H'some, 6 ft, 185, manly. Guaranteed to blow your mind away into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Travel U.S. It's dick drippin' time, buddy.

BIG RED-HOT NIPPLES

on slender trim frame, 6' young fifties. Require abuse, bondage, pain, from titmaster. Other service given too. Any age, race, but young hairy dominants preferred. PO Box 81, NYC 10011.

KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too) GWM, 33, good-looking, seeks dom top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into: instant rimming any place, anytime; regular scat meals, munching, & snacks; tongue toiletpaper service; head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim; drinking toiletbowl & tongue cleaning it on command; heavy long-term bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket); stockade and pillory; confinement & cages; boots & sneakers; being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing; enforced chastity, uniforms & rubber; public

FAN OF FANTASIES

Seek NYC area men into any of the following: VA, SM, BD, LL, uniforms, role-playing, body worship, threesomes, French, I'm submissive, 32, 5'9", 165, clean-shaven, hairy and a nice guy. Sorry, no smokers, anal sex, rimming, drugs. Your age, race, appearance unimportant. Your intelligence, imagination, creativity vital. Box 6277

SLAVES SHOULD BE SHAVED!

Experienced inventive, safe and sane Master demands session include shaving (at least) your worthless slave body and (preferably) your heads as well. Box 6276

SLAVEBOY: DADDY CALLS!

Live NYC, earn GWM leathermaster's care. Boyish 21+, inexperienced OK, transformed into perfect possession, given luxury, good home, travel, security, fulfillment in belonging to successful, sexy topman. Photo(s), phone number preferred. Box 6273

RAUNCH ANYONE?

WM, 28, 5'10, 150, masculine, wants to see your shit dumped, steaming piss and lick that smelly asshole. Also enjoy verbal abuse and dirty talk. Latins especially welcome. Let's hear your ideas. Phone/photo to Box 6267

BLACK RAPIST WANTED

by white male, 42, 6'1", 165, for rough rape scenes. Box 6130

POLICE OFFICER'S SHIT

Uncut, scorpio toilet stud wants to worship hard, smelly turds from big MACHO COPS, construction workers, gas station attendants. All bluecollar type workers welcome. I'm straight acting, well built, 28 yo., 6', 170 lbs., blond hair, moustache, blue eyes. Like to get down on my knees to clean shitty straight butts, smell thick, hot manturds, drink piss from big uncut dicks. Looks and attitude important. Billy (718) 849-1270. J/O calls OK between 9PM and midnight. Box 6265

VERSATILE AND HOT

Seeking experienced masters or slaves. Am 40 yo., 160, 5'11", 7" cut, healthy, brown hair and moustache. Educated and professional. Respect same. Open to most scenes. Box 6259

LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175, 40, in-shape needs real man, 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police, bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

SADIST 42

seeks personal full-service toilet into pain, humiliation, abuse, exhibitionism for use as ashtray (cigar butts), asswipe, punch-kick bag. Masochist/slave will not be permitted to come while serving Sadist. Applicants shall strip, kneel and write groveling, humiliating letter. State qualifications, etc. Photo appreciated. Box 6287

NORTH CAROLINA

COASTAL CAROLINAS

Crystal Coast to Grand Strand. White male 30 interested in contacting (meeting?) others along the North and South Carolina Coasts. Top, Bottom, Experienced or novice, into Leather, Bondage, Bikes or general rough stuff, if you're reading this I want to hear from you. Inland responses welcomed. Box 5979LF



PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

Cell Block 28, 28 9th Avenue, New York City, NY 10014. Downstairs Meets every Wednesday 8 PM-2 AM. Doors close 1 AM. Free soda bar & clothes check. BYOB. Admission \$6. Bring in this ad for a free membership. For more information, stop by or phone (212) 367-7484. Leave message on machine.

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave: good-looking GWM, 45, 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

to train me to serve him. I am beginner but eager to learn. Photo if possible. Thank you. Sir Box 6279



PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself. What you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

OHIO

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British school-boy GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P. Son into B&D, C&T, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH Box 5514LF

MASTER AKRON-CANTON AREA

GWM, 48, 5'9", 180 lbs. seeking slave relationship with Master 40 to 65, any race. Experienced—discipline, bondage, TT, CBT, FF, dildo, CS, GS, etc. Open to all services as required. Detailed letter and photo. Will answer all immediately. Box 6358

OKLAHOMA

BLISTER MY BUTT!

Good-looking, married white male, 30, needs his bare bottom spanked hard over your knee. I am 6'2", 180, clean-cut, super clean and discreet. Bi preferred, but all masculine guys okay. Boxholder, PO Box 91, Bethany, OK 73008

OREGON

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

LETS DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40540, Portland OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

PENNSYLVANIA

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relieve their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Pennell, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottom-men for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

PHILADELPHIA TOILET MOUTH

Slim, attractive wants to recycle safe masters—couples to 45. Box 6293

MASTER WANTED

by 25-yr., 6'2", 185, bodybuilder slave. Will do anything you ask. Love boots, feet, pits, eating ass, BD, WS, etc. Write with photo to JB, 319 W County Line Rd., Hatboro, PA 19040.

HOT BOTTOM NEEDED

by mid-30s GWM, 5'9", 180 lbs., blond, blue, top, muscular, bearded. Tired of scenes. Seeks hot, muscular bottom who knows how to meet a Top's needs. No tats, feds, disco queens. PO Box 86072, Pittsburgh, PA 15221.

LEATHER/BOOTMAN

looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed. If you need long rough sessions, verbal abuse, and having a man hold you on while you service him, get off your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11", 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

RHODE ISLAND

FAT MEN

Over 250, any age. Let me lick your ass. Send photo. Box 6311

MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need teacher; to be naked; expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

TENNESSEE

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed, son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF.

TEXAS

DALLAS

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

DISOBEDIENT BOYS

Hung Houston Daddy, 42, 6', 165 lbs., disciplines good-looking deserving boys, 21-34, until they cry, then satisfies them with heavy Greek action and tender care. Box 6333

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

LUBBOCK

Highly versatile and very horny WM, 34, 5'9", 165, 7 1/2 cut, HIV-, into CBT, TT, leather, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. Muscled studs, cops, military are special turn-ons. Will consider many types of scenes with really hot men. Letter, photo & phone to Box 6269LF

KINKY CC LEATHERTOP

Latino, 6'2", 44, 190 lbs., sweaty, stinky, uncult seeks monogamous (safe sex) relationship. Bottom must crave cleaning my greasy/diesel smelling black engineer boots at least twice a day and must crave worship of leatherclad top from head to toe. Bottom must crave Top dressed in greasy Levis and greasy gloves for TT, light to heavy S/M, BD. Top can handle any scene. Recent photo/phone gets response. Get on your knees and drop me a line, my boots need immediate attention. Would like to hear from tops into same scene. Box 6338

LORD REX!

slave, you wrote a very respectful second letter requesting ME to reconsider your slave application: you neglected to include return address. Provide it NOW!

TOILET WIMP

Late 20s, boyish, slim build, wants to sniff your masculine asshole. PO Box 980562, Houston, TX 77098-0562

LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair/blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF.

VERMONT

HOT VERMONT BOTTOM

Tim of Long Island, no longer have use of phone. Would like to hear from you. Need full-time leather Master, know you are it, Sir. Wayne D. Bannister, RD #2, Rt. 30, Box 2102, Middlebury, VT 05753. (LF5750)

VIRGINIA

BB SLAVE

Very attractive, successful, 31, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7", bubble butt, big chest/arms seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) to submit to mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. needs. You: under 40, hung and in good shape. Willing to relocate. Travel. Photo. Phone. Mike, Box 6206LF

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE FF BOTTOM

WM, 41, 6'4", 195, cut, moustache, brown hair. Have lover and looking for weekday activities. Some experience. Need to explore and expand limits. Hairy tops a plus. Box 6116LF

WISCONSIN

SLAVE DADDY

WM, 40s, 6', 200, hairy, seeks Master son to 30s. Prefer naked, shackled total service, prolonged bondage, shaving whipping, CBT, wax. Long-hair punks a plus! Relationship possible. Love serving groups! Box 6337

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Experienced English masochist (37), great body, attractive, sincere, fit, healthy, mobile, seeks imaginative, strong-minded sadist/master/satanist for absolute mental and physical submission. Worships all S/M activity but now seeking real pain, utter depravity and exquisite pleasure through total slavery. And perhaps crucifixion. Available anytime, anywhere—quite genuine. Box 6299LF

GERMAN MUSCULAR SLAVE

Healthy, hot, 39, 5'8", 140 lbs., gym body, needs heavy master for bondage, discipline, J/O, TT, safe sex. Will come to the USA this summer. Your photo gets mine. Box 6355

CANADA

DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking, 33, 6'3", 210, dark hair/beard, seeks "doctor" to give me a complete naked physical examination, paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver. Box 5658LF

QUEBEC!

Montreal. Are you coming soon? Do you need a good guide? Professional massage and possibly a place to stay. Don't miss this offer with a 36-year-old Quebecois, Adam, C.P. 442, Socc.C. Montreal, Quebec, H2L 4K3

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Two Danish leathermen, 46, 42, masculine, versatile and insatiable for black leather, invite travelling leathermen in complete black leather gear from cap to boots to visit them. Hot tit and C/B play and most safe-sex scenes. Extremely tall black boots a special turn-on. Photo welcome. Box 6357LF

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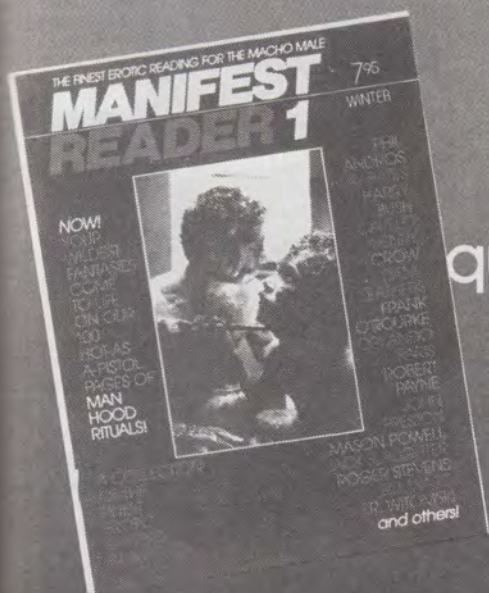
MUSCULAR TOPS

wanted by honest to goodness nice guy who wants to be raped by one or more. 34, 6', 168 lbs., businessman by day. Bondage experts into deep ass-work and S/M, hairy, hung, healthy. Beards, skins. Strong-minded and sociable. U.K., Europe, anywhere write detailed letter with photo. Box 6230LF

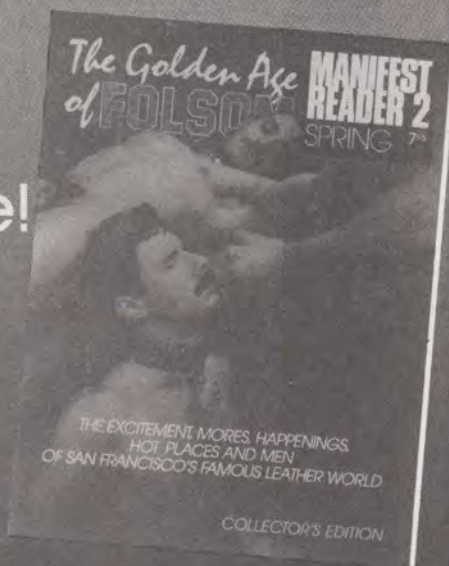
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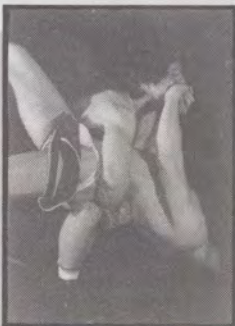
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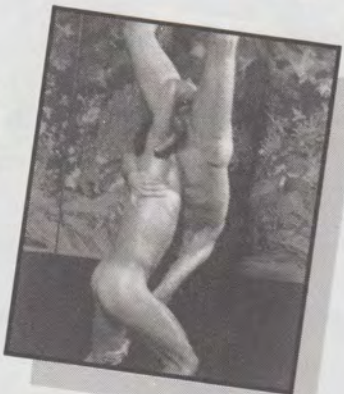
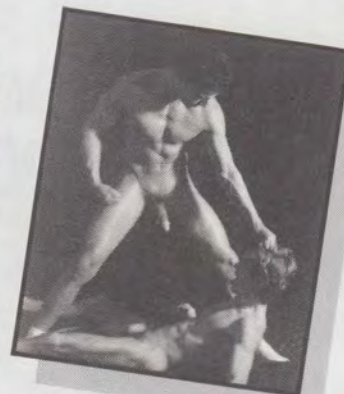
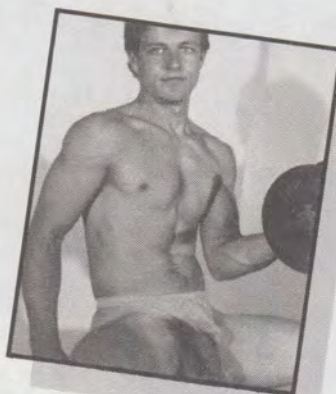
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Meet your match in a 6' blond living in London. Am into bondage, FF, body shaving and a desire to turn you into a slave. You, any nationality with a strong desire to serve. Get writing, cocksucker Box 5829

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32 yrs., fair hair, blue eyes, 6'2", muscular, 177 lbs., 9" uncult. Versatile FF, CBT, TT, into safe sex with lots of imagination and men who like to give and receive. Have good collection leather and rubber. Write explicit letter with photo or phone. London 767-3954. Box 6241LF

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Japanese, healthy intelligent, clean daddy 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

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Leather and SM turn me on. German, 41, 6'3", 190, knowledgeable, into experimental and new things, wants to get in touch and possibly meet with interesting men into most forms of the leather world. I am often in the states. Let me hear from you and tell and show me more of yourself. Box 5755LF

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Bottom, GWM, 38, 5'11", 180. Seeking to correspond with others into hot, long-term bondage, hoods, gags, TT, CBT, dildos in a safe-sex context. Kidnaping, hostage scenes really turn me on. Pic gets mine. Travel to the US, once or twice each year. Box 6073LF

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A L/L fraternity for the serious minded. Want to meet other L/L brothers and get involved in our AIDS fundraising benefits. Write now for membership info: Founders of the Leather Daddy's and Daddy's Boy contests in S.F. & the Mr. Leather N.Y. contest. Box 410, 132 West 24th St., NYC 10011

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FOOTGUYS

The new contact club for guys into boots, shoes, sneakers, sox, feet, the related clothing and more. Send SASE for info to A.M., PO Box 786, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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National Cocksucker Club needs deep throats and big fat cocks! SASE to PO Box 723, Sun Valley, CA 91353-0723.

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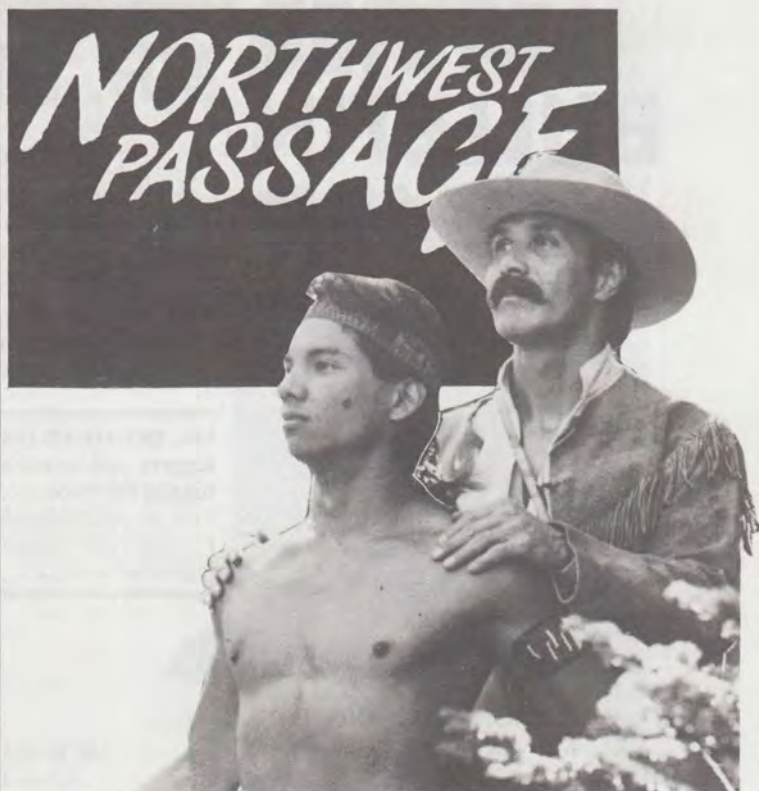
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MR. DRUMMER 1988

THE MARCH BEGINS

Mr. Drummer area and regional contests are gearing up all across the continent and in Europe as well. Regional sponsors are promoting local contests that will feed local winners into their regional finals, and the regional winners will participate in the Mr. Drummer Finals scheduled for San Francisco on September 24, 1988.



MR. DRUMMER 1987, MARK ALEXANDER (the tit tigger), and his partner, PETER MORRISON (with tugged tit). Photos courtesy Buckshot Productions from an upcoming video. For more information write PO Box 1009, Studio City, CA 91604. Tell them *Drummer sent ya!*

REGIONAL REPORTS:

Mr. New England Drummer:

The contest originally scheduled for March in Portland, ME, was canceled. There currently is no sponsor for the New England Region. Interested organizations should contact Tony DeBlase at *Drummer*.

Mr. Northeast Drummer:

Parties in New York City are interested but as yet there is no commitment for this region. Inquiries are invited.

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer:

Robert Sheets of Queen City Coordinators, Charlotte, NC, will be hosting this contest over the July 4 weekend. The tentative schedule includes a Drummerboy contest on July 1, a preliminary judging on July 2 and the Regional finals on July 3.

Mr. Dixie Drummer:

Texas Drilling Company in Atlanta, GA, will sponsor this contest on a TBA mid-summer weekend.

Mr. Southeast Drummer:

Tacky's in Ft. Lauderdale is again sponsoring this contest and making available a cash prize of \$2500 in addition to the trip to San Francisco for the finals! Festivities will begin with a Leather Fashion Show and Contestant Party at Boots on the 15th of April and the Contest will be held at Tacky's on April 16. Mark Alexander, Mr. Drummer 1987, will be making an appearance at this event.

Mr. Midwest Drummer:

This regional contest will again be sponsored by Spurs and held at the Dock in Cincinnati, OH. The date has not yet been set.

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer:

A new regional title serving the Upper Midwest/Great Lakes region will be sponsored by the new Detroit Eagle. The date has not yet been set.

Mr. Great Plains Drummer:

Another new title serving the plains and prairie states will be sponsored by the Dixie Bell Saloon in Kansas City. The date has not yet been set.



Mr. Southwest Drummer:

Chutes in Houston will again sponsor this regional contest over the 4th of July weekend. The Regional Finals Contest itself will be held at Chutes on the 4th of July. Several other events are being planned for the weekend. There will be a \$200 cash prize for the winner in addition to the trip to San Francisco for the finals. Area contests scheduled so far include preliminaries at The Trestle in Dallas and at Chain Drive in Austin.

OVERSEAS LISTINGS

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer:

Leon will sponsor this regional in Denver in late June. More information will come in the next issue of *Drummer*.

Mr. Southern California Drummer:

Probe in Los Angeles will again host the regional contest that has sent the last two Mr. Drummer winners to San Francisco. The contest will be on April 16. Der Wolf in San Diego is hosting a preliminary contest on April 9.

Mr. Northern California Drummer:

This contest is again tentatively scheduled for the San Francisco Eagle. More information will follow. A preliminary Mr. San Jose Drummer will be held at Club St. John in San Jose on March 27. Well known Bay Area comic, Danny Williams, and current Mr. Northern California Drummer, Pete Pettine, will participate in the show.

Mr. Northwest Drummer:

This year Mr. Northwest is moving even further north, to Vancouver, BC, where Mack's Leathers is sponsoring regional finals to be held at Celebrities on Sunday, September 4. Preliminary contests are, to date, scheduled for Vancouver, Seattle, and Portland.

Mr. East Canada Drummer:

A group in Montreal is considering hosting this regional contest. More information will follow.

Mr. Europe Drummer:

The regional finals is sponsored by The Eagle Bar in Amsterdam and will be held in August at a large hall near the bar. We will provide more information on this and on area contests around Europe as we are notified.

Mr. Australia Drummer:

Come on you Aussie Leathermen! Celebrate your bicentennial by sending a Leather Hunk to represent you in San Francisco in September.

Join the gang marching to the beat of the different drum.

Sponsor a Mr. Drummer Contest. To hold a local contest contact your regional sponsor and make arrangements. (Note: regions have no boundaries and there is no prohibition against participating in more than one regional contest.) If you are interested in being a regional sponsor for open areas indicated above, or for other areas we have not yet considered, contact Tony DeBlase at 415/978-5377. □

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F-75122 Paris Cedex 03
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Bart, Inc.

Cheruskerring 47
D-4400 Hunster
West Germany

Black Angels Köln

c/o Ferdi Wetzels
Postfach 1503
D-5100 Aachen
West Germany

*Boomers MC

GPO Box 3926
Darwin 5794 NT
Australia

Club LL

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1016TM Amsterdam
The Netherlands

*Cruisers MC

PO Box 57
Altona 3018
Melbourne, Victoria
Australia

*Dolphins MC

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Petersham North 2049 NSW
Australia

European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs (ECMC)

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CH-8025 Zurich
Switzerland

FKH

c/o Postfach 3041
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FLC (Frankfurt Leder Club)

c/o Hartmut Polaschek
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D-6000 Frankfurt am Main
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France

*Griffin MC

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Canberra 2601 ATC
Australia

Gruppe Leder, S/M (GLSM)

Eichholz 56
PO Box 32448
D-2000 Hamburg 13
West Germany

Iron Tigers MC

c/o Bear
6 Hillview Ave., Rowville
Melbourne, 3179 Victoria
Australia

*Jackaroos MC

PO Box 53
Albert Park 3206
Melbourne, Victoria
Australia

*Leathermen Dusseldorf

c/o Alf Dahlwitz
Charlottenstrasse 49
D-4000 Dusseldorf 1
West Germany

LFRR Essen

c/o Club Go In
Steeler Str. 183
4300 Essen 1
West Germany

*London Boxing & Wrestling Club (FL)

60 Claybury
Bushey, Herts. WD2 3ET
England

MC Milano

c/o Aldo F. Prandina
Via Castelmorone 1/A
I-20129 Milano
Italy

MCF Leather, MC

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I-50100 Firenze
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M.S.C. (SW)

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E-08080 Barcelona
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GB-Newcastle-upon-Tyne
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MSC-Pennine Chain

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14 St. John's Grove
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GB-Wakefield WF1 3SA
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D-6000 Frankfurt/M 61
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D-7800 Freiburg
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PO Box 3343
CH-1002 Lausanne
Switzerland

NLC Franken

Humboldtstrasse 136
D-8500 Nurnberg
West Germany

Continued on page 94

22ND ANNUAL MOTORCYCLE AWARDS

On Saturday, February 13, 1988 the Barbary Coasters M/C hosted the 22nd Annual Motorcycle Awards at the "Show Folks of America Auditorium" in San Francisco. The event was well attended by guests from all over the West Coast. The continuing goal in hosting the Motorcycle Awards is to provide a means by which all of us can recognize and honor each other's work and achievements over the previous year. It is gratifying, as well as exciting, to be honored by one's brothers, but it must come honestly and freely if it is to have any real meaning. The Awards are one of the significant ways in which we accept, recognize, and pay tribute to Clubs and Individuals from throughout the Bike, Leather and Uniform Community.

The Awards, though sponsored by the Barbary Coasters MC, belong to the entire Gay Motorcycling Community. In November, information was submitted from all of the participating clubs in Northern California with regards to social events, one-day runs, and weekend runs held in the Awards Year of 1987. Based on this information, a list of qualified voters was constructed. (Individual requirements for voting this year depended on attendance at $\frac{2}{3}$ or more of the One-Day/Weekend Runs held by the participating clubs for the 1.0 General Categories Ballot. Actual competitive motorcycle participation was the criterion used for the 2.0 Motorcycle Categories Ballot.)

In December, the first nominating ballots were mailed to those qualified to vote according to the above requirements. Upon return of the completed ballots, a special meeting was held with a representation from various clubs as well as a representative for the independent vote. The envelopes were opened, tallied, and thus the Final Voting Ballot was set. At the beginning of January, the Final Voting Ballots were again mailed to qualified voters for their final decisions. These ballots were then completed and returned by the end of the month. All the unopened Final Voting Ballots were delivered under double custody to the accounting firm of Bill Martin, C.P.A., which is independent from any club, for the last tabulation. The results were sealed in envelopes for security until the evening of the Awards Presentations.

The bulk of this year's Awards were snatched up by the Constantines of the Bay Area and the S.F.G.D.I. Club with nine awards each. The G.D.I.s swept as a result of an outstanding Weekend Run and In-town Show; whereas the Constantines excelled with their Motorcycle Events. Other Awards went to the Cycle Runners MC, Cheaters MC, 42nd Street Gang, Barbary Coasters MC, and the Independents.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the evening (and a first in the 22-year history of the Awards), was a three-way tie for the prestigious award of "Man of the Year." All three candidates were equally qualified and deserving!

There were no losers in the Awards, as it is an extreme honor unto itself to be placed into the nominations for any category. Special congratulations are in order for both the nominees and the winners of the 1987 Motorcycle Awards!

An extremely commendable job of sound and lights was accomplished by the new kids on the block (well, sort of new), John Wilson of "Sound Choices" and David Dysart of "Puds Presents."

1.0 GENERAL CATEGORIES

1.01	BEST OPEN SOCIAL FUNCTION "MINSKYS"	S.F.G.D.I. Club
1.02	BEST RUN THEME "18 WHEELER"	S.F.G.D.I. Club
1.03	BEST NON-BIKE COMPETITIVE EVENT—WEEKEND RUN "ICE CREAM SOCIAL"	Cycle Runners M/C
1.04	BEST INDIVIDUAL NUMBER IN A RUN SHOW "NEW YORK, NEW YORK"	Harley Rowe
1.05	BEST GROUP NUMBER IN A RUN SHOW "EIGHTEEN WHEELER"	Andy Black/GDI Truckers
1.06	BEST ONE-DAY RUN "MIDSUMMER MADNESS"	S.F.G.D.I. Club
1.07	BEST FOOD ON A WEEKEND RUN "18 WHEELER"	S.F.G.D.I. Club
1.08	BEST SHOW ON A WEEKEND RUN "18 WHEELER"	S.F.G.D.I. Club
1.09	BEST RUN THEME "18 WHEELER"	S.F.G.D.I. Club
1.10	BEST INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE/IN-TOWN SHOW "SWANNEE RIVER"	Jim Luer
1.11	BEST GROUP PERFORMANCE/IN-TOWN SHOW "INDIAN LOVE CALL" "THE TIME WARP"	Vinnie Russell/Rocky Rockwood 42nd Street Gang
1.12	BEST GUEST CAMPSITE "42ND STREET GANG"	Barbary Coaster/Warlock Run
1.13	BEST INDIVIDUAL GUEST NIGHT PERFORMANCE "I'M A SENSITIVE LITTLE BOY"	Richard Wellner
1.14	BEST GROUP GUEST NIGHT PERFORMANCE "SOMEWHERE OUT THERE"	42nd Street Gang

2.0 MOTORCYCLE CATEGORIES

2.01	BUDDY M/C EVENT OF THE YEAR—ONE-DAY RUN "EARTHQUAKE '87"	Constantines
2.02	BUDDY M/C EVENT OF THE YEAR—WEEKEND RUN "BUILDING COIT TOWER"	Constantines
2.03	RIDER M/C EVENT OF THE YEAR—ONE-DAY RUN "GATHER THE ROSES"	Barbary Coasters M/C
2.04	RIDER M/C EVENT OF THE YEAR—WEEKEND RUN "CROOKEDEST STREET IN THE WORLD"	Constantines
2.05	CLUB WITH THE BEST OVERALL M/C FIELD EVENTS ON A WEEKEND RUN "12 INCHER/FALL FIELD MEET"	Constantines

3.0 SPECIAL CATEGORIES

3.01	BUDDY RIDER OF THE YEAR (Based on overall highest Motor-Cross scores for the entire year.) "JOHN SCHAECK"	Constantines
3.02	RIDER OF THE YEAR (Based on overall highest Motor-Cross scores for the entire year.) "RIC GAZEY"	Constantines
3.03	MAN OF THE YEAR (Based on a single vote from each of the participating Clubs.) "FRANK BENOIT" "GARY KENYON" "ROCKY ROCKWOOD"	Constantines Constantines Cheaters M/C
3.04	PRESIDENT'S TROPHY (Given at the sole discretion of the President of the Barbary Coasters M/C for outstanding contributions to the Motorcycle Community.) "VIC GALVIN"	Independent
3.05	VICE PRESIDENT'S TROPHY (Given at the sole discretion of the Vice President/Awards Chairman of the Barbary Coasters M/C for outstanding service to the Motorcycle Community.) "ROCKY ROCKWOOD"	Cheaters M/C



MAN OF THE YEAR: Rocky Rockwell, Vinnie Russell, Gary Kenyon, and Frank Benoit were nominees for the 22nd Annual Motorcycle Awards' prestigious Man of the Year award, which this year ended in an unprecedented three-way tie!



MR. RUBBER
CLUB



Good work, guys, I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of you throughout the 1988 Awards Year! Video taping of the event was performed by Luis Cordero and Bruce McCutcheon of the S.F.G.D.I. Club and the still photography was done by Scott Martin.

This year's Souvenir Awards Program was also a smashing success as a result of the dedicated efforts of David Valentine and Gary Kenyon of "David's Print Shop." It offered a historical account of all of the past winners of Man of the Year and President of the Year from 1966 to 1986 on the inside front cover. The Barbary Coasters wish to thank our dedicated advertisers from Denver, Las Vegas, and Los Angeles, as well as our local friends right here in San Francisco. We encourage everyone to support those who have advertised with us.

—Jason Garrett
Corresponding Secretary
Barbary Coasters MC, San Francisco

fraternity now includes 31 men working hard to develop dynamic, nationally acclaimed programs.

Monthly rap discussions with 50 to 125 people in attendance quickly became the cornerstone of this effort. Presentations of The SM Image in Art, Role Playing, and SM and the Law complement demonstrations of Electrotorture, Temperature Trips and Bondage. Proud of their kinky identity, the members of Avatar march annually in the gay pride parade in West Hollywood. Concerned for their brothers afflicted with AIDS, they have sponsor successful AIDS benefits, including the October 1984 Mr. Silverlake Leather Contest.

Weekend trips, Tops and Bottoms raps, and special interest workshops, as well as a variety of social evenings, combine to define one of this country's largest gay SM organizations. Featured Avatar guests from the national community have contributed to the club's exploration of our leather lifestyle. Anyone interested in participating in Avatar's events can call the Avatar Club Los Angeles information line at (213) 669-3302.

—John Ferrari/Avatar, Los Angeles

MEET THE MEN WHO MAKE THE "SHOW GIRLS" POSSIBLE

The Satyricons Motorcycle Club is proud to announce that this year, along with our 7th Anniversary, we are hosting a three-day, in-town run in Las Vegas. The dates are May 13 through 15, 1988. The theme for our Hell on Heels '88 run is "Anything Goes." Check-in will begin Friday night at 6:00 pm. We have some fun special events planned, including a tribute show Friday night presented to the Satyricons by the Desert Leathermen of Tucson. We will be having an enduro and a bus tour of our fair city's finest party spots. All this along with our usual SHOW SPECTACULAR. They say that "show girls" live in Las Vegas; we invite all to come meet the MEN who make that possible!

—C.P.S./Las Vegas
President/Run Coordinator/Satyricons MC

MR. LEATHER COLORADO 1988

On Saturday night, April 16th, contestants will vie for the title of Mr. Leather Colorado 1988. This year's competition will take place at Tracks-Denver. Among the judges will be Mr. Leather Colorado 1987, Jeff Buppert; world renowned erotic artist Etienne; Mr. International Leather 1984, Ron Moore; and Ms Rocky Mountain Leather, Angel. The winner of Mr. Leather Colorado 1988 will go on to compete for the Mr. International Leather title in Chicago in May. Tickets will be \$5 in advance and \$6 at the door. For further information or to order tickets, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Galerie Leon, PO Box 13151, Denver, CO 80201.

AVATAR—FIVE YEARS STRONG

A banquet, a play party and a commemorative badge marked AVATAR's five years of service to the SM/Leather community. Members, friends and representative of other SM organizations joined together this week to celebrate the club's continued success in creating environments for kinky men, expert and novice alike, to share, learn and grow with one another.

On January 29, 1983, the charter members founded an organization free of the pressures and postures found in other leather arenas. Establishing high standards for itself, the club is dedicated to the safe, sane and consensual practice of SM. Avatar's

NATIONAL LEATHER ASSOCIATION: BRITISH COLUMBIA

NLABC is a non-profit organization offering support to the Gay and Lesbian leather community of British Columbia, Canada. Our purpose is to provide a support network that promotes the Gay and Lesbian leather lifestyle, establishes and fosters communication between the sexes, sets out to destroy stereotypes and misconceptions about leather people, and provides safe and consensual social/recreational activities for our members and friends.

We collaborate with the Vancouver Activists in S/M in trying to provide the best information available to our members and the community at large about S/M practices. Workshops, parties and bar nights are organized on a regular basis in order to fulfill our objectives. Members meet at the Denman Station the first Friday of every month in Vancouver, B.C. for our monthly bar night. We strive to make all responsible members of the leather community, their friends and those interested in leather as comfortable as possible regardless of where they come from! For more information please contact the NLABC, PO Box 76827 Station S, Vancouver, BC V5R 5S7, CANADA.

—NLABC

OVERSEAS LISTINGS

***Rangers MC**
PO Box 449
Spring Hill 4000
Brisbane, Queensland
Australia

R.M.C.
BCM/RMC
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

***Roo Bike Club**
PO Box K704
Haymarket 2000
Sydney, NSW
Australia

The Rurals MC
Postbus 435
NL-6040 AK Roermond
The Netherlands

Scandinavian Leather Men-Arhus
A Men's Club
Postbox 370
DK-8100 Arhus C
Denmark

Scandinavian Leather Men-Kobenhavn
SLM-Kobenhavn
Schacksgade 9, kld. th
DK-1365 Kobenhavn K
Denmark

Scandinavian Leather Men-Norge
Box 4287
Oslo 4
Norway

Scandinavian Leather Men-Stockholm
SLM-Stockholm
Box 9239
102 73 Stockholm
Sweden

SLC Stuttgart
c/o Jurgen Mack
Postfach 13 12 16
7000 Stuttgart 13
West Germany

SM Dykes (W)
c/o SM Gays
BM SM 6
London WC1N 3XX
England

SM Gays
BM SM 6
London WC1N 3XX
England

SMil (Mixed S/M)
SorgenFrigade 8B 2.
K-2200 Copenhagen N.
Denmark

S.N.C.
B.M. Box snc
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

South Pacific MC
PO Box 823
Sydney, NSW 2001
Australia

***Southern Cross MC**
PO Box 143B
Melbourne 3000, Victoria
Australia

***Southern Region MC**
GPO 252
Adelaide 5001, SA
Australia

SOW (W)
PO Box 236, Strawberry Hill
2012 N.S.W.
Australia
Spread eagle
23K Rowley Way
Abbey Road
GB-London NW8 05Q
England

Tom's Club
Pihlajatie 16.
Helsinki
Finland

NATIONAL SM-LEATHER COALITION FORMS AT DALLAS PLANNING CONFERENCE

One hundred twenty-five people from around the country met in Dallas, Texas February 13 and 14, 1988 to explore forming a national network of SM-Leather organizations. The two-day Dallas Planning Conference culminated with the establishment of an interim steering committee. At its first meeting immediately following adjournment of the conference, the Interim Steering Committee adopted a temporary name for this new coalition: Safe-Sane-Consensual Adults (SSCA).

Conference participants, representing over 55 organizations and businesses, determined that the new group should be pan-sexual (i.e., lesbian, gay, bi-sexual and heterosexual). Intense debate and unparalleled networking revealed a common commitment to convey a more accurate, positive image of their community. "This cooperation and consensus building represents massive resources of ambition and energy available in our community. This community is eager to defend and promote the rights of consenting adults to engage in rewarding, non-traditional erotic activities," explained Co-chair John Ferrari.

The nine people elected to serve on the Interim Steering Committee are: Jan, Ice, Ty Clements, Tony DeBlase, Stacey Dennon (Co-chair), John Ferrari (Co-chair), Shannon Kennedy, Silas McGowen, and Jim Richards. Co-chair Dennon astutely pointed out that the presence of four women on the steering committee underscores the integral role women will perform in this coalition. Once formally organized, SSCA will function to defend, strengthen and unite the SM, leather and other fetish communities. "Similar motivations viewed as equally important for the gay community were present during the mid-1950's with the establishment of the Mattachine Society," observes psychotherapist Guy Baldwin. "The SSCA is a logical, evolutionary step in the liberation effort for a subculture of kinky people within our society, men and women who practice an alternate and fulfilling sexual lifestyle."

Further information is available by writing: SSCA, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

—John Ferrari

EURO-MEN

Male Entertainment Network (MEN) announces the formation of a new company, Euro-MEN, which will be responsible for distributing PAL-TV versions of MEN videos. MEN was started in San Francisco in 1983, and is now distributing videos to over 150 bars in the United States. Euro-MEN was started to better serve the European gay market and to deal with the video conversion necessary for TV in Europe. The principal partners in the new company are Thomas Karasch from Hamburg, Germany, and Marcel Genis from Amsterdam. Thomas Karasch was also the winner of the 1987 International Mr. Leather contest. The first two videos to be distributed are the 1987 International Mr. Leather and the 1987 Mr. Drummer. Highlights of Gay Games II are scheduled to be released in 1988. For more info on Euro-MEN videos, write to Euro-MEN, Postbus 10923, 1001 EX Amsterdam.

—Coulter Thomas
MEN, San Francisco

JUNE 10th-12th
1988

The
Baltic
Battle

For further information
please contact:
SLM Stockholm
Box 9239
S-102 73 Stockholm

STOCKHOLM



AVATAR 5TH ANNIVERSARY PLAY PARTY

AVATAR, the Los Angeles-based S/M association, celebrated its 5th anniversary Saturday, February 6, 1988. An association whose goals are basically educational and social, Avatar is noted for its monthly programs discussing and demonstrating specific topics and techniques of S/M interest. Its purely "recreational" events aimed at enjoyment of this learning are infrequent and therefore, even more exciting. The anniversary event was certainly one of these rare treats. The party was planned and executed almost entirely by Avatar member Race Bannon, who graciously undertook the task and succeeded with great flair in making this a rather "Hot!" event.

The guest list of approximately 60 was carefully planned to assure a good mix of interests, and the proper Top/ bottom ratio. This ratio, all too often neglected in guest list planning and "open invitation" events, did much to insure a successful event for everyone. The guests in attendance represented many Leather & S/M associations from many parts of the country. The Avatar clubhouse, not usually geared for play, was transformed into a high-tech dungeon with dramatic success. High ceilings lined with glowing silver mylar and walls covered with glistening black plastic created a great deal of visual drama. Intensely erotic, gigantic drawings by Marc Acuna added the perfect final touch to the atmosphere. Lighting, often a dungeon problem, was well planned and varied from darkly mysterious to bright enough for the most delicate techniques. The equipment, some constructed specifically for this event by Race Bannon, was diverse and, although the basic stretch tables, St. Andrew's cross and such were provided, more exotic pieces aroused considerable interest; in particular, a vertical grate, which enticed one's creativity in the most imaginative bondage exercises. This great range of equipment, as well as the proper mix of guests, made for a wide variety of activities from heavy whipping to subtle and sophisticated bondage—from Daddy's spanking to rough and tumble, free-for-all sexual grapples!

The guests were relaxed, pleasant and bright, which was perhaps the most pleasant experience of the event. Many displayed capabilities of much more than the usual minimal social formalities and their range of interests, aside from S/M, revealed them to be well-rounded, educated and intelligent people, unlike the "cardboard" stereotypes often encountered at events of this nature.

Happy Anniversary and Congratulations to Avatar for a fine event!

—AVC

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

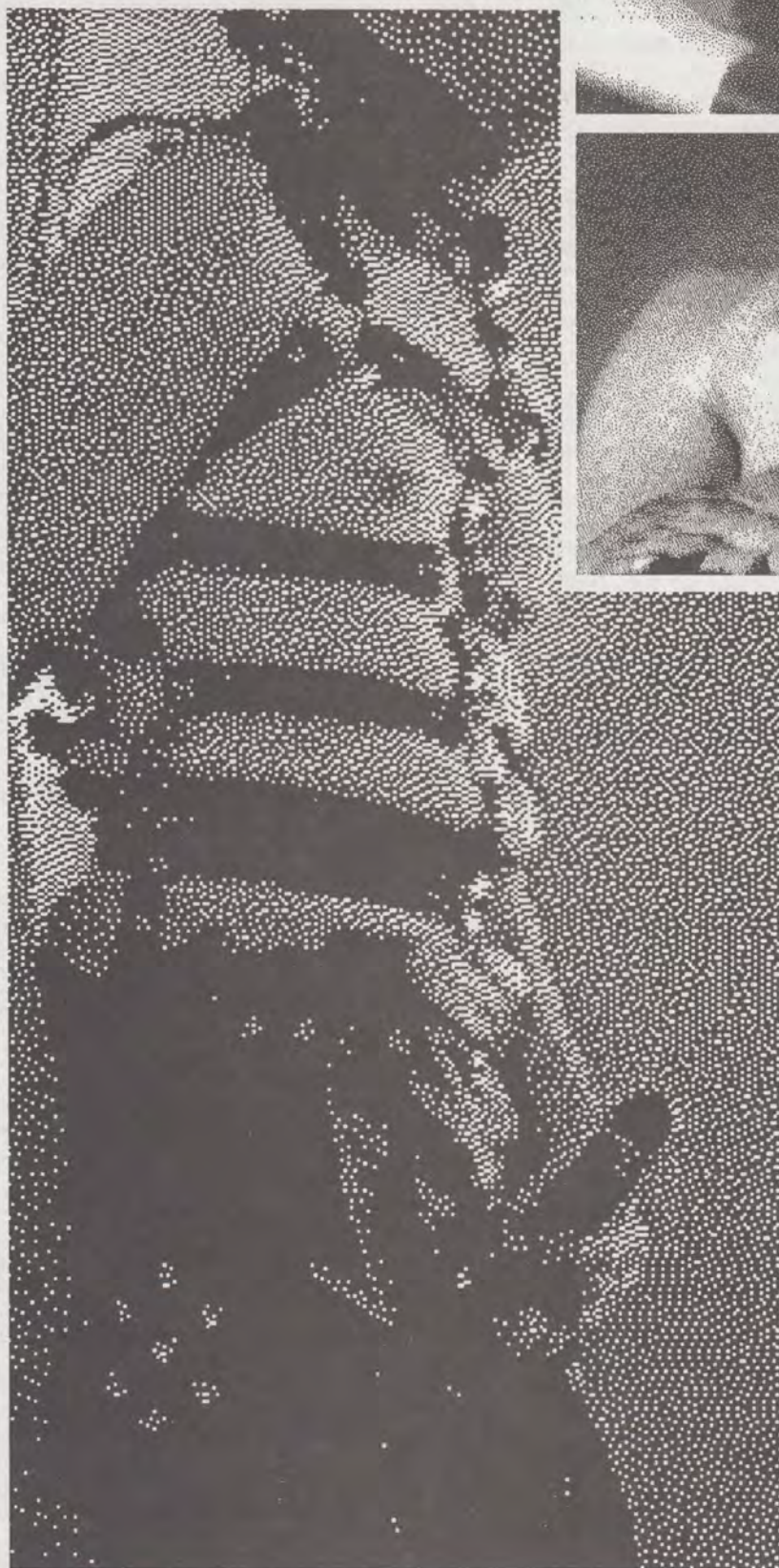
APRIL

- 1-4 • Ostertreffen—MSC Berlin; Berlin.
- 2 • Leather Swap & Shop—Thunderbolts MC; The Brook, Westport, CT.
- 3 • Easter Parade 4—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.
- 4 • Aging & SM—Eulenspiegel Soc.; NYC.
- 5 • Switch Discussion Group—Eulenspiegel Soc.; NYC.
- 6 • TBA—NY Bondage Club; NYC.
- 8 • Piercing Workshop with Jim Ward—VASM; Vancouver, BC.
- Easter Bunny Party—Rubber Men's Club; London.
- 8-10 • Do a Fool XVII—Tribe MC; Detroit.
- 9 • Tattoo Bar Party—Illustrated Men; Orlando, FL.
- M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.
- Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- No Prep Bondage Contest—VASM; Chuck's Pub, Vancouver, BC.
- Mr. Leather Orlando Contest—Black Star MC; Loading Dock, Orlando, FL.
- "Der Wolf" Contest—Wolf's; San Diego.
- 10 • Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 11 • Artistic Bondage—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- Whipping Demo—Eulenspiegel Soc.; NYC.
- 13 • Rubber—GMSMA; NYC.
- Meeting—Dreizehn; Boston.
- 15 • Setting the Scene Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- 15-16 • **Mr. Southeast Drummer Contest**—Tacky's; Ft. Lauderdale, FL.
- Mr. Idaho Leather Contest—Lion Regiment; Boise.
- 15-17 • Anniv. Celebration—Shipmates of Baltimore; Baltimore, MD.
- 16 • The Art of Discipline Seminar—GMSMA; NYC.
- Inferno Night—CHC; Chicago.
- West Coast School for Lower Education—The 15; SF.
- MCC Benefit—2 Wheelers MC; Omaha, NB.
- Mr. Leather Colorado 1988 Contest—Tracks; Denver.
- 18 • Humiliation—Eulenspiegel Soc.; NYC.
- 19 • Bi S/M Discussion Group—Eulenspiegel Soc.; NYC.
- 20 • Equipment/Toys—SM Gays; London, England.
- Hood Night—New York Bondage Club; NYC.
- 22-24 • Three Rivers IV—Pittsburgh MC; Pittsburgh, PA.
- 23 • Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- Navvies Night—East Mercia Leicester; England.
- 24 • Shakedown Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- Demo, TBA—VASM; Vancouver, BC.
- 25 • Spring Bizarre Bazaar—Eulenspiegel Soc.; NYC.
- 27 • Enemas—GMSMA; NYC.
- SM for One—Avatar; Los Angeles.
- 29-1 • Maneuvers '88—Regiment of Black & Tan; Los Angeles.
- 30-1 • May-Day II—NLA: Seattle & Seattle Dungeon Guild; Seattle, WA.

MAY

- 1 • Mr./Ms NLA Contest—NLA: Seattle; Seattle.
- 6-8 • Riverside IV—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.
- 8 • M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 9 • Pain/Stress/Challenge/Pleasure—SigMa; Washington, DC.
- 11 • Meeting—Dreizehn; Boston.
- Bondage Fantasies/Bondage Realities—GMSMA; at Paddles, NYC.
- 12-15 • Maitreffen—SLC Stuttgart; Stuttgart.
- 13 • Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.
- Sex Magic Faeries Circle—SM Faeries; Pollock, LA.
- Dutch Night—Rubber Men's Club; London.
- 13-15 • Hell on Heels '88: Anything Goes—Satyricons MC; Las Vegas.
- 14 • Advanced Bondage Workshop—GMSMA; NYC.
- Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 15 • 20th Annual Poker Run & BBQ—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 18 • Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—SM Gays; London.
- 20-22 • Warehouse Party—MSC Belgium; Brussels.
- Run—Trident International; Detroit.
- 10th Anniversary—CCMC; at Wolf's, San Diego.
- Warehouse Party—MSC Belgium; Brussels.
- 20-23 • Zurich International—Loge 70; Zurich.
- 10th Birthday Party—The London Blues; London.
- 21 • Whip & Flog Party—The 15; SF.
- Mud Olympics II—Club Mud; Rio Nido, CA.
- 22 • Blacksmith Trip—GMSMA; NYC.
- 25 • Novices—GMSMA; NYC.
- Another Night at the Movies—Avatar; LA.
- 27-29 • 16th Anniversary—Iron Cross; Montreal.
- 20th Anniversary Whitewater Rafting & Banquet—Spartan MC; Washington, DC.
- 13th Anniversary: Adolescent Leather—ASMF Paris; Paris.
- 27-30 • Lonestar 7—Texas Conference of Clubs; Cameron County, TX.
- Grand Canyon Run—The Sons of Apollo.
- 10th International Mr. Leather; Chicago.
- Club Trip to Amsterdam—Rubber Men's Club; London.
- Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 28
- JUNE**
- 3-5 • Where Eagles Dare III—California Eagles MC.
- DeSade in Oz I—Pegasus MC; Wichita, KS.
- 4 • Rubber Night in Hamburg—RMC/London & GLSM/Hamburg.
- 10-12 • Baltic Battle—SLM Stockholm; Sweden.
- 11-12 • 1st Anniv. Party—Firedancers; Dallas.
- 16-19 • Journey to the Center of the Earth—MSC Iceland.
- 19 • 4th Mr. Arizona Leather Daddy Contest—Copperstate Leathermen; The Bum Steer, Phoenix.
- 24-26 • ECMC Summerparty—SLM Arhus; Denmark.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



HIGH TECH S/M: This bi Arkansas TC is 5'10", 160 lbs. and 35 years old. His turn-ons include leather, harnesses, masturbation and shaving. He wishes to train submissives and trade bondage, JO videos. Plus, this TC's an artist! These pictures were digitized by a computer from videotape, and he can do the same for others. Include a photo or VHS tape with your reply when contacting TC 1266.



WOULD-BE COP: This NY TC is studying to be a cop. He's 5'11", 170 lbs. and is looking for a "mercenary Top for slavery." As the picture makes obvious, you must be into cigars and chaw. Contact this TC 1271, have a few beers and chew some Red Man.



PIP PIP, TIT TIT AND CHEERIO:
We've recently heard from this English TC, who's into offering a hole for a slave.

He's an expert at English pain, and has planned an outing in late summer with fellow Tops to train their slaves in the

open air. An excellent example of why there'll always be an England. Drop him a line to TC 1272.



MOTOWN MAN: A Detroit Daddy and his boy are looking to meet other couples and versatile singles. Their letter was a bit short on details, other than to say they're into many scenes, and are always looking to expand their experiences. You'll have to contact them with a photo, so write to TC 1260.



MEET THEM IN ST. LOUIS: Daddy and boy are waiting to entertain you in St. Louis, MO. Daddy's 42, 6'2", 170 lbs. and loves leather and boots. Boy is 28, 5'6", 170 lbs. and we're told he loves just about everything. They work out daily, belong to the St. Louis Uniform Troop (SLUT) and have a playroom with sling. Contact TC 1268.

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To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (*in pencil*) the TC number on the *back flap*. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

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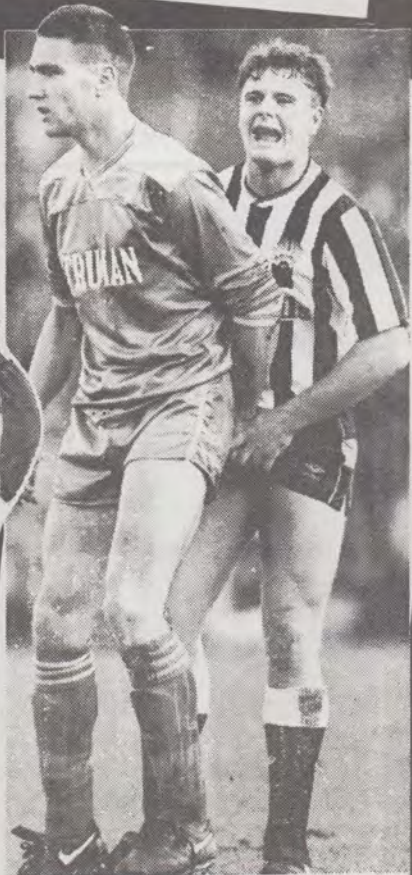
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DRUMMER

A muscular man in a leather harness and a woman on a motorcycle. The man is standing in the background, wearing a black leather harness with silver buckles and a black cap. The woman is in the foreground, seen from behind, wearing a black leather harness and a black cap. She is sitting on a motorcycle. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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